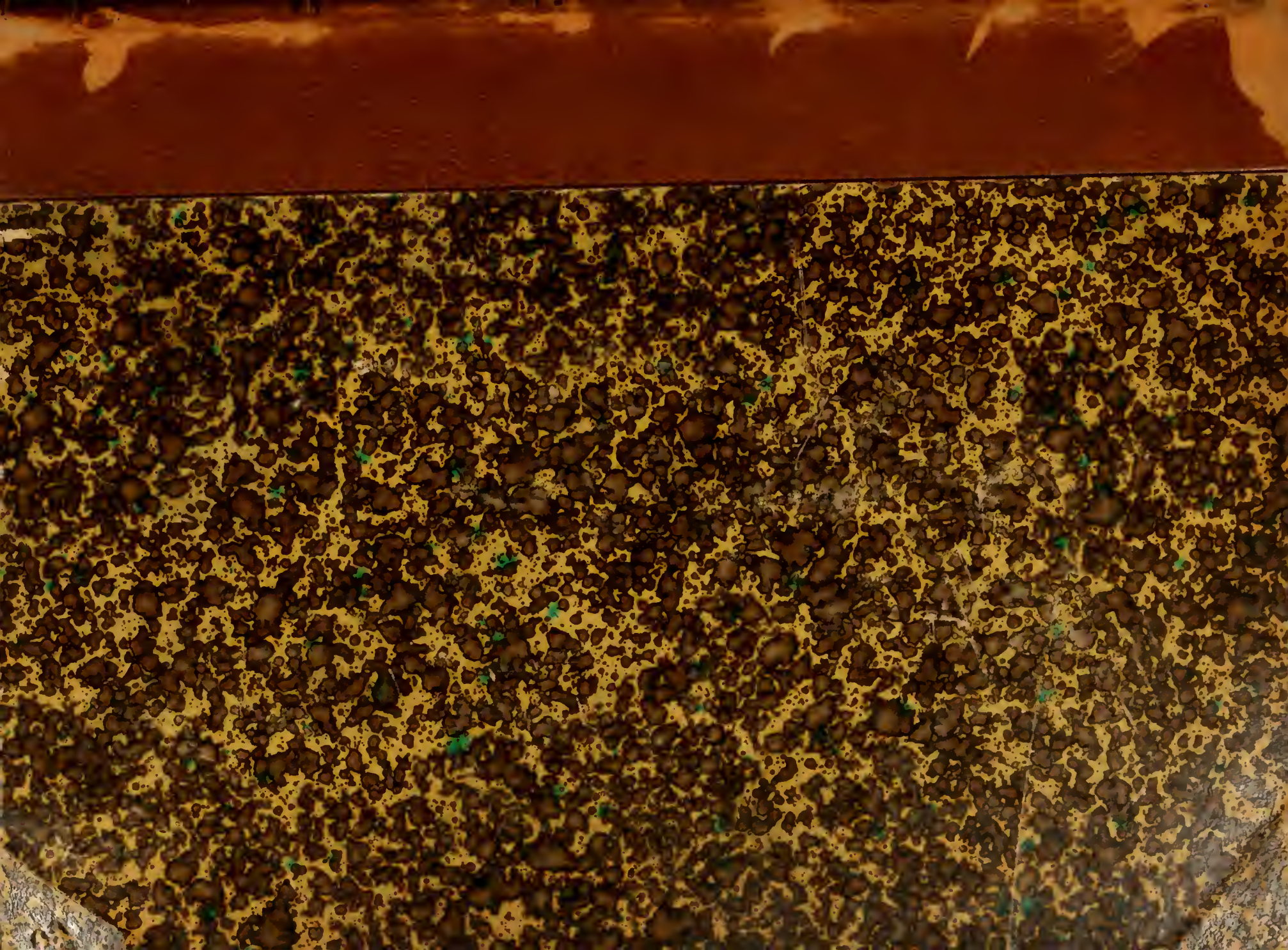
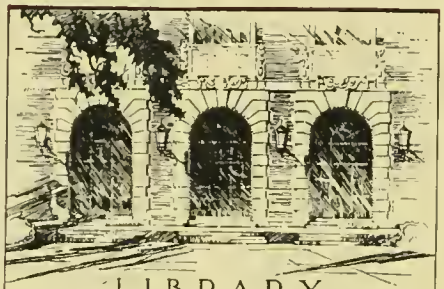






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October, 1917

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The Illinois Magazine

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The Dean of Men

Illinois
v.9

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 9 OCTOBER, 1917 Number 1

THE SLACKER

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men

THEY were standing at the station waiting for the train that was to carry the soldiers away to the training camp—the boy a little stiff and self-conscious in his new uniform, the mother eager, proud, her hands clenched tight in an attempt to be calm and to conceal the pain of parting. The train pulled in, and the time for separation arrived.

"Don't be a slacker, Jim," the mother said as she kissed the boy good-bye, "Do your best; I'd rather you'd be killed than be a slacker."

During all these months of war and preparation for war I have been trying to understand just what it means to be a slacker. Is it only in war that men are slackers when they shrink back from duty and danger, and sacrifice, and responsibility? Surely not.

"Do you think I shall be looked upon as a slacker?" a junior asked me, "if I come back to college and finish my course? I am not old enough for the draft, and I am not sure that I could get in to the army if I were drafted".

As I talked the matter over with him, it seemed to me that his not going to college would more surely prove him a slacker than his going. He saw very clearly that his duty was to finish his education; the more obviously heroic thing to him was to don a uniform. What he feared was public criticism, though he knew that with a completed education he could best serve his country.

The slacker, as I see him, is a man who shirks an obligation; who is afraid of danger, and privation, and hard work; who refuses to respond to duty; who has a task assigned to him and who is satisfied to do it indifferently—or even to allow it to go undone. He is not confined to the army; he is found in every walk of life in college and out of it, in every community and in every profession. He is the immediate cause of policemen and proctors, and all other individuals and devices for checking up on the man who sees his duty and yet lacks the courage or the energy to do it.

There never was a time in the history of this country, there never was a time in the life of colleges when the slacker was of less use and less likely to be tenderly handled. This is no time for the loafer and

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the shirker no matter what line he is carrying or in what sort of business he is trying to operate.

The freshman entering college is probably doing the wisest possible thing under the present trying national condition, for he is training his mind, he is developing his resourcefulness, he is fitting himself to do more difficult things and to do them more easily; if he takes advantage of the opportunities offered him, he is becoming a more useful and a better citizen. He is not needed in the war. Even should he go in, his youth and his inexperience unfit him to do as strenuous and as effective service as his older brother. He can afford to wait until he is called and during the interval to prepare himself more effectively. It is true this waiting and this preparation are often for him the most difficult task, but that should not deter him even if the course that he chooses bring him into criticism.

One can not evade the fact, however, that under the present circumstances when hundreds of thousands of our young men in training camps and across the water are enduring hardships and making sacrifices, and many of them giving up their lives for the sake of a great principle, the young man who remains in college is under a peculiar obligation. He should be willing to make the same sacrifices to train his mind as the soldier is undergoing when he submits to discipline to train his body. He has one of the greatest opportunities of his life to show the fighting spirit. If he loafs, if he wastes his time and money in foolish pleasures or in dissipations, if he is satisfied to do anything less than his best while his friends are fighting in the trenches, he is the worst sort of slacker.

THE MOLE

Day after day, year after year, he came
To dig among these musty books. It seemed
His eyes could bear no stronger light than streamed
Dust—dimmed through painted windows. Passion's flame
Burned not his shrunken soul; he could not claim
Companionship with men. He never dreamed;
He only dug in books. And this he deemed
Worth while to learn how Shakespeare spelled his name.
And all the while some truant in a wood
Thrilled with the song of Rosalind; and one,
No scholar, stood where Romeo once stood;
And for an idler in the evening dells
Titania and Puck a romance spun,
And Touchstone tinkled merrily his bells.

TANQUARY'S ARCTIC DRIVE

W. ELMER EKBLAW

"And sometimes it leads to the Arctic trail, and the snows
where your torn feet freeze,
And you whittle away the useless clay and crawl on your
hands and knees."

From "The Long Trail" in "Songs of a Sourdough," by Service



The end of one of the fine glaciers along the Greenland coast in summer

MANY a daring deed worthy of record has embellished the annals of arctic exploration, and many a thrilling tale of pluck and endurance has been told of the heroes who have toiled and suffered in the lands beyond the belt of the Northern Lights, but to all Illini, the story of Maurice Cole Tanquary, Illinois '07, of the recently returned Crockerland Expedition will be the most interesting of them all just as it is one of the most noteworthy. Tanquary's exploit has added one more record of grit and endurance to the already long chronicle. The tale of his adventure will persist long in the tepees of the Illini.

When the sledging season of 1914-15 opened at our headquarters at Etah, Northwest Greenland, we included among our plans for the season's work a sledge journey to Danish Greenland to carry our mail southward to the first outposts of civilization and to purchase from the Eskimo there a number of good sledge dogs to strengthen our teams for the exploratory work of the following spring.

The leader of the expedition announced that he himslef would go, and chose Tanquary to accompany him. Tanquary, who wished and planned to engage in active exploratory work the next spring knew that if he desired dogs for a good sledge team he must personally procure them himself and he had been insistent upon the journey from the first.

Mid-December came and with it midnight darkness and good sledging ice. Only a day or two after the winter solstice, as soon as the December moon rose to give the needed light for traveling, Tanquary and our leader set out from Etah to North Star Bay where Peter Frenchen, the factor at the Danish Trading Station at that place would join them and serve as guide on their further journey.

The southward trip proved more difficult than they had expected, for when crossing the ice-burg-studded reaches of Melville Bay, they were enveloped in heavy fog, lost their way and for ten day or so sledged about aimlessly with almost no provisions, and the temperature from forty to fifty degrees below zero. Despite their killing and eating several of their dogs, they were rapidly approaching exhaustion and starvation when they finally came into the little Eskimo village at Tuktoliksuak on Cape Seddon.

At this place, the leader of the expedition, who had been unable to recover quickly, turned back toward headquarters, while Tanquary went on with Frenchen and one Eskimo.

They reached Upernivik in due time, where they delivered the mail and assembled and purchased dogs from various Eskimo, until Tanquary got a team of seventeen. This done, they started from Upernivik back to headquarters at Etah, Tanquary driving his own team.

They had traveled but a day or two when a period of unusual cold set in, and Tanquary, who had only second-rate foot gear, froze his feet. He froze them early in the morning but did not realize that the matter was serious until they made camp that evening and undressed to get into their caribou-skin sleeping-bags. When he removed his sealskin boots and hare-skin stockings, he found that great pieces of skin and flesh came off too, frozen to the stockings.

And then the ordeal, the real test began. They were over four hundred miles from headquarters where our surgeon could attend him. He himself must drive his team that distance, feed his dogs and care for them, and help in the breaking and making of camp each day.

They sledged across the lonely, white wastes of Melville Bay in February, the coldest month of the year, often in ice so rough that they had to walk for long stretches. The pain and strain of that journey can better be imagined than described. Only a man who has tried to drive seventeen wild dogs,—gathered from as many separate teams,—over ice in cold weather can realize the difficulty and nervous strain, and only a man who has stubbed along over chaotic pressure ice can appreciate the equisite agony of raw, bleeding, rotting toes insufficiently bandaged and almost uncared for.

Yet at the end of the ordeal, when Tanquary finally came into Etah, he was still smiling, still cheerful, still "going strong". When our surgeon examined Tanquary's feet, he found that both big toes were quite frozen, black, and the flesh practic-



Summer scene along the Greenland coast

ally gone. A few days later the surgeon amputated them, but it was eight months before they finally healed.

In all the four years of our expedition not a single thing was done that so severely taxed courage and endurance. It was the grittiest exploit of the expedition, a truly heroic deed worthy of record, and all the honor that should come to the man who accomplished it. In the proud story of the class of 1907 not one achievement is more noteworthy, more praiseworthy.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Elmer Ekblaw. Mr. Ekblaw was a member of the Macmillan Crockerland Expedition and returned to Champaign a few weeks ago. Photos by M. P. Porsild.

SHADOWINGS

MARCUS SELDEN GOLDMAN

SINCE dawn there are come messengers from Marathon and the east, my Beloved. There was dust on their hair and sweat upon their faces and they panted from long running. I saw them in the agora as I stood by the booths of the sellers of figurines from Tanagra. Their mouths gaped and the veins upon their faces stood out like those of the horses that race at Delphi in the games of far-darting Apollo. One of them fell in the street and died ere he might tell his message; for his heart burst with over-much running.

They say that the Great King, even rude-ruling Darius has sent a mighty host out of the East for the conquering of Hellas. They say he hath sent Medians and Persians and spearmen of Egypt, slingers of Libya and hoplites from the cities of Ionia, and wild tribesmen of Scythia from the slopes of Mount Caucasus, a host like the sands of the beach at Piraeus for number. But now the Archons have sent runners to the allies and envoys to Thebes and Sparta, begging they come in force to the succor of Hellas. For once the barbarians come from Marathon southward and westward to Athens, Hellas is subject forever. We shall give to the Great King water and earth and be his servants, even as now the Helots are to the Spartans.

Tomorrow they will muster the warriors upon the Areopagus. Tomorrow there will be sacrifice of cattle and sheep to Zeus and to Ares and to spear-bearing Pallas. Tomorrow I shall grind my sword and polish the studs of my buckler. Tomorrow I shall bind on my greaves of bronze and trim the red horse-hair crest of my helmet. Tomorrow I shall go forth from the city marching toward Mt. Pentebius and the green meadows that lie at its feet, the wide plain of Marathon looking out toward the sea.

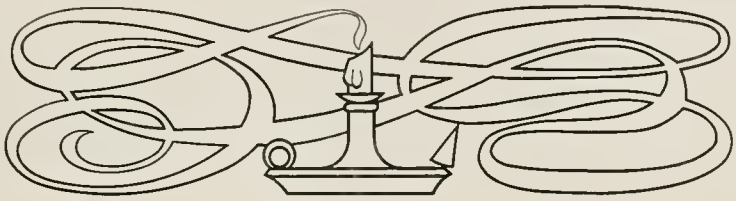
But mayhap I shall not return from Marathon with hacked armor bearing rich spoil of barbarians, gold weapons of a captain of Parius taken in battle. Mayhap I shall come dusty and blood-stained borne on the shields of my comrades; in my side a spear wound or in my forehead a little hole, a little black hole, made by a leaden sling ball. Then you will weep for me making your face sad with tears and calling in vain for mercy of shadowy Aidoneus. You will put flowers upon my grave and hang my stele with garlands, the fair stele of Parian marble adorned with a sculptured hoplite. And I shall neither see your tears nor hear your lamentation. I shall not smell the fragrance of the lilies. I shall not behold the figure of the hoplite carven upon the stele of marble from Paros. I shall be but shade among many crowding the margins of Acheron.

But that is tomorrow; today I am living. Today my Beloved we lie at our ease in the shade of the lime trees, here by the banks of clear-waved Cephissus. Today you are mine and ours is the glory of loving. Today I lie with my head in your lap and look through the leaves of the lime trees at the little white clouds far up against the blue of heaven. The clouds are white like your hands and the sky is

blue, yet not so blue as your eyes. Rather it is blue like a bracelet of turquoise. Your hair is yellow like the strings of the lyre of Apollo. It is soft and pleasant to draw through one's fingers.

Tonight we shall make a feast, a banquet with many meats and with lamps of perfumed oil set round about. Tonight you shall play on lyre and the cithera and sing to me songs of Lesbian Sappho. Tonight we shall drink Chian wine unmixed, singing songs of old Mytelene.

Tonight I shall kiss your lips. What does it matter? What does it matter to you and to me if the Persians be marching on Athens? What does it matter if there on Marathon's plains he be waiting, sable-robed Thanatos, guest-friend of iron-sceptered Hades?



THE POET SPEAKS TO HIS BELOVED OF YOUTH

CLYDE BYRON BECK

I know, beloved of my soul, your heart
Would keep me young, if love could have its way,
Just as I would preserve your rosy lips
Forever in the summer of their bloom:
But from your eyes the sad uncertain light
Of frail humanity sheds on your love
The lost, forsaken light of autumn suns,
And makes your wish as idle as a dream.
Thus I, praising the lords of poetry,
Praise them the most who passed when they were young
Far out of reach of winter and the snows
That teach regret. I count them over-blest
That they could pass with all the old delights
They knew, and let the world remember them
As spring once decked them with her lusty leaves
Or as they danced to Pan's immortal pipe,
Rather than as the sad and common lot,
Borne to a sad but common resting-place,
Decked with the myrtle and the common yew,
And mourned with tears too quickly wiped away.
They live in generous hearts, and in the loves
They made immortal by immortal strains,

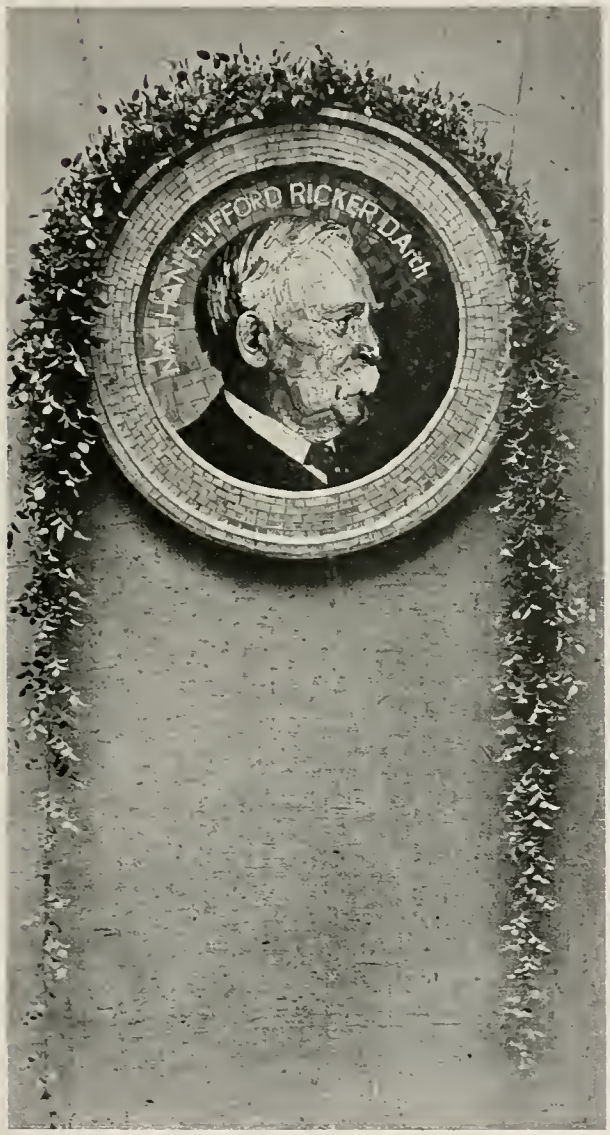
As I would have your life if I could sing—
And as I would the world should think of me,
Seeing in after years my harp unstrung
And silent, when your eyes, long closed in sleep,
Awake my heart no longer in my voice—
O, live! my love, you are the mold of youth,
The very leaf and flower of the spring,
Which must be beautiful, and be no more!
O, live! Confound the moralist and saint
With beauty, which is all we have on earth,
And more than they can prove we have in heaven!
O Youth, too fair inhabitant of scenes
Too soon delivered up to empty days
And lonesome habitations: to the hearth
Which but the sad hours visit, and to sleep
Which no dreams haunt that ask to be fulfilled.
Philosophy, a thin and withered shell,
Survives thee, it is true; but the sick heart
Lies somewhere backward in the silent shades
That cover thy repose, while Time leads on
Pale captives shackled with a chain of years:
Shadows and memories of what we were!

THE PALIMPSEST

R. C. WHITFORD

Love is an ancient palimpsest
Of vellum gray and worn,
Greasy, scraped, and spotted,
Grimy and frayed and torn,
Whereon a dreamer-poet
Transcribing words in haste
Have scrawled sweet songs and
fleeting,
Rejected and erased
Dim lyrics of old makers
Until their colder lays
Change to a trembling music.

A PORTRAIT IN MOSAIC



In making portraits, oil paint is always considered a delightful medium and our modern artists have started laying that medium onto the canvas in blotches, using palate knives to apply the pigment. They work in huge planes and bright colors and you are asked to view their work from a distance while these artists ask you, "Doesn't it Vibrate," and vibration *does* make things appear lifelike—and is this not what these men are striving to accomplish?

Last spring the Architectural Library was dedicated to Dr. Ricker in commemoration of Dr. Ricker's 43 years of active service in the University. Professor Newton Wells of the Architectural department was called upon to make a portrait of Dr. Ricker to be hung in the library on that occasion. Professor Wells wishing to present something by far more permanent than oils and canvas, chose bits of brightly colored stone and gilded glass which he set in cement. These little stones were of every necessary color. Their surface texture gives the likeness an animated brilliancy. This mosaic is now permanently hung in the Ricker Library of Architecture. The library itself is one of the largest of its kind in the country.

MT. VERNON ON THE POTOMAC

R. S. FANNING



HE who prizes tradition and finds architecture enhanced by historic association, need not despair of finding many architectural works of interest on this side of the Atlantic. New England, the colonial settlements of the middle states, New Orleans and the mission lands of the southwest, all bear many remains of building that record with sentiments nothing else can express, the early life of our great republic.

Especially to the architect who is striving to produce the highest type of American home, expressive of gentility, refinement and tradition, should many of the colonial homes be a source of inspiration. Probably foremost among these, Mt. Vernon on the Patomac, the home of our first president, has the greatest amount of historic interest and with it an architectural interest is also combined. This splendid estate of the colonial era appeals to all visitors by its charm of site and wealth of historical association, but equally does it appeal to the architect as a work of high value.

Here we have an estate of a country gentleman of wealth and education, a home which met the demands of the social problems of the day and afforded opportunities for that genial hospitality for which Virginia was famed. In the planning of the estate by the original builder, we see something of English tradition but more of the genius that appreciated local conditions and skillfully solved the problems that they afforded. These problems were not so dif-

ferent from the designers standpoint than those which confront the architect in the planing of a large country estate today—an estate where the land is cultivated in an economical manner, where a large number of servants and dependents are utilized and provided for and where ample accommodation is made for entertaining visitors and maintaining a high social position in the land.

The mansion is beautifully situated on the brow of a band of the broad Potomac. It stands a hundred odd feet above the



water and faces a broad sweep of velvety lawn and woody slope down to the water's edge. The house stands today as Washington left it,—two stires and a commodious attic, nearly a hundred feet long with an imposing portico extending the entire length of the river front, its roof supported by square columns with a refined entablature and light balustrade. Dormer windows break the wide expanse of shingle roof and a graceful lantern or cupola cuts the center of the ridge.

The elevation from the land side is equally as attractive as the main or river facade. Here is felt the admirable proportions of the main building with the kitchen and service wings connecting it on either side by curving arcades of unusual elegance. The house is entirely of wood, the outer covering being of broad thick boards well preserved with white paint.

The central hallway, the usual feature in a colonial plan, opens into two rooms at either hand, the end toward the west or land side being occupied by a broad stairway leading with two flights to the floor above. To the north, a parlor and reception room in turn open into the state dining room which occupies the whole northern portion. This room is of special pretention with high ceiling, large Palladian motive and balanced doorways, all decorated with stucco relief and ornamental wood trim of exceedingly refined detail. Here, also, is the large chimney piece in Carrara and Siena marble, executed in Italy. On the south of the hallway are the dining room, parlor and library as well as smaller rooms for service.

The second and attic stories are arranged into sleeping apartments, interesting for their furnishings and the extreme refinement of the wooden trim and paneling as well as for the delightful vista that nearly all the windows afford.

The skill seen in the planning of the other buildings of the estate, the barns,

green-houses, store rooms and servant quarters, is most desirable. The gardens and the grouping of trees to emphasize the natural beauties of the landscape deserves attention. Especially when the long shadows from the stately elms and walnuts creep across the velvety lawns and cast their lacelike patterns of soft purples upon the warm whites of the painted walls, do the brick chimneys and dull red shingles of the roofs make with the enframing foliage a color scene of beautiful harmony. The cobalts and emeralds of the quiet Potomac and the mauve hills of Virginia add distance to the picture, while the whole environment seems to depict a stately dignity and a lordly calm. All tends toward making Mt. Vernon a most delightful Mecca to which the tourist may turn for a day of quiet pleasure and inspiration.



WITH HAL PAGE IN FRANCE

IT'S great to see so many American soldiers in Paris. I was down to the headquarters of the expeditionary force today. Things were apparently going splendidly. They have a whole hotel and things were busy.

This is the first Sunday for some weeks which has really seemed like the day it is; in fact, the first since we left Paris, where we went to the American Church. I think I told you about that. At Les Mesnie it rained all Sunday and I did not stir out of bed except to eat. And every Sunday thereafter until today I've been on duty most or all of the day, and then one day is so much like another that once or twice the day has passed unnoticed. But today here in Bezer the church bells (three of them—two good and one cracked so that there was a ding-dong-plunk melody) woke me up next door. Our friend the protestant minister came in at breakfast and announced that he would have services at 10 o'clock in the school house. We went, of course, and enjoyed the service greatly. I think we sang "Holy, Holy, Holy", "Onward Christian Soldiers", and "America", while the few Frenchmen who were there sang something which has the same tune as "Abide with me". I wanted to inquire if the words were the same but couldn't think of the French verb for "abide". Would "rester" have been right? Anyway, we sang our own words to that and drowned out the few Frenchmen.

We are en repos now, after three weeks of service, the activity of which you know of from my experience which I told you of in my last letter. We now have six cars en panne, all as badly as mine, and we are still unharmed. The section next to ours at the next post lost two fine men, and two others were decorated after having been wounded. The two Americans were sadly laid away on the barren French hill side, just off the road where they were killed when an obers struck there car. The General of the Division, the midecin divisionairre and the head of the A. A. Service attended. They were changing divisions on our last two days of duty before coming en repos, and the Germ-huns took advantage of the inevitable confusion attending the change to stage a great attack for control of the Chemins des Dames. It was gloriously repulsed but at a great sacrifice. There were hundreds of wounded to carry; both French and German, for their were many prisoners. The evacuation was done all night and day under constant fire, and the escapes were narrow and thrilling. Every time a car returned from a trip the American chef said, "Thank God," and if you knew the chef as I do you would understand. None of us expected to get through the thing. The cars were hit in the court yard and showered with slabs and stones on the road but not one was hurt. Stires,

Herewith we are printing extracts from Hal Page's letters to the Reverend John Michel Page. Hal Page was editor of THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE prior to his leaving for France to join the American Ambulance Corps.

son of the rector of St. Thomas, New York City, had the end of a finger nipped by a tiny elab, but it was a mere scratch. Our section is said by the head of the service to have seen more active service, to have done better evacuation and had the most stupendous luck of any section. So I think the Illinois men have been a good investment.

No great offensives are going on now. The English are fighting splendidly in Flanders, there are gains on other fronts, but you see nothing spectacular like the Somme and other glorious offensives. I have seen the French hammer continually and splendidly at the German lines where I have been, I have seen men horribly mutilated by hundreds, I have seen the "mort" wagons piled high, and cemeteries double in a week, but I have seen no great advance; in fact, I have, at times, seen preparations for a possible retreat. Again, had I been on the Bosch side of the lines I should have seen the same great efforts at advance and the same repulse. They hammer away and seldom move. Here is what they are doing though. They are hammering away endeavoring to secure advantageous situations, to keep the Huns from advancing and to straighten out the lines. There is a kink in the line where we were which was contended for all the time I was at that particular poste; only a small crook of a few miles, but it's still there. They are hammering and tightening and stopping advances and waiting for the U. S. to help perhaps stage the great offensive that will end it all. I think they are right in doing so, though God knows what the cost will be.

Can you picture a division of soldiers, with bayonetts fixed, standing rigidly at attention on a little hillside which was once part of the battle of the Marne, with a wonderfully peaceful and beautiful French countryside as the background? Can you hear "The Star Spangled" played by a splendid band and imagine how it sounds to hear it so far away from "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Do you get the setting?

Then—listen—"In the name of the President of the Republique Francaise, and by virtue of his power as General of the —th division," he decorated S. S. U. 65 with the Croix de gueare, pining the cross on our flag and kissing very solemnly the bearer of the emblem. Then there was a round of trumpets and the Star Spangled Banner again. It was the most beautiful and touching cermony I have ever been a part of and it reminded me so much of our little sober moment that night at the allied bazar. It seemed a wonderful answer to the prayers that were offered then and since, that we were all there and so honored, after the strain and work we have been through since we came to the front.

I have just been to the evening service—the benediction—I think they call it—at the little Roman Church "in face noire cantonnement. It seemed wonderfully calm and restful there in the church, with the lights and music and the dull intonation of the service, after the hell I've been in for the past few hours.

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I should tell you, I suppose, of what happened last night and this morning—the accident which has put my car en panne (out of commission) and given me a rest for a little while at least. At 10:30 a call came to go to X——, where there is a poste de secours on a hill near the lines. It was very dark, and of course we drive with no lights. For several kilometers the road is good, but after that it is terribly bad, with shell holes which make it almost impassable at night. We had been ordered to take our gas masks with us, as the Boschs were reported to be using gas bombs earlier in the evening. Tallmadge, who was

with me in the car, had his ready to slip on; mine was in its case and hung around my neck. I was driving. We had just gotten on to the very bad road, in a wood where it was so dark that the star shells and floating fire were all that made driving possible at all, though the light from the artillery along the road gave momentary flashes. These, though were so close and so violent that they were blinding and hindered, rather than helped. The road was continuously shelled by the Germans.

Then, in an instant, as we drove down into a little valley, we smelled it, and we knew we were in that which everyone of us dreads more than shells—the gas. Tobe got his mask on easily because he was ready, but I was driving and had to get mine out of its case. That took time and I got a couple of whiffs before I was prepared. It was terrible stuff.

If it was impossible to see before it was doubly so now. I felt like I was driving with my eyes shut and I really might well have been doing that. The masks are terrible even when there is no gas; they are ever so much worse in it, and mine leaked a little around the eyes. As we went down into the valley farther the gas grew denser and the shells came thicker for the Boschs were after the French artillery which we were driving only about fifty meters in front of.

Then there was a crash and our car tipped over. I thought of course that we were hit and the gas was getting to me so that I didn't much care. Shot would have been easier than dying of gas. But Tobe wasn't hurt and I wasn't and we found that we had run into a great shell hole about as big as the car and four feet deep. We couldn't pull out, there was no help near, the gas was so bad and shells so thick that the only thing to do was to hike back over that terrible road. Tobe is an athlete and speedier than I, so I proposed that he go and I stay with the car, since the orders are never to leave a car alone. He wouldn't, however, and insisted that there could be no good in staying there since they were letting no traffic but ambulances go along the road. I felt that it was better, too, to let the car go, for I wouldn't have lasted a long time in that air. I was getting pretty dizzy and my head and the world were revolving in opposite directions. So we struck out. At last we were forced to go into a bomb proof shelter, a dug-out by the road, but it was too low, making a perfect gas pocket and we had to go on. We left the road, crossed a field and got on a hill where the air was clear. I never felt so good in my life, altho I was pretty well shot from gas and running. We went on then to the nearest town and telephoned to the chef, who came for us. Another car was sent by another road for the blesse's which we were to have gotten. Their road, though longer, was supposed to be comparatively safe, but they found a guard at the Entrance, with orders to keep all traffic off on account of shells and gas, until four o'clock in the morning.

When we went this morning for the car, we found that guard had been posted to keep all vehicles off the road we had taken, but he had missed us. The medicin devesionnaire was much wrought up when the lieutenant reported that we hadn't been flagged and was astounded that we had gone.

And the car. It was the best in the section. And I wish you could have seen it. A shell had gone in the top, down through the seat and tool box underneath, blissfully slipping monkey wrenches and other impediments in its path. I had my emergency kit which I always carry—extra pants, shoes, underwear, socks and toilet supply, to use when out for two days as I sometimes am. It was blown all to pieces. The steering gear and two wheels were wrecked. I will show you a picture some time. It is to be sent to the parc for re-

pairs. They are trying to get another car for us to use until ours gets a new body. Tonight I am to drive another car, since the driver has been on hospital evacuation and doesn't know the road to the poste. An attack is on tonight, so it will be another hard stretch.

I like the work here, though, I believe we are proving a good investment. At least we are hauling a record number of wounded. Some of the sights are terrible.

I got my baptism a couple of weeks ago when I worked under similar conditions, but sans gaz, from the poste to a triage near here. I think I ran the whole gamut of human experience that night. It was mighty sobering; some of the things I saw. We were under fire much of the time. Earl Swaines' car was hit by an eclat which blew the top of the motor off. A man died my first trip; I saw an amputation. And to top it all, a funeral next morning with nine ugly stiffy things in wet dirty blankets—packed in pine boxes —the silent testimony to the high price of taking trenches.

We use the prayer books which you sent by————————, have had services, several of us together, a number of times.

Would you like to send me some cigarettes? Tonight I bought a Fatima from Silver for a franc—four days' wages, and was glad to get it for that. He had the only four American cigarettes in camp and he is smoking one every Sunday. French tobacco is terrible; the cigarettes impossible and it is awful with nothing to smoke. If you send some, I suspect it can be best done by American Express. They look after forwarding to the military address. They look after the duty. I smoke Omars or Fatimas. They can't be bought in Iowa or the folks would send them. I hope to be still rolling when they come.



See page 13

The First of

A New Series of Photographs

of Faculty Homes



The Home of Professor George A. Goodenough
605 South Lincoln Avenue
Urbana







Home is sometimes defined as a place of refuge from the outside world. Home is a place of rest and it is even a place wherein to afford hospitality to others. This is Professor Goodenough's home.

It was designed by Professor Newton Wells, an artist who can carve, etch, paint, and in fact do anything that tends to beautify or tends to please admirers of things that are beautiful. Professor Wells is in the department of Architecture. As a architect the designer submits plans of very singular character. There is a spirit of originality and independence with which his creations are saturated—even to the material—the interior wood-work in this example being red gum.

The accompanying photographs serve as a complete description of the character of the exterior, living room, dining room and Professor Goodenough's study which is on the second floor.



There is an entirely new publication staff trying to make a magazine that is truly an ILLINOIS MAGAZINE—a magazine intended for the students of the University of Illinois. With this as its ideal the staff endeavors to publish only material of vital interest to the readers—material created by the students in the University—and material of such a character that other universities may judge our intellectual calibre from our likes and dislikes. In other words, the magazine represents the University.

Our football team represents the university too, to some extent and for the last few years Illinois has been proud of its team. Many of us have been proud in saying, "Yes, I am studying at the University of Illinois.— Yes, indeed! wonderful school!— Very large!— Equipment perfect!— Strong faculty! Yes, the football season is starting—wonderful coach!— We always turn out good teams. There is lots of pep among the rooters, too— A very loyal bunch— What do we call it? —O! we call it Illinois Loyalty".

And the staff asks of the students of the University of Illinois, "Do you consider the campus literary magazine worthy of a little Illinois loyalty". Illinois is famous as a school and well-known for athletics. A good literary magazine completes the cycle. The staff is ambitious but must have your support in order to carry out its plans. Nothing can be accomplished, therefore, without plenty of material to choose from for publication and a large circulation.

JOLTS

The greatest discoveries are made in emergencies. The freshman has his greatest inspirations in that moment of pencil-chewing desperation just an hour before his theme on "A Child's Theology" is due. The business man invents his most original plan when he is pushed to the wall by competitor. "We are forced to sell this entire line of goods"—that humble confession of incompetence, has more than once resulted in business reform and competency.

The reason that failure so often means success is that it forces an invoice. The bankrupt has to take stock of his assets and liabilities. The measures he adopts in the time of commercial, mental or moral collapse are often those he should have adopted at the height of his successes.

Modern living takes place between layers of shock-absorbers. The advertisements in magazines, filled as they are with recommendations of every possible physical comfort, are typical of intellectual conditions prevalent in America. Nowadays men must have electric vibrators, "to give health, power, and vigor," patent arches to support their insteps, cream to protect their faces, rubber heels to save their bodies from jolts.

But jolts are sometimes necessary. The terrific jolt of a world war is forcing the nations to make careful invoice of every citizen, law and resource, they possess. Many of the steps being taken by governments now would have meant untold strength years ago. War measures are often the right remedies for the maladies of peace.

America has been jolted into making her inventory. She has unearthed many weaknesses—labor problems buried by political leaders, covered over by the drift of the deciduous years. Men who were never before interested in governmental questions are alert now, eager to aid in the simplifications which mean efficiency. Before the war, prosperity had supplied them with shock absorbers—rubberized conditions that prevented them from realizing that Congress was slow, that the I. W. W. was bubbling over with anarchy, that trusts were hungry giants, that Uncle Sam lacked an army and navy.

On the other hand, America has gained confidence in unrealized powers. The men who are executing the tremendous tasks of the federal government possess today the sympathy and good-will of the majority of citizens, regardless of political bias. Patriotism and loyalty are no longer dimmed by commercialism and a sense of sentimentality. Unified thinking has resulted from the chaos—may still flourish if men continue to be wise after the war. America needed a jolt to make her realize that her duty lay in "making the world safe for democracy."

Behind the tune—

Through the din of street-noise, a singing violin! . . The scarred, brown player People clinging to the music like bits of steel to a magnet. . . . A voice imprisoned behind a commonplace tune telling of all corners of the earth.

One was a city where yellow men leer across masses of fantastic toys, orange, green and red; where grinning gods smell sandalwood burning and the bunks are crowded in dim opium dens. One a great workshop blazing with the bloody red of furnaces, where iron runs in glowing rivers, and naked shoulders gleam with the trickling sweat. One was a dingy play-

house with stained walls and smoke-hung ceiling, with white-limbed wraiths writhing in dance across the glare of foot-lights. One a blackened hall at the top of broken stairways, filled with the babble of foreign language; crowded with gesticulating people, dominated by a creature with blazing eyes and a voice full of passion; one a narrow street, ugly and evil, with sly lamps flickering still in early morning, where foot-steps are echoes, voices are whispers and men are but grey, scarred faces, peering from windows.

And somebody who had listened to the voice said to a woman, "I never heard it before."

And the woman said, "Why, it's nothing but Dvorak's 'Humoresque'!"

Between the lines—

From out of the first printed page, a girl's hand reaching—more pages and the shadowed eyes of a nun look forth . . . Now black-typed words blur into green meadows dotted with sheep under slumbrous skies. Again, the sorrowful ache of humaness steals from the lines like an evanescent perfume.

But the reader who read type and type alone, exclaimed:

"It hasn't any plot!" and brushed "Marie-Claire" aside.

Within the silence—

Stillness.

Out of it the small voice of Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, "Do you believe in fairies?"

The feel of youth in one man's heart gave joyous answer to the appeal. He learned forward— The other man laughed sardonically.

"Believe," he analyzed, "in *fairies*!"

He thought he walked out on the ordinary floor of a theatre-pit. He didn't. He stamped on the "rainbow gleams of his childish dreams" all the way.

Too many men are diseased with the malady of Ponce de Leon—not illiteracy but literalness. If he had "believed because it was impossible" instead of searching because he thought it possible, he would have found the fountain of youth. Imagination is the vital quality of youngness. A man who is hopelessly literal is hopelessly old. Art keeps men young because it is composed of suggestions which appeal to the imagination. Analysis kills the subtleties which limit the perfect whole.

The true essence of beauty is never tangible. Too much finger-placing, the guilt of critics, has led the public to believe that all art can be treated like an ordinary commodity. They would bottle the fountain of youth.

How seldom do men realize that the greatest tribute a work of art can call forth is not money or praise, but response to that suggestion which lies always *behind the tune, between the lines, within the silence!*

A WORD FROM "DOC" BILIK

THE medium gazed for a long time into the brilliantly reflective crystal, meditated deeply, while stroking his "long grey beard", turned to face us, opened his mouth and said—nothing. In the parliance of a newspaper reporter he "refused to commit himself". The questions asked him was, "Well, what kind of a team will we have this year?"



It would be pleasant to be able to defiantly declare to the whole world that Illinois has a team that should and will win the championship of the Conference, but it "can't be done". That we will have a good fighting team is beyond question. We had one last year in spite of the fact that a plague of injuries did its best to demoralize the team. And Zuppke will give us one this year—a team we will be proud of. The Illini are always sure of a team which fights until the final whistle has blown, no matter what the score is. I am sure not even the defeat could detract from the fact that the Illini warriors kept hammering and tearing the Chicago line with the score almost hopelessly against them, in that weird game of last fall. Ring Lardner's prediction of a 42 to 0 score against Illini was absolutely baseless. No team on earth, however good, can run up such a large score against a team coached by Zuppke. Colgate, the brilliant team, which was tied for the eastern championship with Pittsburg, had a hard time scoring two touchdowns and gained less ground than we did. The explanation is simple—the Illini football man is a man of spirit, a man of indomitable grit.

The Illini athlete has plenty of fight, a man who hasn't can't find a place on the team. Instilling fighting spirit in the boys is the least of the coach's worries. The great problem is to make them fight intelligently. When the season starts the first thing the coach loooks for is the man who



Coach Robert Zuppke

can and will use his head. Contrary to common opinion, gridiron battles are not won chiefly with brawn. A two hundred pound guard who wrestles around with his opponent while the play is going through on one side of him, is not worth the consideration of a man who weighs only a hundred and sixty but who keeps his mind on the one essential thing; getting the man with the ball. To the bleacherite the concerted movement of attack or defense seem a mere test of strength with a resultant gain or loss, but a few hours spent watching and listening to the coaching instructions would convince one that football as it is played today is a science. A science which requires a thorough grasp of the fundamentals, persistent and earnest observation of their application and their effects; judgment of arising situations, followed by quickness of decision and alert and vigorous action. And to do all this requires *intelligence.*

It isn't that there are football players who lack this essential quality. If they did they would not last long. The law of the survival of the fittest would quickly attend to them. The trouble, as any coach will tell you, is that they do not always "use their head" because they too, come to think of football as a wrestling game. The chief problem of the coaches at the start of a season is to make the boys realize that brute strength and unbounded courage is subordinate to intellgience.

Thirty-five men turned out for the first day's practice. This is a much smaller squad than last fall, but it was to be expected that the war would make inroads. All the other conference school being similarly affected, we are under no disadvantage. If the truth was known, we would find that the "sob stuff" about the shortage of material is a product of the reporter's fertile brain rather than the true utterances of the coaches. Zuppke, for one, is not spending any time worrying about



the size of the squad. It is going to be a harder task to form a machine powerful enough to battle Ohio State, Chicago and Minnesota, but the Suckers will give a good account of themselves.

The backfield is as last year, a serious problem. Out of the slim material on hand, Zup must form two sets of backs, well balanced in speed, strength, agility, shiftiness, and defensive power. Little backs cannot retain their effectiveness if forced to play the whole game. They must have rest. Last year Zup had no worthy second string backs and as a result was forced to play men who were too tired to do their best.

Sid Nichols, last year's freshman team quarterback, is the prime candidate for the varsity field generalship. As a freshman Sid was a "little dynamo gone made." Combined with his undoubted ability as an open field runner, forward passer, and punter, Nichols has that something in his voice which commands obedience. It leaves no doubt in the minds of the other players that he has passed judgment, has decided on the play and that vigorous activity is demanded to carry the play

through. Implicit confidence of a team in the quarterback's judgment means a battle half won. If Sid Nichols shows the stuff he showed in spring practice Illinois has a "find". In Bregman, Swift, and Woleben, Zuppke has three good substitute quarterbacks.

And there is still another boy, and that is Bill Schneider. Here is a player who has everything necessary to make a good back—a quick forceful mind, a lot of speed and shiftiness, plenty of courage, and a thorough understanding of the game. Last year he lacked confidence in his own ability to do things. He is a year older now and has faced big crowds at basketball games. It would not surprise me if he wins a regular berth on the team. At any rate, he is sure to prove a valuable substitute.

George Halas, if he comes out for football (his parents object to his playing), is almost certain of a berth in the backfield. He is a natural athlete. Problems of offense and defense are solved by him almost subconsciously. Last year he was incapacitated by an injury and his loss was a blow to the team's chances. Morris, Edwards, Rafferty, Bregman, Schneider, Larrimer, and Leo Klein are some of the candidates for the half back positions. Leo Klein played end throughout last year and may be used there again. There are a number of "lesser lights" trying for a backfield position, but it is impossible to get a line on their respective ability this early in the season. Here is hoping there is a star or two among them.

Charpier, Wilson, and Goelitz, are the candidates for the fullback position. Charpier played in the line last year, and had two misfortunes:—he was injured the day before the Colgate game, and was chosen by Eckersall as all Conference guard. The injury healed, but it will take Leonard a long time to live down the latter affliction. Charpier weighs close to two hundred pounds, all premium beef, is one of the fastest men on the team, can throw a good forward pass, and has developed into a powerful punter, but is green at the position and will have to work hard to make good. The same is true of "Tug" Wilson, who, the story runs, never saw a football until he came out for the freshman varsity. Wilson is a big, powerful boy who is willing to do his best. His plunging in scrimmage has pleased Zuppke and the coach is trying hard to teach him the fundamentals.

Shlaudeman and Ingwersen are the two prominent candidates for center. Harry is a "cool-headed chap" and Ingwersen is a "fiery youngster", so a happy medium could be struck by using both of them. The former, while not a brilliant player, is a consistent dependable man through whom few gains are made. He played a fine game last year, in the Minnesota game bearing the brunt of the attack. This year he is sure to prove a valuable member of the team. Ingwersen was on of the freshmen stars last year. He, like Sid Nichols, "eats football". Zuppke will no doubt try hard to find a place for him on the team. At any rate with Schlaudeman and Ingwersen the center is well taken care of.

The graduation of "Fat" Stewart and the ineligibility of Otis Petty leaves the two guard positions to be filled. McGregor, Firebaugh, Goelitz, and Weiss, are the big fellows who will strive to win a place on the team at guard. If Ingwersen plays center, Shlaudeman may take care of the guard positions and vice versa.

Koch and Sprague are the only two men out for Ross Petty's place at right tackle. Those are big shoes to fill, and Zuppke would sure be pleased to find a man as good as Ross. Shlaudeman may be used at tackle.

But we may allow ourselves a smile of pleasure when we turn to left tackle. Big, genial, often sarcastic, but never danger-

ous, "Swede" Rundquist is there. "Sprafka hit Rundquist and stopped" reads a slipping I have. And they will be saying it again. The "Swede", who claims to have put Harvey on the map, should this year play the best game of his career. And here is the reason: Rundquist and Ren Kraft are two of the chummiest boys on the team. On trips they room together, eat together, drink malted milk together, play cards together (matches as stakes), and fight side by side. The two were close candidates for the team captaincy. Red won out, and "Swede" is out to give him more than his best. Rundquist, big in body, big in spirit, should have a banner year.

Ren Kraft will take care of his end in his usual reliable manner, but the other end of the line is a problem. Leo Klein, Edwards, and Goelitz are the candidates.

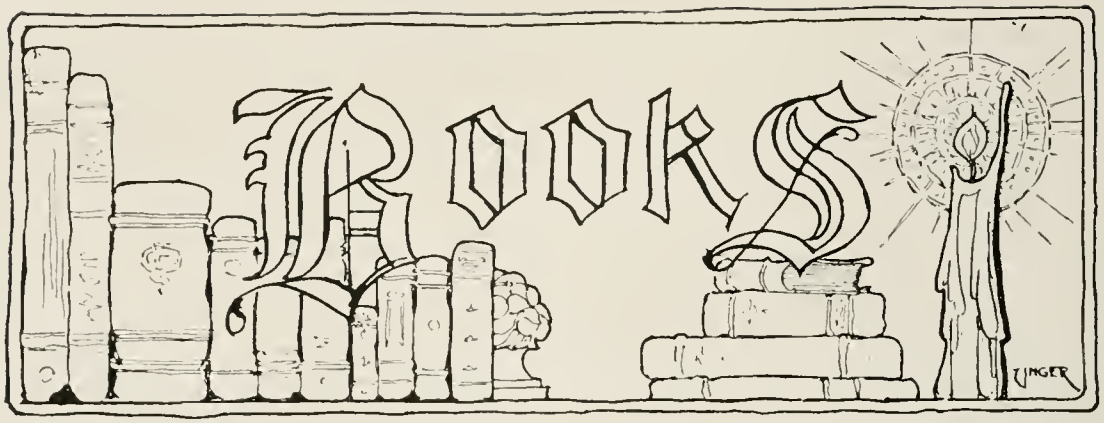
These then are the men who are going to fight for the glory of our school. There are only a few of them but what there is, is good. And here I am going to commend the boys. They have, without exception, reported in good physical condition. Each and every man took care of himself and came out on the field looking trim and fit for anything and everything that may come. To have the men in good condition this early in the season is a great help to Zuppke and Lindgren. And it means that the boys are serious in their will to do things. Predictions of any sort are out of the question but one thing is certain, the team that will face Chicago, Ohio State, Purdue, and Minnesota, will be a team hard tackling, quick charging, fighting, tearing, roaring, plunging, and—intelligent. Let's go Illinois! Let's go Illinois!!

Ohio State will have as good, if not a better team than last year. They have practically, the whole of last year's team back. In Bolen, the Courthney brothers, Karsh, Sedden, Peabody, and Chick Harley, they have the nucleus for a very strong team.

Minnesota has lost most of last year's wonderful scoring machine and will have to build anew. However, Williams has plenty of husky Northmen to draw from. William's record should assure one that he will have a strong team. Purdue, in the second year of Cleo O'Donell's coaching will, or should make a good showing. They too have practically the whole team back. Indiana and Iowa are frankly optimistic, they do not care who knows that they are going to have strong winning team. So much confidence this early in the season implies an abundance of good material. Stiehm, the former Nebraska coach, is in his second year at Indiana and his showing there this year will be watched with interest. He left an enviable record of successful teams at Nebraska.

Wisconsin is making another change in its coaching system, big John Richards taking charge of the team and he cannot be expected to do much the first year. Northwestern has lost most of its team and will not make as good a record as it did last year. Michigan will play but one conference game—with Northwestern. Chicago is again starting the season with little material, and "bear stories", but when the season is in full swing we will, no doubt, find Stagg's team the equal of any in the Conference.





Friends and admirers of Professor Stuart Pratt Sherman will not be disappointed by his new book, *Matthew Arnold: How To Know Him*, which has just been issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company as one of a series of works interpreting great authors. As might be expected from the title, the book is critical as well as biographical—the biographical matter in fact does not take up a great number of pages—and is designed to be of use to the ordinary reader rather than the specializing student. In keeping with this plan Professor Sherman quotes extensively. There is quite as much of Arnold's own writing as of Professor Sherman's in the three hundred pages which comprise the volume.

In very clever fashion Professor Sherman makes the great poet and critic serve as his own interpreter, significant sentences or paragraphs showing Arnold's own expression of opinion on all important subjects being quoted in full and prefaced or followed by Professor Sherman's observations which are admirably calculated to focus the readers attention upon the important portions and to lead him to an understanding of Arnold's full meaning. Frequently these quotations are from Arnold's letters or from his less generally read works, and are therefore doubly important, because they are new to the average reader, and apt to be overlooked in any but a carefully directed study of Victorian literature.

Professor Sherman possesses the faculty of giving important summaries of his critical opinion in most happy phraseology as in this: "Now it is Arnold's devotion to 'the abiding' that makes his volumes of literary criticism a kind of center and refuge and stronghold—let us not say, the professed student; let us say, for the general reader, for the man of affairs, for any man who, conscious of the breadth and brevity of life, wishes a guide to the highlands and mountain tops of literature—wishes death, when it overtakes him, to find him in good company, and noble occupation." It might not be amiss to say here that Professor Sherman's own book would seem to recommend itself to just such a man.

Now and then Professor Sherman disposes of a man or an opinion in a way to make one's heart glad, as when he says: "With Huxley, who asked large concessions from the humanists, Arnold could come to an understanding, if not to a perfect agreement. But with Spencer, who wished to destroy the humanists, he could hardly have found any common ground. In philosophical circles Spencer seems to have dwindled from a star of the first magnitude to a rather contemned candle, guttering and smoking toward extinction. In departments of Pedagogy, however, his *Education*—published in 1861, two years after the *Origin of Species*—is still studied as a classic; and in college faculties is still

quoted as a gospel by the men of science who acquired their leading ideas when Spencer was a name to conjure with." Again a little lower on the same page, he says of Spencer, "He thought steadily of man as an animal who owed his place in nature to the skill with which he had adapted himself to his environment; and, as his *Autobiography* reveals, he thought steadily of himself as the most illustrious example of 'adaptation'."

Arnold's rather aristocratic tastes and feelings are explained in most satisfactory fashion as is also his devotion to the "grand style" which was as it were the very essence of his personality.

Even those who care little for the doctrines of Arnold and less for the style in which he set them forth, may well give a few hours to the perusal of Professor Sherman's book, and it is more than probable that they will find the hours so spent pleasant as well as profitable.

Matthew Arnold: How To Know Him, by Start Pratt Sherman, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1917. ($1.50)

When I picked up Henry Van Dyke's "Unknown Quantity," a volume of short stories, I wanted something definite, and I got it. I wanted to read a book while sunk deep in my soft-cushioned morris chair, my slippered feet propped up on my straight-backed desk chair, my pipe in my mouth. These stories are of the "Unknown Quantity" in human life; not tales dealing with the "realm of the occult," nor of those extraordinary occurrences which startle and perplex the world from time to time, not subtle stories of crime; but stories of human and familiar, natural and immortal things which make us feel that life is a loom threaded by the "Unknown "Quantity." There are three divisions in the volume, each containing a different type of story.

The first division contains Canadian tales. "The Wedding Ring" pictures the unusual woman who is born to love but one man, and whose very life exists only for this love. It is a story throbbing with emotions, with pathos. It took me back to the Canadian woods; I could smell the pine forests, I could feel the crisp, invigorating air. It also carried me back to the French-Canadian people. Once again I could hear their quaint dialect, I could feel their religious fanaticism. The characters were alive, and I could, therefore, live their joys and sorrows. And yet what happened in the story I couldn't quite fathom, and not being able to understand, I felt that the story was an "Unknown Quantity."

The second division contains a group of very short stories called "Half-told Tales." These stories are bright and gay, but they contain much philosophy. When I finished "An Old Game," the story of the different ways in which a philosopher, an artist, and a business man look at life, I felt that there was something lacking. Then I began to think, and soon I had supplied what was missing. These "Half-told Tales," are like etchings in which more is suggested than is in the picture.

The third group of stories is similar to the first. They are not Canadian tales, however, but American and French stories. "The Night Call' is a very distinctive short story, it realizes its one ideal to create an atmosphere of mystery and to leave the reader with its creation imprinted in the mind.

All of these stories are different, some larger and some smaller, some brighter and some darker, but all interwoven into one theme—"The Unknown Quantity." Van Dyke's descriptive powers are masterful; he can make you feel or see a scene. His stories are full of local color. His diction reminds one of Washington Irving's. His plot construction is often prototyped after Maupassant. The stories themselves,

however, are his—only Van Dyke could tell them. They leave you thinking and pondering over "The Unknown Quantity" in life, and yet you are comfortable, because you know that it is in life.

Professor's Sumner's essay on the "Forgotten Man" may appear to be merely theoretical. If we cast our eyes about us, however, we may see its practical side. "The Forgotten Man," who is the average law-abiding citizen of the middle classes, and who constitutes ninety-seven percent of our total population, is not receiving the proper medical attention.

Who, then, does receive the proper medical attention? Certainly the very rich does, for he is financially able to retain the most expert specialists. And the very poor man does, because he is a ward of the state, and the state thru its benevolence, with the money acrued from the taxes of the "Forgotten Man," retains in its hospitals the most able physicians.

Why does not the "Forgotten Man" receive the most efficient medical attention? There are many reasons. Among the most cogent is the fact that the medical profession is a profession in which men have to earn their livelihood. In other words, most doctors divide their time between the very rich class and the public hospital class. They are well paid for both kinds of work? The "Forgotten Man" is willing to pay what he can afford, but the doctor wants more, and, consequently the "middle man" often does not seek expert advice when he needs it. On cannot blame a surgeon for operating where he can get $500 for his services instead of $100; it is human nature.

There is but one way in which the "Forgotten Man" can get efficient treatment, and that is by cooperation. At the University of California each of the seven thousand students pays a yearly medical fee of five dollars, in return for which he receives minor and major medical treatment of all kinds. With these fees the University is able to retain a corps of specialists. No less a medical authority than Dr. Richard Cabot of Harvard advocates group cooperation *and the* "Forgotten Men." That is, a group of people living in the same locality should each pay so much a year to retain corps of expert physicians, each a specialist in a certain branch of medicine. It would be the duty of this corps to maintain the health of its community by treatment and by preventative examinations. Cooperation is the only hope of the "Forgotten Man," and it is up to him to try it.

"PRUT! PRUT! PRUT!"

LOIS F. SEYSTER

ADAM, sitting in the garden of Eden, just newly created, couldn't be newer than my stock of popular songs!" said Cliff Anthony. "They actually smell of the cigars of the fellows that wrote 'em!"

The college men who had just entered Anthony's Music Palace, scattered to all parts of the big, music-plastered room. One of them dragged a black poodle, clipped in the approved French style to resemble a lion. At sight of it, Anthony shouted:

"Who trimmed that canine?"

"Yours truly," said a stalwardt fellow who sat on a mission table kicking his correct English heels against it.

"Darn your ear, Hump!" remarked the man who had crawled on his hands and knees underneath the table. "You're scratching the furniture."

But Hump continued to kick, even after the group had gathered about the girl at the piano. She played their selections demurely, without seeming to see their admiring glances, or hear the many observations to Cliff Anthony,

"You've hired a new girl to pound the ivories—what? This one is some looker."

All of which annoyed the young manager extremely, for the "new girl" was none other than Maisie, his own uncle's adopted daughter. Just because her father owned the Music Palace was no reason why Maisie should be allowed to masquerade as a working-girl, Anthony reflected. She wheedled Uncle Clifford preposterously! He thought absently, how soft and white her neck was just below the careless knot of dark hair. He noticed that the other men had eyes, too, confound 'em! (Not that he cared.)

Hump, the woman-hater with a Past, sat apart, listening to the desultory snatches of song.

"Why don't you give us something new?" he inquired, plaintively. "What is the newest thing you have?"

Cliff Anthony's blue eyes took on a certain wariness of expression. The rejection or approval of these men, made or marred popular music. The matter must be approached with casual delicacy. He backed over to a table, to choose a group of sheets from it, looking them over silently, before announcing:

"Here's 'Lilies and Dreams'—"

"Ugh!" said Hump, "Semi-high class ballad—rot!"

"And 'Light 'o My Eyes'," continued Cliff, pleasantly, "Nifty little hesitation . . . We're selling a lot from the musical comedy, 'Her Man'—'If Solomon Had Only Gone to Reno' is a hit."

"Excellent!" said Hump. "All but the words and music. Trot out another."

Cliff adjusted his flawless, maroon tie, with great nicety. Then, thoughtfully shuffling the songs in his hand, he threw them all down save one, which he held out at arms length. The cover was bright blue and gold. A girl's face appeared to laugh out from behind torn paper. The title in great gold letters zig-zagged across the sheet.

"Prut! Prut! Prut!" he announced, sol-

emnly. *"The catchiest song-hit of the season."*

Hump's smile was inscrutable.

"Have it played," was his terse command.

Cliff took it to the piano, himself, and stood by while Maisie's little fingers rippled thru the verse and tripped into the chorus. The music had the lilting swing that sets light feet a-going. But young Anthony stood motionless and when Maisie looked up, she thought the glance of the blue eyes was almost agonized. She wondered why. Behind her the college men were trying their tongues on the ridiculous syllables:

" 'Prut ! Prut! Prut!
Oh, you're the dearest thing I know,
The cutest thing I know,
You've got me on the go-o-o--' "

Suddenly there came a deafening crash. Between a squashy thump and a groan, the rending of paper was heard.

"What in heaven's name—" said Cliff.

"O-h- look!" squealved Maisie.

Hump sat on the floor, being responsible for the very squashy thump. One end of the table on which he had lately sat, rested beside him, while the other end maintained its proper angle. The groans issued from under the table and its sliding mass of music. Hump rocked back and forth, hilariously.

"Poor idiot—under—there—" he gasped, "pulled one leg of—collapseable—t—table—couldn't get out—joke on him—oh—h!"

"Well, you're not in your Frat-house now," said Maisie, "so you'd better get him out, double-quick-sudden. He may be hurt."

"Hu'urt," gurgled Hump. Then he looked up. "Oh, pardon! Why—why—" he sprang to his feet, and went over to the girl. "It's Maisie. Maisie Carrington. I haven't seen you since my Freshman year. You're not a day older! A regular little girl in that dress."

Maisie looked down at the soft silk, her cheeks wild-rose pink.

"Look at that torn music," said somebody.

"I'll take all that's torn," stated Hump, munificently. "Are you going to be down here all the time, Maisie?"

But it's all torn," objected somebody else.

"I'll take it all," returned Hump. "D'you remember that last foot-ball game we saw together, Maisie? When do you go out for your lunch?"

The college men gathered about Anthony to pay the demands which Hump's generosity incurred. Glancing towards the piano, where "Prut! Prut! Prut!" lay unharmed and unnoticed, Cliff asked if there was nothing more.

"Oh, give us a few of the latest," was the answer, "—yeh-a, stick in that 'Prut! Prut!' thing if it's new. Hurry up, fellows. Come *on*, Hump. So-long!"

"One copy!" said Cliff Anthony. He did not smile.

"What?" asked Maisie. "Do you know, Cliff, that when I grow up I shall have a dog like that, with bracelets around its legs and neck, with a leash for it too. What did you mean when you said 'One copy'? It sounded awf'ly stupid . . Then I shall walk by here and you shall say, "Some nifty little woman'. And—"

"Masiie, why on earth did Uncle Clifford let you come down here?"

"I cajoled him," she said, naively. "Do you know what it is to be cajoled, Cliff?"

"No, how is it done?" he asked, amused past his preoccupation.

"I only dare whisper it," she said, shyly, and when he proffered his ear, she told him, with soft lips close, "You kiss 'em and sit on their lap!" Fleeing over to the other side of the room she began, suddenly, "Do you really like that funny 'Prut! Prut! Prut!?"

The calculated reserve of Clifford Anthony was mementarily shattered. He snorted. He seized the song and tore it into shreds. "*No!*" he said, savagely, "*I hate it!*"

Maisie started towards him, all her feminine sympathy aroused.

"My poor, old Cliff. What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," he replied stiffly. Stuffing the crumpled papers into his pockets he stepped forward to greet a customer, the smiling business man, once more.

Maisie felt, nevertheless, that there was something mysterious in Cliff's behavior, that morning. He had even forbade her going into the adjoining office, altho before her father had retired from the management of the Music Palace, she had ruled the whole establishment. She wandered, idly, over to the office-door, wondering just what it *did* conceal. The thought of Anthony in the role of Bluebeard, was laughable. She put a tentative hand on the door swung open!

There, towering up against the wall, were three great stacks of music. Just as she reached out towards one, Clifford spoke sharply behind her.

"Don't touch it!"

But it was too late. One of the piles went toppling over to the floor. Maisie started back in amazement, for each sheet was a duplicate of the rest,—the same blue and gold, the same laughing face, the same three words careening dizzily across the page. Cliff watched her miserably, as she ascertained that the remaining piles were triplets with the first. He faced her defiantly.

"I knew you'd find it out."

"Oh, Cliff, "said her small, awed voice, "How much is there?"

"Six thousand copies."

"But—but it's some mistake?"

"No, it's no mistake. I'm going to sell them. See? I'm—I'm going to. D'you hear?" His words tumbled out, hurriedly. "The Grantley Music Company agrees not to sell the song to any other place in town —they even make a small discount if I buy my bunch of six thousand. You see that I can sell them, don't you, Maisie?"

"But, Cliff! 'Prut! Prut! Prut!'—"

"Why, it's a regular *beaner*," he defended. "Can't you see that it's catchy? Even the cover is good—the coloring, the picture. College men are sure to like it."

Her anxious eyes spelled, "Only one copy!", but she would not say it. Instead, she drew from her dangling mesh-bag, an old letter, on which she began to write, with a ridiculous, silver pencil.

"What is the selling price?"

"Twenty-five per."

She looked up triumphatly:

"Why it's only fifteen dollars—don't worry about that."

He smiled as he scanned the little round figures.

"Fifteen hundred, you mean. (You never could do decimals, Maisie.) But money go hang! It's Uncle. When he retired and put me in charge here, he did it on one condition. He was afraid I was still a bit—er—wild. Reckless, you know. So he put me on trial for six months, during which, I must absolutely make good, or out I go! He *mustn't* find out I'm a bone head."

"Why, it's almost a matter of life and death! Poor, old Cliff—Listen! Somebody has come into the other room. . . . Why it's Hump."

Cliff suddenly turned towards her. "It's lunch time, Maisie. You'll go out with me? I'll look up the place."

She hesitated as she walked slowly forward.

Hump met them, and said with confidence, "Hello, Maisie, you see I'm here again. How does the Brunswick suit you for a little feed? Will you go?"



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She looked like a very little girl, standing there between the two, tall men. A steely glint had come into Cliff's blue eyes.

"Yes, Hump, "said Maisie, at last, "I'll go."

When she looked back to say, "I'm sorry, Cliff," he had turned away.

II.

"Hoo—oo!"

Maisie ran joyfully into Anthony's Music Palace, the second morning of her business career.

"I haven't deserted yet. Why, where are you?"

She dragged off her fuzzy white coat, and unpinned her hat with its impudent feather, on the way over to the office. Opening the door, she beheld again the bewildering domain, with the masculine note decidedly dominant. Half-burnt cigarettes littered the floor, among the crumpled papers overflowing from the perpetually full waste-basket. A long piece of carbon-sheet dangled from the uncovered typewriter. From the desk, which was a strange contrast, with its neat pigeon-hole, and carefully stacked letters, smiled Maisie's prototype, as if in amusement at six thousand copies of "Prut! Prut! Prut!" directly opposite. Sitting at the desk, face buried in folded arms, was the manager.

"Poor, old Cliff!" said Maisie, with a little catch in her voice, "What's the matter?" She kept her hands tightly clasped, for fear that she should yield to the temptation of smoothing down the little wisp of blonde hair, which having escaped hte fate of being brushed straight back, stood stubborn and erect on top of his bent head.

He looked up suddenly, his lips twitching, his face all red with anger.

"Can't you tell me?" said she.

He thrust a newspaper into her hands. "Read that!" he said, pointing with a trembling finger at a certain column. "Oh, do-gone-it! Dog-gone-it! It's all up, Maisie. I'll have a bon-fire."

The girl's hand-bag dropped to the floor, with a golden clatter.

"This—this is the 'University Daily'." And slowly, she read aloud in an uncertain voice:

"'POPULAR SONGS

"'This is an era of ragtime. We must all admit that. To a certain extent, we are reconciled to having pianos, phonographs, and vocalists exhale it persistently. Just now, we are flooded with Popular Songs—each a combination of the latest scandal told in Mother Goose rime, with a buzz-saw.

"'We are inured to 'Sugar Babes' and 'Spoony Moons', and the recurrent allusions to 'lover's bliss' and 'hug and kiss', while the trite rime, 'tease me, squeeze me' has no longer any power to move us.'

"You don't object to that," said Maisie.

"Read on," he muttered.

"'But there is a limit to our endurance. A certain questionable song has suddenly become fashionable, just because everyone wishes to be 'up on the latest'. It has no merit, whatever, except it's catchy music, which is guaranteed to set even faculty feet in Number Thirteens, shuffling dizzily. The fact that the meaning of the lyric is not clear, makes it doubly suggestive and demoralizing. The men and women who pride themselves on their 'style' and 'go' are all singing this 'classy' rag:

"'Prut! Prut! Prut Oh, you're
The dearest thing I know,
The cutest thing I know,
You've got me on the go!
Your red lips tell me haughty lies,
But, oh you—oh you naughty eyes!
You're the dearest thing in all my life—
Prut! Prut!—
Except my wife!'

—Signed, X. Y. Z.'"

"Oh, Cliff, it's terrible if this hurts your song!" said Maisie.

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"Of course you know the editor's Hump Wallace," snorted Cliff. "I don't see how such rot gets by him—he's no reformer. I'd like to meet the dub that wrote it. The crazy, idiotic, loonq, loco bun! The ignorant, cross-eyed, narrow-minded, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, under-handed, balled-up boob!"

"Clifford Carrington Anthony, you stop. Next thing you'll be kicking the woodwork, like you used to."

"I don't care! The song's ruined, and so am I!"

"Don't be sensational," said Maisie, making a face at him. "Go on and tend to your customers like a little man."

Still, she looked grave when he had slammed the door behind him. Those stacks of "Prut! Prut! Prut" were so unbelievably high. A moment later, his head appeared in the doorway.

"Sold one copy of the darn thing. One from five thousand, nine hundred, ninety-eight, is five thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven. Bah!" Then he withdrew, leaving Maisie to sit in disconsolate thought, teetering back and forth in the swivel chair.

It was more than half an hour before the door opened again, and Cliff burst in. He was shouting, and slapping his thin legs, madly.

"Maisie! Maisie!" he yelled. "It's going—it's going—they're buying it, do you hear? They think it's rotten and they want it. Students all take the 'Daily'," he explained, as the girl pirouetted about the room, in a transport of joy. "You see that article said 'Prut! Prut!' was the *latest* and *classy;* and tho of course you can hardly understand this, Maisie, these High School kids and Rah-rah boys *like* to be thought wicked and demoralized. . . . But by Jove! I said all along that song would sell. I knew a humdinger when I saw it!"

III.

Hump wore a light grey Norfolk, with the belt dangling, and no hat, so that the gentle spring breze could stir his thick, black hair, playfully. He walked as a 'Varsity pitcher, champion pole-vaulter, editor of the 'Daily', and most quoted cynic could afford to walk. He whistled an odd tune.

"Oh, cut it!" said the man at his side, who was trying vainly, to keep step with Hump's strange, grand stride. "The whole University has howled that song two weeks now."

"It *is* a devilish song."

The other man chuckled. "Heard my kid-brother singin' it—he got the notion it was wicked from your paper. 'Mind saying who wrote that?"

But Hump had halted in front of Anthony's Music Palace, to gaze at the gorgeous window. It was a two-toned symphony in blue and gold, with the sunniest of daffodils, and the deep of violets banked in the background. As wide as the window and as high, (like a word taken from a baby-giants primer) constructed solely of copies of the song, "Prut! Prut! Prut!" with its saucy, girlish face, and bright, gold letters, was the single syllable, PRUT! The whole effect was lavish, ridiculous, but triumphant. In the other section of window was the same color-scheme, but here were alarming white things displayed on shiny pedestals. Hump did not observe them closely, but his glance caught a few of the bold black placards, "The Prut-Prut Collar," "The Prut-Prut Blouse," "Latest Thing Out—the Prut-Prut Parasol."

"Thunder! It beats the Tango craze. The Prut-rut boom—that's good! Why—"

"Good-bye," interrupted Hump, rudely, and entered Anthony's.

Maisie came skipping towards him, and in her high-waisted green dress was like apple blossoms fragrantly pink among the first green leaves of spring. (Hump thought.) Her hair was coiled low on her neck, in little-girl style.

"Oh, Hump!" she cried, "Isn't it d'lightful? Or do you think we are wicked to sell so much of such a naughty song? Your paper said it was naughty. Thank you for being so obliging. It really is why everybody is buying 'Prut! Prut! Prut!' Will they not be surprised to find it's a perfickly nice song?"

"Maisie," said Hump, "you're the same little doll that graduated from High School. I was a college Freshman, then. Made a darn fool of myself over you—"

"Never mind about that! Did you see our windows? And oh, Humperty, the 'Prut-Prut' blouse? I thought of it."

"—and I'm liable to do it again!"

"The 'Prut-prut' blouse, collar, etc.," pursued maisie, gently, "are only articles I purchased at other stores, and named, and of course are not for sale. A saleswoman—Hump, please listen,—who came by and saw them, said, "For Mercy's sake! Is that what they call them? I must mark ours.' Now, all the stores have them."

"Only beauties should wear green," observed Hump, with fine irrelevance.

"What a kind way of telling me I shouldn't. You must hear the 'Prut-prut' record. Clifford made it. Will you put it on the phonograph, please? Hump, you must be nervous."

For the record had crashed to the floor from the man's trembling fingers. When he knelt beside her to gather up the pieces, she turned her head, unable to meet his dark eyes. The soft, white curve of the back of her neck was gently hollowed like a baby's. The next moment, Hump had pressed his hot lips to it. Maisie whisked about to blaze at him,

"Hump! Beg my pardon!"

"I—I can't. Maisie—sweetheart, isn't there any use?"

Seeing the pain in his eyes, she said:

"No, old boy. I'm—I'm sorr—eh, hello, Cliff. I'm picking up the pieces. You see

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we broke the record!" Laughing unsteadily, she ran from the room.

At sight of Anthony, the greatest anger that can move a man, arose in Hump's heart. Casting about for any available excuse, he chanced to note a huge placard on the wall:

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"It's catchy music," says the University Daily, "is guaranteed to set even faculty feet shuffling dizzily. The men and women who pride themselves on their style and go are all singing this classy rag—'Prut! Prut! Prut!'——"

"You take that sign down, today," said Hump, "See?"

Cliff's smile was maddening.

"You sound like the peeved foreman giving orders in a one-horse pork and beans factory," he said.

"If you weren't so thin," said Hump,

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"I'd knock you clear thru your bally sign."

"I'll eat cocoa-butter at your recommendation."

"That's sign's a fraud, and the 'Daily' can sue—"

"Damn your old 'Daily'!" said Cliff.

Suddenly, Maisie appeared, smiling up at them, innocently.

"Talking about the song, I suppose? Oh, are you going Hump? Goodbye."

As he opened the door, Hump turned and with his cynical, twisted smile, said "I should PRUT!"

He had barely disappeared, before the proud owners of the disgusted poodle, entered in a body, to announce:

"We've named the canine Prut-prut, and give us another copy. He shall have it tied to his honorable tail."

Then, Cliff drew a deep breath, thrust his hands into his pockets, and crowed,

"Sorry, but I'm all out. Sending for more to-night."

When the door had slammed again, Cliff went close to Maisie.

"Six thousand copies! Why, that article in the 'Daily' was the best thing that ever happened to me—unless—Maisie, you are the dearest thing in all *my* life." He choked a little. "I'm asking about the millionth time. Now, *could* you?"

"Why, Cliff," said Maisie, "I've found I just do love you aw'fly good."

The man's eyes grew wet, as he looked reverently down upon the little dark head he was holding close.

"I take it back," he exulted, "that article in the 'Daily', wasn't the best thing —not—by—a—jugful!"

"Well, it was good," said a muffled voice from his coat-lapel, "'*Cause I wrote it myself.*"

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There isn't any brain food in some people.

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(Should be seasoned well with common sense before serving.)

2.—OYSTER COCKTAIL

The masculine species which the raw oysters Fall for.
A dashing, jaunty, style-plus but sense-minus Creature.
(Usually present at social functions,
But not needed with a home dinner.)

3.—FRIED OYSTERS

The prinking, frizzled spinsters.
(Rolled in flour,
Too long preparing to be
A practical dish.)

4.—STEWED OYSTERS

The red-nosed, beer-soaked bum,
Drowning in his foaming mug
Just as the oyster is lost in the milk stew.
(Very economical,
Most inferior oyster may be used.
How strange that so many churches
Have oyster suppers!)

5.—ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

The seeming-wise, who hide their oyster nature
Beneath assumed intellectuality.
Who palm off as their own thoughts
What they have read in other people's books.
(Beneath the disguise of the crumbs of knowledge,
They are still oysters.)

6.—VEGETABLE OYSTERS

Those few rare souls who try to conceal their thoughts
By assuming the tastes and appearance of oysters.
Afraid the shoal will mock because they think and dream
They pretend to scorn themselves.
(Not of the genus oysteris.)



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The Illinois Magazine

FOOTBALL NUMBER

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CHE-E-E-E HE-E-E-E! THE TEAM!

GLENN W. FREDE

IT is at this time of the year that the mind unconsciously reverts to football as a diversion from the routine of study. We find ourselves speculating as to the probable outcome of games, and we begin to study the personnel of the various teams. Naturally, we are more concerned about our own team, and those of the "Big Ten".

Coach Zuppke's comparatively green team hurriedly whipped into form, defeated the fast Kansas and Oklahoma teams successively by comfortable margins. A few days before the Kansas game, Capt. "Ren" Kraft was seriously injured in practice and eliminated from all competition for the season. This accident necessitated several changes in the line-up: Mongrieg was made an end, Klein was shifted from halfback to end, Goelitz to guard, Charpier to fullback and Halas from end to halfback. Two sophomores, Weiss and Ems were given positions in the lnie, and Ingwersen, another promising sophomore, managed to gain a berth at center. "Sid" Nichols, of Freshmen Varsity fame, was made varsity quarterback. Schlaudeman was shifted from center to end and back to guard. To what extent Zuppke was justified in making these changes has been demonstrated in the games played to date. The team has not been scored upon, and has exhibited a type of offensive and defensive football that is a great tribute to Zuppke's good judgment. In every instance the change has proved helpful to the team.

"Sid" Nichols has evidenced a remarkable quantity of "footbal sense", and is equally as well qualified to instill fighting spirit into the team as he is to return a punt. He is fast, a sure tackler, and has many of the qualities of one "Potsy" Clark, who it is rumored played football at Illinois at one time. Halas, at halfback, is fast, and a wonder at breaking up passes. He is remarkably adept at grasping situations, and is a dependable ground gainer. Charpier at fullback has proved the surprise of the season, and he seems to take



RUNDQUIST
Acting Captain and a veteran who knows Conference football

NICHOLS
Our plucky little quarterback. "Sid" is the original "pep-instiller"

particular joy in carrying passengers on his line plunges. His punting is very good, and he is always sure of a gain in his line bucks. Sternaman is especially good at open field running, is a crack tackler, and is good at forming interference. Acting-Captain "Swede" Rundquist is eclipsing all records at tackles, and is proving himself an able leader. Ingwersen is playing a great game at center. His ability to break through the line is especially commendable. Klein and Mongrieg are improving at their newly acquired positions at end, and we expect to hear from them later in the season. Klein is the best forward passer in the line-up. Schlaudeman, Cook, Weiss, Goelitz, and Ems are other prominent members of that line you saw in the Wisconsin game. Larimer, McGregor, and Bregman have shown up exceptionally well in the practice games, and will probably be used in the backfield a part of the time. "Tug" Wilson has been handicapped all season by repeated injuries, and with a little experience should prove a valuable man to the team.

The weak points of the 1917 team seem to be the result of so many green men on the team and the shifting of players to new positions. The new men are not accustomed to varsity football, but they are greatly interested and willing to learn, and no doubt will soon be well seasoned by experience. It is in the men who have been



STERNAMAN
"Dutch" is considerable halfback and is very popular among his teammates



HALAS
"Illinois most versatile athlete"

shifted to new positions that there is greatest posibilities for improvement. Zuppke has realized this situation, and has been emphasizing tackling, getting down under punts, and breaking up opponents forward passes. If reports are true, the team must improve in these points if we are to have a Championship team. And why shouldn't we have a Championship team? All are agreed that we have the best backfield since the memorable team of 1914. It is true the line is composed largely of green men, but by the time we meet the Maroons on Nov. 3, they will have had ample opportunity to remedy those things in which they are lacking at present.

Although it is too early to decide anything definite about the conference standing at the end of the season, it is a reasonably safe conjecture that Illinois, Minnesota, Chicago, and Ohio will contend for final honors. Some critics have already slated Ohio for another championship, but what they lost in over-confidence should be our gain. Minnesota has shown up well to date, and "Doc" Williams can be depended upon to place an exceptionally strong team in the field. Chicago under the tutelage of "Old Man" Stagg has humiliated all-comers by top-heavy scores, and is going to be a strong contender for Conference honors. But we must not base our estimate entirely on relative scores. We must also consider the strength of the



SCHLAUDEMAN
It is rumored that he is as much at home on the movie screen as he is on the football field

CHARPIER
A confirmed optimist. The Charpier Bus Line will operate as usual at Chicago

contesting teams. You may have noticed that Illinois does not generally have a football team that runs up large scores. It is a part of Zuppke's plans not to have individual stars, but to produce an all-round eleven capable of meeting and conquering any team it plays. If our present analysis of the situation holds true, the Chicago-Illinois game will determine which team is eliminated from the championship race.

Chicago! 'Ay, there's the rub'! Chicago has always been a great rival of Illinois, and since the coming of Zuppke in 1913, a profound admirer. The Maroons realize the Chicago-Illinois game will decide which team is eliminated from the championship race, and they will fight from blast to blast with every ounce of strength they are capable of. Coach Stagg had an abundance of material to pick a team from, even though reports were to the contrary. The veterans in the line will include Capt. Brelos, Gorgas, Bodzinski, Jackson, and Cochrane. In Elton, Bondi, and Rouse he found three crack backfield men, and in Higgins he has a recognized power both in offense and defense. Both Chicago and Illinois have a number of dependable substitutes, and injuries on either team should not make any appreciable difference in the final result.

The team has shown a fighting spirit this year that after all looks like a championship possibility, and it is up to the



MONGREIG
"Monte" has a big task on his hands to fill "Ren" Kraft's shoes at end

PRITCHARD
Pritchard has been keeping Kraft company over at the Burnham

students to encourage and back the team whenever an opportunity is offered. We cannot do less if we want Illinois to have a winning team. After the Chicago game we'll hang it on Ohio and Minnesota!

THE FRESHMEN VARSITY TEAM

"I will drive the varsity as never before; the men must stop those plays"! said Zuppke before the Wisconsin game, and drive the boys he did. The reason for this statement was the fact that on several occasions that week, the freshmen had ripped up the varsity defense in an appalling manner. When consideration is taken of the fact that nearly everyone thinks the varsity this year is the best for several seasons, the feat of the freshmen is sufficient proof of the quality of the yearlings.

"I've got the best backfield material in years," says Coach Jones. "While in previous years there were always a few men who did good work in the backfield, this year there is a large number of men of equally fair caliber, fighting for the positions." And what they have done to the varsity, using the plays of conference teams, bears out this statement.

The freshmen season started in as promising manner as in the year when the Kaiser and President Wilson were friends. One hundred and fifteen men turned out at



MORRIS
Morris is a dependable halfback. Zup's utility man.

KLEIN
Leo is quite a forward passer, and has helped the team out of many a tight place

the first call, and it was soon evident that the 1917 freshman varsity was to be a good one.

The competition is especially keen for the backfield positions. Springston, Fletcher, Howard, and Saltzenstein are showing up good at the pilot position, and Meyers, Fletcher, Ludwig, and Slater are alternating at half. Hansen has succeeded in holding down the fullback position, and has shown some good line plunging ability. All are heavy and fast, and together they comprise the best material Jones has had in years.

The freshman varsity line is weaker than usual, but nevertheless the Yearling linemen have shown up well in scrimmage against the varsity. Depler, the heavyweight pivot man, is doing good work in the line. Friedmeyer, Crowel, and Deeds have shown up well as guards. Fromman, Kapp, and Shoemake promise great things at tackle. Ekblaw, Ford, Cheasi, comprise the end possibilities, and some of the surplus backfield men may occasionally be worked at end.

Coach Jones is to be especially commended for his work in building a strong, fighting team in such a short time. That his efforts have not been in vain is evidenced by the fact that on several occasions the freshmen varsity has scored against the varsity, which, beyond all doubt, pleased Mr. Zuppke.



LARRIMER
"If it wasn't for the state of Iowa, Illinois wouldn't have a team this year."—Zuppke



EMS
A sophomore who is making good at tackle

TRACK

In no other branch of athletics has Illinois been so directly affected by the war as in track. The enlistment of Captain-elect Spink, Husted, and Bennett broke up one of the greatest point-gaining monopolies Coach Gill has ever produced.

Spink was one of the best quarter and half milers in the West, and a consistent point gainer for Illinois. "Phil" was elected captain of the 1917 team at the close of last season, and we understand he has declared a truce with Chicago for the period of the war. The elimination of "Arlie" Mucks left Husted with a clear field on the title of the best discus thrower in the West. Bennett was handy with the weights, and was a determining factor in every meet.

A nucleus of a team, however, remained from last year, and Coach Gill has a great task on his hands if Illinois is to have a winnig team. He is depending upon the members of last year's freshman varsity and to an unusual extent upon the possibility of finding new material among the students.

When it was learned that Capt.-elect Spink could not return to school "Chet" Kriedler was chosen to pilot the trackmen. Gill is relying on Kriedler and Bush to annex the hurdle events. Great things are expected from Bush, and he should be good



INGWERSEN
"Bert" paves the way for the Illini "Tank"



McGREGOR
McGregor is making his dóbut in the backfield this year

for about fifteen points. Carrol and Fields are very reliable men in the dashes. Emery, a sophomore, is a promisng sprinter, and will very likely be tried in the quarter mile. In the middle distances, Coach Gill also has Somers, Berlin, and Brown. Brown will also be tried in the mile. At the present the outlook for the middle distances is rather gloomy, but Gill is expecting to get more good material from the students later on. In the long distance events, Lewis, Garvan, Birks, and Kadyck are showing up best. "String" Bush has been doing good work in the high jump, and can be counted on in this event. Lang is an excellent pole vaulter, and as soon as Mongrieg finishes the football season, he will be hard at work with the javelin. Allman is expected to return to school the second semester. and will undoubtedly figure in the weight events. At the present Anderson is showing up good, and Charpier, Pike, and Weiss are expected to do something with the weights later on.

It is entirely too early in the season to predict just what kind of a track team will represent Illinois in the coming season, but the foresight and ability of Coach Gill can be relied up to produce a good team.

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is a little too early at the time this goes to press to predict our Chicago victory. But we would like to do so, only the experience of the Minnesota papers a year ago is still in our memory.



WEISS
A little green at the game, but a real fighter



KOCH
"Cookie" is one of Zup's best linemen

FORMER CHICAGO-ILLINOIS FOOTBALL SCORES

DATE	ILLINOIS	CHICAGO
1892	4	4
1893	28	12
1894	6	0
1896	0	12
1897	12	18
1901	24	0
1902	0	6
1903	6	18
1904	6	6
1905	0	44
1906	0	63
1907	6	42
1908	6	11
1909	8	14
1910	3	0
1911	0	24
1912	0	10
1913	7	28
1914	21	7
1915	10	0
1916	7	20



WILSON
"Tug" is putting in a strong bid for end



BREGMAN
A good halfback—fast and shifty

NOVEMBER THIRD

We've lost our Krafty captain and no more will he be seen
A-dodging past the hostile backs upon the lime-marked green;
His face is missing from the bunch of which we all are proud,
But——
Mr. Stagg, you'd better place an order for a shroud.

Our captain's on the sidelines, swinging by upon a crutch,
And the warriors of Illini miss him worse than very much;
Without him in the lineup we're a sadder, graver crowd,
But——
Mr. Stagg, you'd better place an order for a shroud.

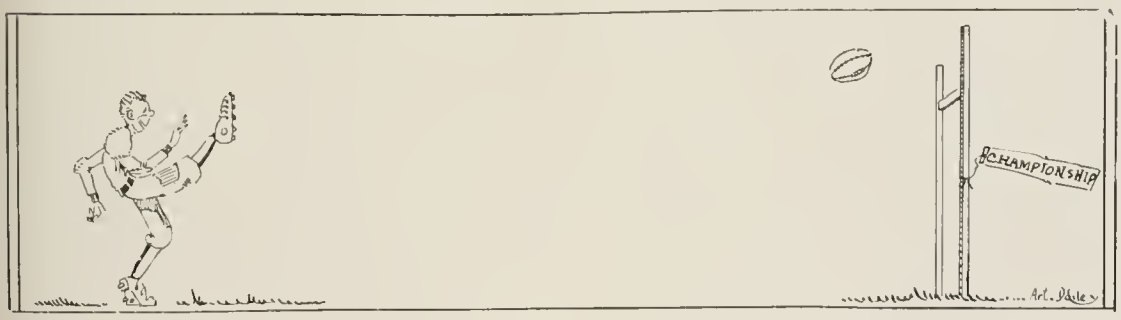
H. W. Ostrom, '19.



GOELITZ
Goelitz is playing a wonderful game at guard



SPRAGUE
Sprague is a consistent lineman and can be depended upon



Photos by Howard Studios

SO THIS IS PARIS

ART ("MIKE") DAILEY

SO this is Paris.

Everyone of us American Field Service ambulance drivers said this as wet got off the train at the wonderful city. What else was there for us to say?

We were a tired, a hungry, a scrappy, and a dirty crowd. Our trip across the ocean was very boring as the scenery never changed. We didn't even see a tree. The all night ride on the train from Bordeaux was tiring and annoying as there was no place for any of us to sleep, unless we slept on the luggage racks above the seats. So, under the circumstances, we just said what we were suposed to say and let it go at that.

Although powerfully hungry—starving in fact—we were not allowed to go and hunt for some breakfast until after we had reported at the American Field Service Headquarters. We reported and then looked for a place to get something to eat. We found a nice little cafe—with high prices. The breakfast that was brought to us, consisted of omelette and chocolate. That is all we knew how to order. We didn't even know how to pay the bill. But the waiter was very nice and helped us to do that. He took our money—nearly all of it.

After we got something into our stomachs, we got some ideas into our heads. Nearly everyone of the ideas were something like buying a cane, and raising a mustache, so we would be like the Frenchmen. And the Frenchmen threw away



their canes and cut off their mustaches so they would be like the Americans.

By the time our mustaches were a success or a failure, our ambulance section of forty men and twenty Berliet cars was stationed at a camp a few miles back of the front and waiting for orders to go up. At this place we were divided into two squads of twenty men and ten cars. One squad was on duty every day and was kept busy peeling potatoes and writing letters to the dear ones in the U. S. A. about narrow escapes. Gee, it was a dangerous place. We could just about hear the guns banging—if we listened very carefully.

But one night—the night of the 4th of July, I believe it was,—aviators dropped bombs on our camp. The fellows that were

dropping the bombs were good shots as they hit the camp every time. The camp was about forty-nine miles square.

It was about 1 o'clock when the fireworks started. The first bomb fell about 400 yards from our sleeping quarters. The terrible roar and crash of the exploding bomb probably woke up the surrounding country for miles. About two minutes later a second bomb fell about as far away from us as the first one did.

By this time we were all out of our blankets looking for the invading aeroplanes we could hear buzizng around above us. We couldn't see them. They were too high up and it was too dark.

Shot after shot was fired at the annoying planes with the French anti-aircraft guns. Colored lights flashed from the French machines that had gone up to look for the enemy. Powerful search lights were flickering about the sky in a sort of a net work. It was a wonderful 4th of July celebration.

While the fireworks were going on, Dewey Campbell was curious to know what was the nationality of the air machines that were causing the trouble. So Dewey looked for a Frenchman and found him under a wagon.

Are those Boche planes?" Dewey asked him.

"Yes," . . .

Now the Frenchman didn't just say "Yes", he said a lot of other things, but Dewey found out they were Boche alright enough.

It had quieted down by this time. The Germans had left our vicinity. It was very quiet now. Not a sound could be heard—except Chris Gross's snoring. But we were used to that, so we crawled back in our blankets and went to sleep.

Swish! Bang! Crash! It was the most terrible roar I had ever heard in my life. The building we were in seemed to rise off the ground and fall back again in place. The French guns were working over-time now. The air seemed to be a continual screach. It was impossible to say a word in that noise as we knew we wouldn't be heard.

Um—but listen. There was somebody hollering at us.

"Cut out the talking and go to sleep. How do you expect a fellow to get any rest with you gabbin' all night."

We hand it to him. Chris had finally awoke.

But Chris's soothing calm words didn't calm me. I was shivering like a plate of jelly—but not from the cold. And I was saying my prayers and wondering where the next bomb was going to light. It didn't light. I'm some prayerer.

From this time on we got in the war and got in deeper and deeper and deeper. And so did some of the other little things that went with us. These little things had grey backs and were too playful for words. They would always hide so we couldn't find them, the little darlings.

Finally these pets of ours got so numerous that different species sprung up among them. The species must have declared war on one another—or all of them on us. We wanted peace.

On account of the circumstances a few of us troubled ones were allowed to leave the front and return to Paris—sh— to get a bath. There are no bath rooms attached to the hotel rooms in Paris, so we had to step out and buy a bath at a regular Turkish bath house. A Turkish bath is alright in its place—but I don't drink so I asked for a hot and cold shower.

I took off my clothes and walked into a small tiled room, I thought to be the place for the showers. There were no showers to be seen, but hot water was hitting me in the back with a terrible force. I turned around and saw a fellow up in the balcony. This fellow was holding an ordinary garden hose and giving me my shower.

He finally forced me over into the corner with the force of the water and had me shriveled up like a wet rat. The water was getting so hot I was commencing to sizzle. I hollered at him that I didn't want anymore hot water. That is, I thought I hollered that at him.

You see, I had figured out from the French I had picked up that if *encore* meant more—*pas dé encore* ought to mean —no more. So I tried it on him.

"*Pas dé encore. Pas dé encore,*" I pleaded.

But my shower bath merchant kept playing the boiling water on my poor blistered back.

"*Pas dé encore*", I emplored with tears in my eyes and water in my ears.

But he didn't stop. The water kept getting hotter.

"Shut it off—gimme some cold water, you etc., etc.,——" I finally screamed.

"Well, why the devil didn't you say so in the first place."

The man understood English as well as I do. And I learned later that *pas de encore* doesn't mean, no more. It means something like, NOT YET.

When I got out into the cool air of the street, there was only one thing I could think of and only one thing I could say,

So this is Paris!

THE SEAL

Knowing that I have too oft said too much,
I simply say, "Forgive me", and am done;
It grieves me that my least small word is such
That I should wish speech o'er when scarce begun.
But I will keep my peace, I will not speak,
For words impetuous fire each rebel thought;
Yet God forgive, if silence be not meek,
But each unuttered sentence dearly bought—
If it be pregnant with unspoken things.
A seal now on my lips, my faith is still
In later years, when times own wisdom brings
Calm after storm; if then it be God's will,
My lips shall speak kind words that mirror forth
The mind's tranquillity that gave them birth.

GREENLAND AND THE WAR

W. ELMER EKBLAW

EVEN in a land so remote from the center of the European war as Greenland, the conflict is causing a profound impression upon the minds of the people and noticeably affecting their economic and physical welfare. A self-imposed guest among the Danes of Greenland for six months, I found ample time to study the effect of the war upon the people there, both the native Eskimo and the Danes, who live in the land on commercial or governmental business.

In this article, Greenland may most conveniently be divided into two districts, for the purpose of discussion: the Smith Sound or Cape York District, some times known as Northwest Greenland, over which Denmark has not claimed jurisdiction until after the purchase of the Danish West Indies and the relinquishment of all claims in Greenland by the United States; and Danish Greenland, or all that portion lying south of about the seventy-fourth parallel.

The Smith Sound district is populated by some two hundred fifty rather pure-blooded Eskimo scattered along over six hundred miles of coast line. In this district the war has not produced so deep an impression on the people or so serious an economic situation. The people of this district have not yet forgotten the primitive hunting methods of their forefathers, nor have they as yet become dependent upon the white man's foods, or clothing, or equipment. Their contact with civilization is relatively recent, and has been only casual until within the last ten years—more definitely since 1909, when Knud Rasmussen established a small trading-station at North Star Bay as a base for his scientific and exploratory research. No matter how long the war lasts, they will face no really serious difficulties as a consequence, they will not freeze or starve. They may feel some little annoyance over the want of tobacco, matches, tea, and needles, but they can get along without.

Sipsoo, one of Peary's old trusties, and a sage of the tribe, expressed the sentiment of his people when he said he thought the white people had gone "piblokto" (temporarily crazy) to kill so many of each other when the earth and the sea are so big, and so full of game for food and clothes, and to waste so much ammunition shooting at each other, when they might better send it to the Eskimo.

It is in Danish Greenland that the effect of the war is, and will be, most seriously felt, both among the half-breed natives and the resident Danes. The total population of Danish Greenland is somewhat over thirteen thousand, of which the Danes comprise only about two hundred,—not too many for the land to support had they not lost their old-time independence and ability to wrest their living from it. But longer than the two hundred years of Danish occupancy is the period of close relationship between the natives of this dis-

trict and Europe and America, and the dependence of the Eskimo upon the white men. For almost three hundred years they have received ammunition, cooking and hunting equipment, and food from whalers, sealers, and traders, until now they can no longer exist without them. They have lost their economic independence and in a measure exhausted their resources. They have become infected with the diseases of civilization—over a half of the natives, perhaps, have tuberculosis—; men, women, and children are addicted to the unrestrained use of tobacco and strong coffee; they are physically and mentally inferior to their ancestors.

Last summer the need had already become urgent among this poverty-stricken native population. The previous winter had been one of want, and starvation, and disease; the stock of ammunition and provisions was running low; about half the supply expected for the stations arrived; the prospect for the coming winter was gloomy. And now that the Allies have made it exceedingly difficult for Denmark to get enough supplies for even her home people it is certain that untold deprivation and suffering will be the lot of these far-away people of the north.

They cannot understand why they should suffer for the sins of the German emperor and his advisers. They have become dependent upon Denmark for help; Denmark is helpless herself and can do nothing for them. They will certainly suffer sadly, and unless Providence helps them in an unexpected way many of them must starve.

And the resident Danes will suffer with them. Without exception, they are strongly opposed to Germany as are all true Danes, and strongly sympathetic to the cause of the Allies. If the war continues over next summer they too will be reduced to poverty and even starvation. Should Denmark be unable to send them relief next summer some of them may perish. The situation for them is fraught with peril.

Could America aid them in case Denmark is unable to do so?

AUTUMN

Within darks the chilling sun.
 The lazy clouds of a warmer sky
 Are chastened and torn till they scurry away
At the stern, bluff note of the frosty day.
Across the gully the breath of fall
 Comes hissing to rattle the oaken bones.
 A white-tufted rabbit in search for food.
Is quickened by touch of earth's stinging rood.
But vainly the tempest may flourish his might;
 His threat means naught to the undaunted leaves
 That cling to the topmost twigs with glee
As they dance and sway on the cottonwood tree.

TURKEY JOINS THE SOCIAL CENTER

ANITA LIBMAN

BEING "a sweet girl graduate" may be all right if you can sit back under the shadow of your sheep-skin and gather laurels from your admiring friends, but when you are a graduate of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, and spend your days in taking Civil Service exams, and expecting the mailman to come laden down with offers for positions—which, by the way, never come—it is quite different. Things are rather exciting during the first few weeks. In the first place, your hopes are still untarnished. You have faith in the superintendents, and the agencies, even in yourself. You await the mailman with a beating heart. You never can tell, you know. But wait until a couple of months have passed—matters are quite different then. The mailman becomes addicted to ads of Malted Milk and painless dentists, and you begin to regret that you did not take up dictaphone operating, at the time they had that famous deduction in rates. Oh! I know, I have been there. I'm not telling you this because it looks well in print—on the contrary, it is because I want you to understand why I accepted the position as organized of the Social Center of the Wells School, despite the advice of my teachers, friends, and even the superintendent himself. For, if you must know it, the Wells school has a reputation in Chicago. You have probably heard of it, so I won't need to go into details. Even if you haven't—my story will speak for itself.

The morning that I received my appointment, I hurried over to Miss Breckenridge. She had been my adviser and teacher, and I knew she would want to know. Besides, I needed her signature.

"Miss Breckenridge," I cried, as I burst into her office, "I've got it at last."

"Got what, child?" asked Miss Breckenridge, laying aside the latest statistics on smallpox. "Got what?"

"My position—an appointment at last."

Well, I am certainly glad to hear it. At the Bell School?"

"No, at the Wells. See?" I showed her the appointment slip.

"Well—well, that's too bad. Of course, you can't take it, Emily. That school isn't for you. I didn't know it was going to be used as a social center again—after last year."

"Why? Why shouldn't I take it?"

"Why shouldn't you accept it? Didn't you hear about the terrible failure they made of it last year? The Greccho gang? You remember, that's where Miss Wright was shot two years ago? I can't see why they have opened it again this year—and to give you the position, one of our youngest graduates, inexperienced—it's unheard of—"

"But, I've got to get my experience somewhere."

"Yes, but there? No, Emily you must refuse it. I know it's hard, this long wait for a position, but your turn will come—"

"You always said, Miss Breckenridge,

that workers must not be afraid of hardships, that—"

"Yes, yes, child go on quoting me." She smiled, "That's an unfair advantage you're taking of me, Emily."

"But I am going to take the position."

"You'll not get my signature, Emily Wilson."

But I did get it. I forget what arguments I used. I think it was partly her own class room doctrines plus a little of the Wilson stubborness. Half an hour later when I left the office, in addition to the signed appointment, I had the following information: First, that I'd fail within two months, or become a nervous wreck in six weeks. Second, that I'd probably be shot or give up in disgust. Third, that she, Miss Breckenridge, washed her hands of the whole affair. Fourth, that my worst enemy in the district was one known as Constantine Greccho, otherwise "Turkey" —after his fatherland—I believe. "Turkey" was the leader of a sort of anti-social workers trust, which during the past two years had successfully frustrated all efforts to establish at the Wells School a well-regulated, efficient, social center. I was glad to know the Enemy's name. It's rather uncanny to fight a nameless foe.

The opening night came around in its proper astronomical order. It found me ready for a riot, an uprising, a murder—none of which happened. Upon entering the assembly room, I found a cosmopolitan crowd assembled, characteristic of the neighborhood, — swarthy Italians, olive complexioned Greeks, blue-eyed, rosy cheeked Poles, dark-eyed Jews, robust Germans, all vied with each other, in showing me their friendliness and their desire to become part of the Wells School Social Center. They were all there with a purpose. They were in earnest. They had an end to gain, and came to us for help, for advice, for inspiration. My heart warmed when I realized that it was in my power to do so much good. Never before was it brought home so closely to me, what it meant to be a social worker. I vowed to myself I'd make good—and I've already had occasion to mention the Wilson grit.

The first three nights were taken up in organizing classes registering the pupils and getting things started in general. Everything was coming along first rate. I hadn't met Turkey face to face, and I was beginning to feel that he was nothing but a myth after all,—a myth conjured up by imaginative brains to keep needy young social workers from accepting much needed positions.

I mentioned the matter to Mr. Polkowsky, who had been elected President of our Father's Club.

"We are going to have a nice year at the center. Don't you think so, Mr. Polkowsky?"

"Dono yet, Miss Weelson," he shook his head, "You never cain't tell when them boys weel begin to get started on their treaks. Everyt'ing ees quiet now 'cause they ain't had not time to git togither. Now I seen thees here vat you call him—Toorkey, yeserday, and he seem like he vas up to meescheef agin."

"Would it do any good for me to see him, do you suppose?"

"He has a mighy hard heart to—vat you call it—reesist you Miss Weelson, a sweet young leddy like that." The Polish are very polite.

"Where can I see him. Do you know his address?"

"He got a news stand on Robey and Fourteenth. Don't go there at night, Miss Weelson."

At three the next afternoon, I found myself on the corner of Robey and Fourteenth. There is a news stand on every corner. I looked around me. The newsbody caught my eye.

"Poiper, Miss? Noos? Journal? American?"

I handed him a penny. He gave me the "American". I never read the American. For a while I stood there irresolute, wondering how to approach Turkey, wondering which one of the four busy, hustling newsboys he was. I looked at the one nearest me. —An innocent looking chap, not more than sixteen years old; but with old lines on his face,—probably a step-son of society, prematurely hardened by his battle with life. (These you understand are the proper terms in which a full-fledged social worker is expected to philosophize.)

"I think I'll ask him," I said to myself. I cleared my throat.

"I wonder— hm— Say newsboy—" I really succeeded in getting his attention.

"What you want lady?— Another poiper?"

"I wonder can you tell me, can you tell me which one of those newsboys," I pointed across the street, "which one of those newsboys Turkey is?"

"I dono 'bout that—what you want with him?" He looked at me, shrewdly.

"I want to speak to him."

"You ain't one of them lady policeman's are you? 'Cause if you air, Turkey, he said to give you his compliments, but he's sick in bed."

"No, no," I protested eagerly. "I only wanted to ask him to join our social center."

"Well, lady, I am Mr. Greccho."

"You!" I breathed easily. Was this the notorious Turkey? My problem was getting easier every day. I had no doubt but that I could easily control this lad. "You see, Mr. Greccho, I had heard that you knew a good many of the boys in the neighborhood,—that you were their leader, so I thought I would ask you to come up to our center,—at the Wells School, you know,—and perhaps join one of our clubs, or else have your club meet there,—it's all free, you know." I finished rather lamely. Turkey's big, black eyes were gazing at me with a scrutiny so penetrating, so searching that I could scarcely keep my eyes up. He gave me a contemptuous look.

"Say, come off of that talk. What you think you're handing me? I ain't none o' your settlement guys, and none of my friends ain't neither. We don't need none o' your free halls, and none o' your free soup, nor free gab neither.— Poiper? Journal? Noos? American?" He was off on his business talk.

I waited on the corner for about fifteen minutes. Turkey showed no signs of returning. He seemed totally unaware of me. Finally, I decided that I had lost the day, and rather dejectedly walked away.

A week later, as I was right in the midst of that thrilling romance,—"Goldilocks and the Three Bears", which I was telling to the youngest children, I was interrupted by a most hideous noise. It sounded like fifty moon-struck cats rendering a musical, —a musical of a blood-curdling variety. A moment later some gravel hit the window. The children began craning their necks in the direction of the noise.

"Sit still, children," I commanded. I went up to the window and raised it. "Boys," I called, "stop that noise, instantly." A deafening roar was raised by a mob outside, whom I could not see, because the lamps in the ward had evidently been put out.

"Boys," I called again, but before I had a chance to finish, I was rewarded by a shower of gravel. I staggered back from the window. As soon as I was able to see again, I rushed downstairs.

"Stop! Stop! Don't go out, Miss Wilson," I heard several voices calling behind me, among them that of my good friend Mr. Polkowsky. Of course, I went on. I was here to run the social center, if it took my life to do it. I ran out into the yard. I could distinguish among the voices, that of Turkey Greccho.

"Don't you hurt her now, boys, remem-

ber what I told you,—we don't fight no women. Get back there now, Fatty. Damn you—"

The last remark was addressed to one of the boys who had thrown a stone at me. It gashed my cheek. I caught hold of someone back of me. It was Mr. Polkowsky.

"Go on eenside," he said pushing me in, roughly. "Eet ain't no beezness fer girls."

I heard him command several of the men who had gone out with him in a loud business-like tone. He knew how to take charge of a battle;—he had the spirit of Kosciusco in his heart. I went upstairs and after fixing up my cheek, went around to the different class rooms and quieted the children, and some of the girls who had become badly frightened. I then went back to my classroom and finished the story I had been telling to the children. It was hard to get their attention at first, as they had been pretty bady frightened. Outside I could hear the voices of the men as they tried to catch some of the boys. Turkey and his gang were evidently too much for them, for every few minutes, the boys would raise a triumphant yell. I heard the occasional swearing of our men. gradually the noise subsided. I dismissed my class, but ordered them not to leave the building without my permission. I then went downstairs. The men were just coming in. I gasped when I saw them. Some of the men were bleeding. Some had their clothes torn. Mr. Polkowsky was trying to tie up his hand, which was badly cut.

"Oh!," I cried, "You men are badly hurt."

"Neefer mint younk lady," answered Schnitzelwarter, one of our German members, "You got kind uv a blenty yourself."

I felt my cheek. It was still bleeding a little.

"The wilda keeds," said Palterino, "Dey no come a-agin to-night."

The next day I again sought out Turkey. This time I was no faltering amateur, coming to ask favors. I meant business.—And he, with the wonderful ability of his class to read character, seemed to know it. I saw him square his shoulders, and assume an indifferent attitude, as I came up.

"Poiper, lady?" he asked. I understood his ruse.

"See here, Turkey, you know why I am here as well as I do. I am here to talk business,—and it would be better for you and your friends to listen to me, see?'

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Look here, last night you and your gang came into the yard of the Wells School, and raised a racket. You broke one of our windows.—Wait, that isn't all. —You bruised and injured some of the men,—not to mention cutting my cheek."

He swore under his breath.

"Some of the men have recognized you. I can swear to having seen you myself. This morning they went over to court and swore out warrants against you. I have them. Now, look here, either you and your gang agree to stop this, and join our Social Center, or else— It's up to you, Turkey—"

"I ain't got nothin' to say," he said in an indifferent tone, again shrugging his shoulders. Yet I saw he was moved. "If you wants to talk to the boys, you kin come to our meetin' tonight."

"All right, I will, "I too readily promised. "Where will it be held?"

"Over Maccafferty's Saloon. Schlitzes Hall." He watched me narrowly. Maccafferty's Saloon was two blocks from "Death Corner", and also notorious in the vice district. He knew that I knew,—and waited for me to back out. My promise had already been given. I believed that I had in my hands the means of breaking up the "Greccho Gang". I had to do that or fail.

"I'll be there," I promised again.

"See here, lady, are you on the level? Dis ain't no trick you're playing me 'n de bunch. Cause if you're up to tricks—" He doubled his fiists suggestively.

"I'm honest, Turkey. I—I'll come alone, if you promise me that you and your boys will play fair with me."

Turkey reached out his grimmy hand. I shook it.

"You kin come at eight," he said.

At eight that evening I was climbing the steps back of Maccafferty's Saloon. When I reached the landing I stopped. My hand shook as I tried to open the door. I paused with my hand on the door-knob. Inside there was a dreadful commotion. Over the din I heard Turkey's voice: "And when she comes,—if you don't act respectful like I told you. I'll—" The rest was chiefly a series of oaths. I turned the door-knob and went in.

The noise stopped so quickly that the silence became oppressive. Through the smokey air I could distinguish about twenty boys, lounging around in chairs. Gradually as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I could see the features of the boys, among them somewhat apart from the others, was Turkey. He came up to me.

"So you kum?" he asked me. I saw that he respected me for coming. "You kin come up to the front of the room, here 'n talk to the boys. Then as soon as you 's thru you kin go."

"All right, Turkey," I tried to say it in my everyday voice. I hated myself for allowing it to shake. By the time I had reached the front of the room, I had regained my courage.

"Boys," I said, "I'm not here to make a speech. You know why I am here as well as I do. —Night before last, you boys entered the yard of the Wells School, and raised a rough-house. You broke a window, and badly hurt some of the men." I saw their eyes on my plastered cheek. "Yes, one of you did that. Some of the men recognized you, and went to court yesterday and swore out warrants for about fifteen of you.— I have those warrants." I saw them look threateningly first at me and then at Turkey. "No, I am not going to use them unless you force me to. Now, look here, boys, either you all swear off, and join our Social Center, or else I am going to fight you to the finish, see? For some of you it will mean Bridewell, or John Worthy Reformatory--" Some of the boys made treatening gestures. I took no notice of it. Turkey silenced them with a look.— "Or else you'll join our center, and meet in our rooms, —and —and turn over a new leaf." I stopped. I could hardly keep the tears back, for I saw that I had made a failure.

Here," I said, "are some membership cards, —for —for any of you who would care to join." I looked about the room, appealingly. No one stirred. After about a minute's pause, Turkey got up.

"Lady," he said, coming up to me, "I like your grit. You kin write me one of them there entrance tickets.— All right, boys, one at a time— This way up fer your entrance tickets."

The boys looked uncertainly at each other. There was a scraping of chairs. The noise they made drowned the scratching of my pen, as I made out Turkey's "Entrance Ticket".



That Guilty Feeling—

The Boy put his hand over the page as his room-mate came in. Something in the Boy's guilty flush attracted the new-comer's quick eye.

"Good-*night!*" said the room-mate, "What rot are you reading?" He seized the book to mock: " 'Be thou, Spirit fierce, my spirit, be thou me, impetuous one, drive my dead thoughts'— Sa-ay, your thoughts sure are dead if you read that stuff for fun."

"Isn't it rot!" said the Boy. "I had to read it for—for an assignment." Something he had heard before crept into his consciousness: "We cannot kill and not kill; we cannot speak a loyal word and remain meanly silent—" All bosh, of course! What a joke to imagine you had been disloyal to the spirit of a man who lived years and years ago. Must have been a fine chap, though, that Shelley. Said the very things a man longed to say. And just now in Autumn—

> "Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
> Like withered leaves—"

He bit his lip. What a fool the fellows would think him if they knew he didn't read poetry *just* for assignments.

"Meanly silent". Well, that was it, he was ashamed. It suddenly occurred to him that he had that guilty feeling most of the time. He mentally paraphrased Ruskin (subconsciously labelling himself a sissy for knowing that Ruskin wasn't a kind of breakfast food) with the sentence, "Tell me of what you are ashamed and I will tell you what you are." If he had been speaking aloud to the room-mate, he would have taken pains to say, "Tell me what you are ashamed *of*." One dares not say, "It is I" or "Oh whom are you speaking?" to one's jeering friends. (Nor even refer to himself as 'one'.

Studying, too. How many times had he chucked his English when he heard Roomy coming, and, lighting his pipe, leaned back lazily to look as if he had been idle for hours! He was chagrined by a 92 in the stuff. Good

Heavens! Everybody would think him a grind. He talked as the rest did about "putting things over on the Profs" and pretended to flunk at least the minimum that popularity demanded.

The Boy did not know that Roomy had a passion for sunsets—Roomy was too careful to say, "Oh gosh! I bet it'll rain tonight," whenever he saw one—or that Roomy was ashamed of being honest, and scrupulously sought to appear a double-died cheat and liar. The two were daily letting their spirits be sapped by that deep sense of guilt. Their real selves were becoming flabby from disuse. Some day "Be thou, spirit fierce, my spirit!" would mean less to the Boy than stock-quotations. Some day the crimson sun in a nest of gold would only remind Roomy of the price of red satin. The thing of which a man is ashamed he loses. If it is a wrong thing, his loss is right. If it is a right thing, his loss is wrong. He is twisting values somewhere. A man is a cheat when he tosses the coin up himself so that it comes down on the wrong side. Eventually, he fails in the great gamble . . .

The Boy and Roomy leaned out of the window together that night. Roomy wanted to see the moon tip-toe, silver-clad, across the tops of the pine trees. (He *said*, "I don't want the place filled with cigaret smoke.") The Boy wanted to feel the west wind—"the breath of Autumn's being, from whose unseen presence the leaves, dead, are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing!" (He *said*, "I've simply gotta cool off.")

Then out of the night, through the rustle of leaves went the figure. That collar open at the throat! That velveteen jacket! That ruffled hair! Just beneath the spattering light of the arc, the poet looked up. Youth called to youth. His eyes offered beauty. How wistfully his lips moved to say again,

> "Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
> Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth, . . .
> Be through my lips to unawakened earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh wind,
> *If winter comes, can spring be far behind?*"

But the twentieth century spring was ashamed to answer. In a swirl of withered leaves, the figure vanished.

Roomy laughed.

"What a crazy guy!"

"Wasn't he a nut?" said the Boy.

AN INFORMAL ESSAY— TO THINK OR NOT TO THINK

F. HOULTON LAUDER

WHEN other topics of conversation are exhausted it is a favorite thing for many people to cast reflections upon the college man. Although many criticisms are made no one of them is so justifiable as that the college man is not a thinker. That a man who must use his brain continually for four years is not a thinker sounds paradoxical. It is a true bill notwithstanding.

We come to the University with the expectation of being graduated in four years, a finished product. We read books, we recite, we perform experiments in a prosaic way as though such were a sort of necessary evil. In due time then, we get our degree and are ready to take our place in affairs. This is the point to be considered: are we ready? If we are, well and good, but if we are not, the unpreparedness may be traced to our *inability* to think for ourselves. And this is the salient feature upon which we receive so much criticism. When we go into active life we are confronted with problems to be solved. If the problem is one in economics, we remember, say, the rule or paragraph on page eighty-two; but upon looking it up we find that it is only a general statement or solution. If the problem is one in graphics we are able to find a general formula covering a general class of which the case in hand is a member. We are confronted with the question of how to adapt our knowledge to meet the specific case. In other words, we must learn how to apply that information which we have already learned.

Consider the bookworm—a fine example of mere mechanical herding of knowledge. He is a species of the genus homo which likes to read better than eat. He prefers an afternoon spent in reading Hume or Locke to one spent in rooting on Illinois Field. His interest is tied up in some hypothesis advanced several centuries ago and never heard of outside of a few old volumes. He is to be found any day lounging about with a book in hand when he should be doing something for the common good.

If you ask the bookworm a question outside his own particular realm, you will find that he cannot carry on an intelligent conversation. His thinking apparatus responds only to the stimulus of black lines upon a white page. To put the matter plainly, he carries his knowledge in his memory instead of in understanding. Such a person when talking upon his own particular item of interest is a bore. When he attempts to speak on a subject outside his own province or one which demands thought he is an ass. To the bookworm, thinking is a chore. "Why think," he asks, "when I can find this or that already written upon by Plato or Aristotle?"

Not meaning to flatter him at all nor to disparage the ancient philosophers, he was blessed with a mind just as they were and probably an equally good one with which to begin life. The difference between them

is that *the philosophers used their faculties to the fullest extent* and now they are looked upon with respect. The bookworm on the other hand is satisfied to take other people's opinions whole, swallowing them without a moment's mastication.

The result of this procedure is that the bookworm gradually becomes through his faculty of memory a mental truck horse, peddling other people's knowledge. It would be amusing if he should be asked what his own ideas were upon a subject, especially if he happened just then to be quoting Marcus Aurelius on the matter. Or, if we should be patient enough to hear him to the end of his memorized dissertation he would be discovered as the disgusting phonograph that he is.

We dislike the bookworm because he is nothing more than a walking encyclopedia, or a player piano which keeps on going as long as it receives an external stimulant. We might be able to bear him if it were not for this superlative imperfection. That defect is his inability or unwillingness to digest and arrange that information which he knows and to apply it in his every day life.

This fault which we so strenuously object to in the bookworm is exactly the one which people of affairs criticize in us. They see us as containers filled to the brim with a helter-skelter mass of information such as Chemistry 1a, Physics 3a, Economics 22, and the rest. We throw together a pile of disassociated, unwieldy facts which falls like a house of cards when something solid hits it.

When we are brought face to face with the problems of the world, unless we have the ability to adapt our knowledge to the new conditions, we fail. Furthermore, we continue to fail until that faculty for adaptation is finally beaten into our heads.

Courses in subjects should be used as *hints* indicating something yet to be studied out. We should use our courses as crutches to help us along until we are able to get onto our own feet and think matters out for ourselves. Instead of doing this, however, we go over the material, take it for what we can see it to be, and nothing more. A course in which a man memorizes only a conglomerate mass of facts without attempting to arrange or digest them is of no benefit to him. He might as well have committed to memory the Iliad in the original Greek for all the good he will ever get out of his efforts. Neither of these performances impresess his understanding, and of the two the repeating of the Iliad would probably command more admiration.

I hesitate to take an example from the bluffer, but in one way he gets more out of his four years here than people think. It is a familiar story that Thompson—any name will do—who studied the main points of his lessons more to pass the time than for any other reason has made a big name for himself. It has also been said that Robinson was a fine scholar in the University but he was never able to get far in business. A simple investigation of the facts reveals the reasons for their respective attainments. Thompson associated and arranged what he did study so that when called upon he was thinking fast and was able to use his limited knowledge of the subject to the best advantage. Robinson studied the material diligently and recited from memory. He was, of course, rewarded with an enviable grade. The difference between these men was that one learned to think while the other simply used his memory. This is the whole point. *The man who has not learned to think is uneducated.*

Mere erudition without thought never developed a man nor broadened his character. Many minds are not able to think beyond conventional matter. On the other hand there are many people who have never seen a college yet are shrewd think-

ers. I have in mind an old fisherman whom I met on Nantucket Island. He had never gone to school a day in his life, but his philosophy of life was excellent as were also his remarks upon current topics. Further, he was able to discuss his views intelligently. While not educated in the accepted sense of the word, he had more ideas and much more sense stored in his mind than many college graduates.

As college students we enjoy almost unlimited facilities for the acquiring of information. Why cannot we go one step further and think out conclusions? When you present a case to a ditch digger or one of his class, he is able to arrive at a decision on the matter almost instantly. More than that, he clings to his verdict tenaciously. And this is in spite of the fact that he can give no accurate train of reasoning by which he came to his conclusion. The mass of illiterate people are fortunate in that they judge for themselves, but unwise in that they trust an ignorant mind.

To be a time server, to go through the University as a means of spending four years pleasantly is merely the formality of walking in the front door and out the back door. To be a book worm is merely to absorb what cannot be used. As for most of us, we shut up our information on a subject in a neat brain cell, give it an appropriate label and allow it to stand. It is only brought out for dress parades, never for hard work in the trenches.

MOODS

AARON EARNEST SINGER

Days of glory, days of dread—
Days in which the heavens shed
Sunshine, dampness, snow, or rain—
Days of joy and days of pain.
Days of mirth and days of grief,
Days when sadness is relief,
Days of hope and of despair—
Blithesome days and days of care.
Days of love and days of hate,
Days of silence, days of prate,
Days harmonic, days discordant,
Days in which the mind lies dormant.
Pious, sacred, solemn days—
Fickle, fiendish, feasting days—
Days of health and days of illness,
Days of tumult, days of stillness.
Days of business, days of leisure,
Days of toil and days of pleasure:
Aye! in every person's treasure,
Lies concealed his tearful measure!
Then why write and preach and chant—
Why, oh why, to rave and rant?—
Every mortal undergoes
Cheer and overwhelming woes!

MASK AND BAUBLE IN "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

DOROTHY SEIDEL



"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE", a popular play of the modern stage, was delightfully enjoyable to its audience when presented by Mask and Bauble, as one event of this annual home coming. Mrs. Charles Albert Gille of Decatur, who undertook its direction, has once more proven her efficiency. The lines were cleverly written and on the whole well interpreted by the entire cast, although at times we were made uncomfortably aware that it was acting. The mechanical grind of a well coached play was more than occasionally apparent.

The first act acquaints us once again with the old problem of a doting, ambitious parent who wishes to see his only son a success in business. The contriving father, with the help of his attractive private secretary, proceeds to apply a stimulus to his son's slumbering powers.

The hero of "It Pays To Advertise', inaptly though conscientiously portrayed by P. G. King, is unceremoniously launched upon his own resources, by an apparently indifferent parent. He is left to either sink or swim.

Bernice McNair, as Mary Grayson, the private secretary, at father's urging, rather unconvincingly pretends an affection which is to lead to the son's success. She displayed the brainy cultured business of today, rather masterfully at times, although once or twice we are strikingly made aware of a forced atmosphere.

The audience is asked to pre-suppose that this only son is endowed sufficiently with education, "savior faire", and the gift of conversation, combined with the love of a charming girl to "make good" under these strained conditions. Just how to do it—this is the problem which he faces.

In the heights of uncertainty, H. A. Williamson, in the character of Ambrose Peale, an enthusiastic believer in the power of publicity, makes his timely entrance. His was a well done piece of work. Peale straightway purposes that our hero finance a somewhat unsuccessful undertaking of his—Peale's own. But his efforts meet with no success. This refusal from our hero brings down an avalanche upon him —an avalanche in the form of a lengthy dissertation upon the power of publicity—the importance of the press. His arguments are so overwhelmingly convincing that our hero installs him in his business—the business that is to be.

The play develops various complications in launching, on imaginary capital, a competitive business to manufacture "13 Soap, Unlucky for Dirt", in opposition to father's soap monopoly. All this surreptitiously watched over by an apparently indifferent father.

Advertising—the psychology of mind—the power of suggestion—are the elusive elements they depend upon for success. Bankruptcy, fraud, failure and even imprisonment seem staring them in the face, when the day is saved—publicity has won the day—"13 Soap" is in great demand, father is agreeably nonplussed, cleverly fooled, and finally sold—the business.

Father is apparently thwarted, being forced to pay his debt which he had made on the assurance of his son's failure—only to find that his money is really a belated wedding present. Peale is given a permanent position in the firm and all, even father, admit the forcefulness of the press.

Merle Turner again showed her versatility in her difficult role as the Countess de Beaurien, alias a crook. Both her costuming and acting was charming, her voice well modulated and her work well received.

Irene Seaton as the petite maid displayed a sense of humor and adaptability in her handling of French.

Mary Caldwell made an admirable business woman, and S. A. Walser a very unpretentious butler. M. A. Romano as the relentless collector of just debts was good. Ellery, the effeminate son of a wealthy father, was a trifle overdone by T. W. Kaempfer. William Smith, as interpreted by I. L. Peterson, was the easy going old friend of the family that he was supposed to be. R. P. Benedict, as Charles Bronso, representative for Marshall Field, gave us a sense of satisfaction in the clean-cut business man of today.

One of the cleverest pieces of work was done by J. E. Davis in his interpretation of Cyrus Martin, the affectionate, though exacting father. He read his lines with just the right suggestion of meaning and appreciation.

The play owes its success to its clever lines, which held a twang of real life; its lucky combination of enthusiastic players and clever stage direction, together with an established predisposition of the audience to enjoy the production.

SUBALTERN WILKES

JOHN O. RICHARDS

"WHAT can you do?" The Colonel's head was thrust forward; his body was rigid as he awaited an answer.

For several moments following his question all was still. The young subaltern, standing at attention near the entrance flap of the tent, the flap itself, the few prints on the canvas walls, all were rigid and silent in the pervading calmness of the early French twilight.

The Colonel's eyes burned queerly as a ray of the setting sun crept through the doorway and spanned the tent's interior with a narrow golden bridge. Then "What can you do?"—sharply, almost harshly. His right hand, resting on the wicker table, strummed out a tattoo, loud in the surrounding calm, and ever so short.

The eyes of Subaltern Wilkes dropped suddenly; and his head was bowed.

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir." A red splotch, as of shame, appeared in either blonde cheek. His right foot stirred nervously on the grassy floor.

"Wilkes," said the superior, "you have surprised me greatly. When Johnston, Arber, and you came to this regiment I expected fine things of all three. You know about Johnston; he died at Verdun, holding a trench with five Tommies against a company of Boches. And Arber fell only last week, just three miles south of here, pulling a wounded Frenchman to safety in the very teeth of a German battery. Shrapnel told his story. Went to his death spinning like a top, I'm told, and shouting even as he collapsed: 'Britain, Britain, St. George for England!' Wilkes, sit down."

Once more the tent grew quiet. Outside a breeze was stirring; now and then a zephyr stole in to ruffle the maps and pictures on the walls, to stir the yellow curls of the subaltern, ever so gently. The superior, staring at him perplexedly, pitied him but when he spoke, there was no sign of this. His tone was sharp and held a faint and very noticeable measure of contempt.

"I shouldn't have mentioned Johnston and Arber," he resumed, "but that I thought that it might do you some good. Wilkes, I'm going to give you another chance."

His tone grew less sharp, more pliant, persuasive. "For God's sake man try to realize what this means. Your commission, your honor, your very life happiness depend on how you act now. One more chance, if you fail you lose your commission. I'll not even let you fight as a private. I'll ship you back to England, a derelict. You know what that means, your family, your happiness and theirs."

"I have asked you what you could do. The matter still rests with you. Think it over. I'll be back here in fifteen minutes. That's your respite. I'll expect something definite when I return."

The Colonel strode from the tent leaving within, his head buried in arms outstretched on the wicker table, Wilkes, the man whom other men called a coward, he who cried like a woman when the charge sounded, the torpor of whose fear often prevented his leaping from the trench at

the order, who frequently fainted at the sight of too much blood.

II.

In this game of war, this seething, shuddering realm of hate, of roaring sounds, of cold burnished steel, and of shattered bodies, warm and bloody, what myriads of struggles must occur in the minds of the men who fight, those who must key up their will to dare the impossible, and force their determination to accomplish the unthinkable. These are the real heroes, who fear and yet dare. These are the truly courageous, who feel the instinctive terror and yet shake off its detaining hand and fight, and die.

As Subaltern Wilkes sat, crumpled and bowed at the wicker table, fighting his battle with fear, how awful his thoughts, how appalling his anticipation of that redemption he knew was to be exacted of him.

He simply couldn't fight, he thought. He hated blood and shattered bodies; and he feared with the fear of a deeply inherent and inherited dread of death, the poison gas, the shrapnel, and the bayonets of the Germans.

The thought that his early training should have helped him now, in this war, passed through his mind. At school he had gone through a hardy, rigorous training of athletic discipline. He had won honor in the realm of sport. He had learned how to take orders; and to fight until exhausted on the Rugby field, and in the long distance races.

Yet, now he lived in a state of ceaseless fear and inefficiency. In a trench he was worse than useless. He had winced at explosions from the start, and usually wept at the signal for a charge. His terror was ever with him, constantly augmented with the passing of time, growing greater rather than lesser at each new experience; a dread aggravated and heightened with endless repetition.

His condition now was intensely pitiable. With a terrible fear at his heart, with his whole future resting upon his action, with but five minutes left until the Colonel's returning, he sat and strove to nerve himself to a decision, to construct for himself a policy of redemption to serve as a balm upon the sore of his cowardice. God, what was he to do?

Suddenly he raised his head and looked out through the doorway. The sun had just set, and the Western sky was invaded in all corners by a great, rare mantle of carmine.

The breeze had fallen again and the interior of the tent had grown stuffy and depressing. Subaltern Wilkes felt that he would like to be outside. Acting upon his desire, he rose and walked to the doorway of the tent. Pausing for a moment, his troubled eye dwelt upon the glory of the sunset, and then, swinging slowly around, he faced the east and set off in that direction at a slow, meditative pace.

Presently he raised his eyes to the horizon and glanced along the sweep of the slight, rolling raise which formed the boundary of his sight in that direction. The eastern sky was darkening rapidly and here and there in its expanse could be distinguished the first, faint elusive stars.

Suddenly the slowly moving gaze of the subaltern stopped and focused upon an object resting upon a low hill to the left and east. It shown but faintly in the twilight air as a trim mass of two black wings, and a torpedo-like car, these blending with the dimness of the surrounding objects, yet clearly distinguishable. It was a monoplane.

III.

There come times in the lives of all when it seems as if our destinies are no longer in our own keeping, when we are moved by impulses which are stronger than any-

or counteract them. We act at these times in spite of our inclinations and carry out, seemingly, a plan of different texture than our own shaping would have had, and accomplish ends which before we would have thought impossible and unbelievable. We act and react at such times as veritable pawns of Fate.

Just such an impulse as this seemed to influence Subaltern Wilkes as he moved toward the flyer. A force irresistible in its power, drew him to its side. Here he hesitated, the fear again gripping his heart.

He had always been afraid of aeroplanes. He hated the frail, flimsy things which took men up into that blue, empty void, and so often came hurtling down in those sickening swoops, to death and destruction.

He had known several flying men. Now all were dead, each the victim of one of those terrible drops from unbelievable heights in the air. They had all been fine chaps, with their sharp, wide-awake manner and their daring, skillful ways. He had learned much concerning the operation of air-cars from these ill-fated acquaintances, but had never been able to bring himself to the point of flying in one of them.

But a crucial moment had come now in the life of Subaltern Wilkes. His was the moment which comes at the parting of the ways, when impulses of the clay fade before mightier forces of vague and unknown power which necessitate their departure and hold sway upon their passing.

Mechanically he climbed up over the fuselage of the machine and settled deeply into the cockpit. Soon the powerful motor was clattering and the monoplane shot out across the field and into the air; on and out into the carmine flare of the dying sun. Subaltern Wilkes was away on his penance, his pilgrimage of fire.

Those upon the earth watched and marveled at the beauty of the flight. Far out in the red-golden glow, the great, black machine banked steeply and turned north.

An orderly passing the Colonel's tent found the officer standing before the entrance, his eye tracing the distant motion of the flyer.

The orderly stopped, saluted, and falling into a position of rest, remarked, "A beautiful flight, sir, who is it?"

"Subaltern Wilkes," came the reply, "I've been watch—"

"Why, good God, sir, look look, as I live he's afire, sir."

It was true. To those upon the earth the catastrophe at first took on attributes of a still more beautiful picture than the one of a moment before. A faint splotch of light appeared near the machine's head which spread and gradually heightened in radiance until the whole car seemed suffused with a clinging, crimson glow. Rapidly the color of the flame deepened into carmine and the picture of the burning plane seemed almost to melt into the ruddy haze of the background.

Then came the explosion. Those below had been awaiting its sharp, cruel report and would have looked away with its occurence but could not. Downward, with an ever gaining speed, came that twisted mass of charred, blackened wood and wire. And, as it fell, it left in its path a great, slender, twisting cylinder of smoke, densely thick, and black against the twilight glow.

And, presently, the wind of the upper air dispelled this sable spectre; gently, and slowly carried it from the realm of livng things, out into the fast spreading blackness of the summer star-lit night.

And the Colonel, who was not a bad man, nor a hard one, but only a dutiful one, sighed as he passed on into the tent.

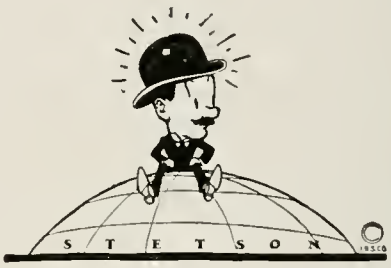
Seated again at the wicker table, he mused to himself—"Johnston, Arber—Wilkes."

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The bard as he stood on the wild hill's brow
In the moonlight's savage ray,
While the storm-clouds thundered overhead,
He sang a defiant lay:

"Oh! what care I for the elements;
The tempest driven rain?
I only laugh at the storm-cloud's threat
And the storm hag's howling vain!

"I only laugh at the sleet and snow,
At the chill of the winter's breeze!
I only jeer at the night wind's blast,
At the baneful moaning trees!

"I only laugh at the hail and shower
At the blare of the scorching sun!
I only jeer at the lightning's flash,
At the thunder's pealing gun.

"Then what care I for the elements:
The tempest driven rain?
I only laugh at the storm-cloud's threat
And the storm hag's howling vain!"

The storm-clouds raved, the lightning flashed,
The wind roared with the voice of hate,
The clouds re-echoed the thunder's growl
Which only rumbled, "Wait!"

The years brought age to his stalwart frame,
And at length he passed away,
And they buried him on the lonely hill
Where the savage moonlight lay.

The storm hag shrieked in fiendish glee
The ominous gale awoke,
And through the din of the thunder's rack,
The voice of the tempest spoke:

"Oh! man may laugh at the elements
And defy with his puny breath,
He may hoot and jeer at the storm king's threat,
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THE BALM OF GILEAD

M. J. McCONNELL

AND it came to pass that a certain preacher of the gospel, called by the good people of his parish, Reverend Ithicary Solomnius Watkins, was called upon to make a journey to a far and wicked land to dwell for a season among evil inn-keepers and sellers of wines.

The good prophet, Ithicary, was not possessed with worldly wisdom, but when a man prideth himself upon his knowledge of what is good and what is evil, as did the Reverend Watkins, why need he fear the power of the evil one?

And Ithicary vowed a vow, saying,

"Thither will I take myself; preach the word of the gospel to the evil-doers, and convert them to the paths of righteousness. There with the help of my good brethren will I show these 'meek and humble' tasters of the wine when it is red' the straight and narrow path."

Thus spake he to his noble wife, Mary, as he put on his nocturnal raiment of many colors and went to his cot.

And on the morrow when he arose, he spake again of his mission to the distant land. His wife gave him graciously of savoury meat, bread and advice which she had prepared and warned him against these many friends of Satan that he might not be cast down with them.

He took unto himself these gifts and spake unto her, saying,

"Behold woman! I am of him that hath cast away scores of wine-takers. Fear ye not".

But Mary heeded not, for she was one of those who trusted in his ways.

Thus spake he and departed upon his journey.

His wife was a good wife and took heed lest her first-chosen fall into wicked ways. However, she feared no evil to come to him, for she trusted greatly in him. So she spake unto her neighbor, Margaret, saying,

"Surely my husband will return from that wicked land pure in spirit and blest with the power of converting wicked souls. He has indeed to dwell among thieves and robbers, yet shall he come home pure in heart and soul."

And her neighbor, Margaret, answered her saying,

"Verily, I fear thy husband shall fall into wicked ways; I pray thee let him not go. Cast him not into the way of temptation."

And when he was come to the end of his journey, he sought food and rest with ye host of a small tavern, where he fell among thieves. The good preacher looked about him, saying,

"How dreadful is this place."

Verily, ye host, a follower of strange ways, summoned unto him a strange woman, comely and a soothsayer. In his native land the Reverend Ithicary Watkins had never cast eyes upon one of such rare beauty. Surely here was a sheep cast from the fold. His heart beat exceedingly fast; his eyes grew exceedingly large. Forsook, he remembered not his holy mission;

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yea, he fell into communion with the beautiful daughter of Satan.

Her eyes shone as the stars out of the heavens; her voice tinkled like the chapel bell in the Sabbath morn; her skin was as the lilies as they grew in the fields; her cheeks as the red rose. She sat at his right hand and his heart smote heavily within him.

And he said, "Bring me of meat that I may eat."

And she brought him of meat and he did eat.

When it was evening, two other friends of Satan visited the tavern and communed secretly with the soothsayer. Then the prophet spake of Destruction and The Life to Come. But his companions, the lost ones, gave him of beer containing, forsooth, some of the balm that was in Gilead. And he tarried awhile longer and partook of more of the balm, for he was, indeed, sorely tempted.

And it came to pass that the three evil ones departed from thence thence. And the prophet discerned no more of the temporal world; yea, the stars twinkled and the daylight glimmered. Forsooth, he dreamed a dream. In his vision he saw bands of merry-makers; the throngs of Gomorrah before the flames of fire and brimstone; and great hordes of money-changers before the temple.

And on the Sabbath morn he awoke alone. He hastily departed from thence; but lo, the earth arose to meet him and smote him hard upon the temple. And he crawdled upon his hands and knees humbly as the sheep walketh on the mountainside.

Verily he sought out a Roman sentinel in blue broad-cloth, with an amored helmet, and a shining silver star, and spake unto him saying,

"Good Shentinel! Where - oneshy - hadda - wadch - 'n - chain - 'n - choo - hunerd - shekelsh - 'n - a - sheck - fer - choo -more - shekelsh - 'n - a - railway - tchicket-n - a - booka - prayer, now - I - jusht - -got-a - railway - tchicket - 'n - a - headake."

And the Roman sentinel rebuked him, saying,

"Thou groveler! Arise. Take thy railway ticket and walk." And he did walk.

And when he was come to the depot, the sentinel conversed in secret with another sentinel. Then these twain sat him down upon a cot in a train of many carriages.

Thus he departed upon his journey to his native land.

And while he journeyed, yea, hastily so, he gazed out upon the land-scape and was sorely puzzled concerning the vast number of wooden crosses that passed his vision. Yea, they were strung one upon the other with wire. And he would have communion with the sentinel, but the sentinel spake not.

"Behold! How comsh zow t' have s' many croshes in zish plashe? One-crosh-affer - anozzer - one - crosh - affer - anozzer - bewful - woman - balma - Gilead," until the Roman smote him heavily upon the temple.

And when he awoke, he cried out again saying,

"Shpeed, - shpeed - I - pleadesh - verily-knowesht - zow - not - zat - I - musht - preasha - sherman - t'night? Shpeed, - Preasha ? sherman; - one-crosh - affer - anozzer; bewful - woman."

And it came to pass that he was come to the end of his journey. But the good prophet, Ithicary, discerned not his native city until one, who was his countryman, espied him in his carriage and cried out to him saying,

"Ho, Reverend Watkins! Stoppest thou not here in this place?

But the good Reverend Watkins saw him not, for it was dark; he heard him not, for he slept. But when the countryman cried out again and yet again, the converter of intemperate souls oped his eyes, arose and descended from his carriage. But lo, when



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his humble servant, he that awoke him, saw with what exceeding trouble he bore his burden, he was ashamed and turned away his face.

But the prophet heeded him not; yea, he went merrily yet heavily upon his way. He was exceedingly merry and he bade every torch that crossed his path a hearty good morrow (though it was yet dark) and gave praise unto them for casting light upon his way.

And it came to pass that he was come to a temple where he heard the singing of praises. Yea verily, the temple was his own. And Ithicary vowed the same vow again, saying,

"Verily, I mush preasha-sherman; mush -preasha-sherman."

Thus spake he and ascended the steps. And even as he ascended he spake again,

"One - shtep - affer - anozzer - one - crosh - affer - anozzer - 'n - ony - one - bewful - woman; jush - one - bewful - woman. Woe! Woe!"

And his humble wife, Mary, hearing these words, fell upon her knees and wept, for she was ashamed. And her neighbor, Margaret, spake, saying,

"Good neighbor, did I not tell thee so?"

Discerning one that was his parishoner in his pulpit, the Reverend Ithicary Solomnius Watkins ascended with pride to the pulpits that was his own. And when he was come, he embraced his brother and kissed him upon the temple. Then seized he him by the seat of his raiment and cast him heavily out of the pulpit.

Then the converter smote his palm heavily upon his thigh, and lifted his voice to 'Breshern, breshern; m' textsh - ish - his brethren, saying,

"Breshern, breshern; m' textsh - ish - evenin' - ish - on - je - balma - Gilead; je - balma - Gilead.

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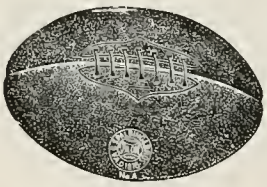
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THE ALL-AROUND MAN

ELIZABETH LEITZBACH

MANY times upon a time there was an Illinois Boy who longed to be The Illinois Man. That is, he wanted to doff the verdure of the country-man and don the green of the fresh-man. Moreover, he was curious about the passporting powers of a queer little button which a college fellow had given him when he came out first in the county track-meet.

Father decided to plow the extra forty acres and send his boy to college.

Mother said she would save her butter money for his pin money.

Because

"This youth resolved to go to college,
And knew just where to go,"

the Coming Illinois Man arrived in Champaign safe, sane, and sandwiched from the contents of a paste-board box. He went to Hotel Come Inman because it sounded so cordial.

In three days he shook hands a few hundred times, was slapped on the back three hundred and seventyone times, and discovered that he had a button in his lapel like the one he had brought from home in his pocket.

He was interviewed by an upper-classman who informed him that he had been thus singularly honored because the brothers believed he had something in him. He was told that Alpha Phi Beta Gamma Sigma Kappa Omega was the oldest, strongest, and best national in the world, especially in the East. Wouldn't he have a little smoke, live up to the button, send for his car from home, make Brother Smith's bed, and move into the house, first depositing one hundred dollars for the building fund? The Ambitious Freshman swallowed and said he would try to be An All Around Man.

He immediately fulfilled this promise by over-hearing a bunch of the fraters congratulating themselves on getting him because he could play the piano with his feet as well as his hands and could tell a pointless joke dramatically.

The All Around Man planned his campaign in Champaign systematically. He would become a ward-boss first, class president second, and pay-master of the Illinois Union third. Of course if a little honor like the captaincy of a foot-ball team or the editorship of the G. C. M. should be handed to him he would not object.

Politics went great. Mother's butter money sure made things slide.

The All Around Man went out for a collection of pins. His vest began to look like a fraternity jeweller's sample card.

At the end of his Junior year, having gotten so far in his religious convictions that he could chat about "Friend God", and play Seven Up till twelve on Sunday, the All Around Man decided to get on more intimate terms with the fairer sex who attended college. He didn't think that there was much to be learned from the creepings of a Parlor Snake but he was in for all the sensations in life. In the days when he had been running for class president the All Around Man had systematically fussed representatives from every sorority house, so he knew just where he

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wanted to concentrate. He chose the house with the softest davenports, the rosiest shaded lights, and the most inconspicuous chaperon.

At the close of three months of frenzied fussing the All Around Man decided that every coed in school was wild about him. He decided marriage was too passé for him. Having made the Scout Column three times and learnt to distinguish between Mary Garden and Violet Sachet, the All Around Man felt that this chapter of his life should be finised.

The boys staged a formal. No less than ten coeds were expecting a telephone call from the All Around Man, but his roommate asked a Ten Cent Store Clerk from Chicago for him. Her picture was so tantalizing that no one could have refrained from entering the importing business. Naturally he needed some place to store his ware and her wears so he took her to the sorority house with the best food.

The Import was a wonderful success. She looked just like the end girl in "Keep to the Right." After the first dance she asked him if he wasn't "one of those You Love I men", and of course the All Around Man answered "Yes".

That night he serenaded beneath many windows and clinked many a bottle in the old barn.

The next day he decided to go to school again. He didn't have a very clear idea of just which class he ought to attend, but he chose a lecture in philosophy. "Anything is dead," said the instructor, "if it has no purpose in life—no justifications in living."

The All Around Man wandered out to the border of the campus, blew wreaths of Omar artistically through his nose, flecked an imaginary spot of dust from his violet socks with a lavender silk bordered handkerchief, and thought for the first time in months.

He knew that at last he had become A Dead Sport.

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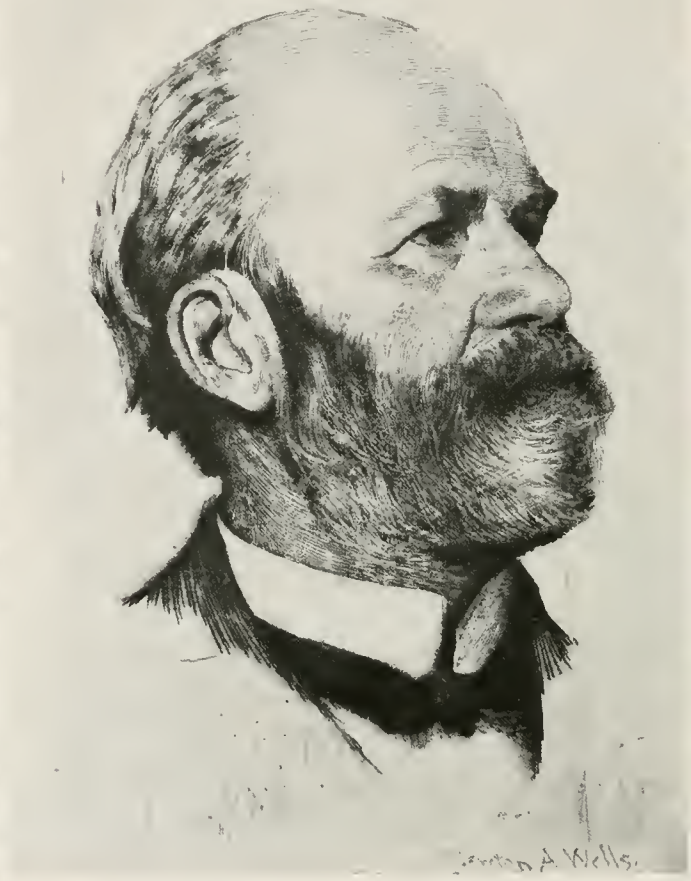
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Professor Thomas Jonathan Burrill

From an etching made for The Illinois Magazine by Professor Wells of the Department of Architecture.

The Illinois Magazine

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Volume 9 DECEMBER, 1917 Number 3

AN APPRECIATION OF DR. BURRILL

ARTHUR H. GOTTSCHALK

"Spend not the remnant of thy days in thoughts and fancies concerning other men, when it is not in relation to some common good, when by it thou art hindered from some other better work."

—MARCUS AURELIUS

EVERY institution of higher learning can point to one salient figure through whose effort the institution was nursed through its stage of infancy and brought to the portal of greater usefulness. The University of Illinois looks to the late Professor Thomas Jonathan Burrill as the man through whose labor and integrity the present organization of the University is largely due. As acting regent of the institution in 1891, Dr. Burrill recommended and originated many things which have proved to be potential in insuring the successful future of the school.

Doctor Burrill's entire life was devoted primarily to education. He was born on April 25, 1838 at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and at a very early age came to the west. After completing the course of study at the Rockford, Illinois High School, T. J. Burrill entered the Illinois State Normal School at Normal, Illinois, from which he got his first degree. Although he never attended any other colleges, several other degrees were conferred upon him by other Universities in recognition of his work in the scientific field. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was given him by the University of Chicago; Northwestern conferred the Doctor of Laws degree in 1893 while President James was at the head of that institution. The University of Illinois also conferred the honorary law degree.

The University of Illinois first received the services of Dr. Burrill on April 20, 1868, when he left his position as the superintendent of the Urbana High School to become the instructor of Algebra at the

University. The Algebra class on April 20 evolved the young instructor into an assistant professor of Natural History and Botany three months later. At the outset, there were only four instructors including the regent, so that this distinctive advancement is in part picturesque. Assistant Professor Burrill taught classes almost all of the day and when he found a little spare time from class work he would plant trees about campus. This he considered as recreation. In fact, Dr. Burrill was kept so very busy that one account of University management at that time sees fit to comment upon it; "lest a remnant of his time should be unoccupied, he was charged by the board with the sale of a pair of mules whose labors on the South Farm showed that they were not able to stand the strenuous life as he was."

The faculty of the University was increased to six men by 1871 and in this same year Dr. Burrill was advanced to the professorship of Botany and Horticulture. In 1873, in adition to his work as a professor of Botany, he undertook the duties of corresponding secretary to the board of trustees, a position which he held until the spring of 1894.

The year 1878 marks two further advancements for the erstwhile instructor of mathematics. By appointment, Professor Burrill became the dean of the College of Science and later that year he became the acting regent of the University. With the election of the new regent, Dr. Burrill resumed his old duties, but again in 1880 he was called to act as regent. At this time there were grave doubts as to the future of the University, but the acting regent who had known University affairs intimately from the very beginning soon calmed the prevalent fears. In 1891, poor management again brought about a similar state of affairs, causing great consternation, and at the resignation of the regent, Professor Burrill was called once more to occupy the position temporarily.

The legislature had increased the appropriations and in the year previous several new additions had been made to the faculty. Apparently the door of greater usefulness needed but to be opened by an experienced administrator and the University would be admitted to the highway of "great" universities. Acting regent Burrill took the decisive step early in September, 1891, and overthrew the dogmas and the administration policies which had been holding the University in check. The course of study was replanned, and strangely enough, the new course was not substantially different from the one Illinois has today. Professor Burrill's program included such measures as: the readmission of the Greek letter fraternities, which had been driven out some years before; the reorganization of the department of Military so that it conformed to the work of the department today; the establishment of a law school; a summer school; the establishment of a medical school; and the appointment of a director of athletics. This enumeration shows how great the needs of the institution were and how necessary it must have been to have a man of experience and fidelity in charge of the execution of the program.

The University of Illinois was fortunate in having had Dr. Burrill at this time when good judgment in meeting responsibilities was necessary and when wisdom in action counted infinitely. Dr. Burrill remained acting regent until 1894, when the title of the office was changed to that of president and Dr. Draper elected to fill the chair. It is due to Professor Burrill himself that he was never regent of the University, because he refused the regency when it was offered to him by the trustees.

Following 1894, Dr. Burrill devoted himself entirely to scientific research in plant life. He was the first to suggest that the disease in plants and trees are caused by

bacteria. Although the theory of bacterial origin was discredited at first it is now regarded as one of the great discoveries in science. Professor Burrill continued in the service of the University until September 1, 1912, when he was retired on funds provided by the Carnegie Foundation.

Professor Burrill was active in societies related to his field. He was a member of the American Mieroscopical Society and served that organization in the capacity of president and also as general secretary. He was the vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for two terms. Dr. Burrill remained active in these organizations until his death on Friday, April 14, 1916. With the death of Dr. Burrill, the University lost the last of its original corps of instructors.

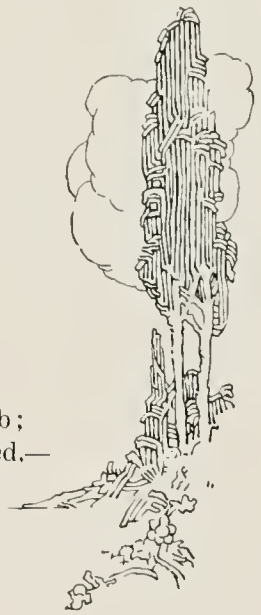
Thomas Jonathan Burrill, scientist and one of the "Makers of the University", a man whom Illinois honors for "he loved people better than things, education better than science, and others better than himself."

TO A MADONNA

FLORA HOTTES

Mary,
I see the still, rapt, wonder of your face,
The holy purity, the heavenly grace
That floods your virgin brow with angel's light;
Enfolded by your sacred tenderness,
The babe lies cradled in your soft caress;
You sit
Enthroned in rapture, with your prayerful eyes
In deep communion with the starry skies;
The golden halo shimmers 'round your head,
The radiant peace of motherhood is spread
And hovers o'er your presence, calm and bright.

Mary,
You knew the little Jesus, Son of God,
Must walk the shadowed way the martyrs trod.
You bore Him to a world that knew him not.
Yet from the dreaded future's dark abyss,
You seized a few brief hours of perfect bliss;
And then
You waited, sad at heart, until the doom
That sealed your Christ-child in the Easter tomb;
But in your mother's grief your pure faith soared,—
You knew him at his birth the Christ and Lord
For you remembered, when the world forgot.



HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES IN OTHER LANDS

JOE HEIDLER

IN this age when internationalism and universal good-fellowship are growing so rapidly, it will doubtless prove interesting to see how some of our brothers in other nations celebrate the holiday season. This compilation of facts concerning the customs of some of the lands with which we are not so well acquainted was obtained by personally interviewing some of the foreign students who are attending the University of Illinois. Since the nature of the festivities depends much on the leading churches of the various countries, the latter are listed according to their dominant faiths.

In Roman Catholic lands great emphasis is laid on the spiritual meaning of Christmas—this is curiously intermingled with many kinds of sport and recreation. In Spain, Peru, and Brazil a special service, known as Rooster's Mass is held at 12:00 o'clock on Christmas Eve. There are other services during Christmas day, but the occasion is not merely one of churchgoing. On December 24, the Spanish government conducts a lottery at Madrid. There are one thousand prizes, the first one ranging from one million to one hundred thousand dollars. Shares are sold at two hundred dollars, therefore, several hundred people may join in the purchase of a share. The lucky drawers are thus provided with ample means for a great celebration. Spain is distinctive in another way—the children get toys not on Christmas, but on the day of the Wise Men.

In Peru, horse races are the favorite form of pastime for Christmas afternoons. Every home in Brazil has either a wax or wooden reproduction of the Christ child's birth. In these reproductions the workmanship is remarkable and the Savior and Mary, the manger, the cattle, and even the hay is very realistic.

Little Bulgaria, which is Roman Catholic, has many unique customs connected with the holiday season. For six weeks preceding Christmas there is fasting. Each family raises a pig and kills it the day before Christmas. Of course the peasants enter most heartily into the spirit of the occasion. A man drops a few grains into the pocket of his neighbor and wishes the latter an abundant crop, several girls drop their rings into a cup of water. A young bride sings a merry little song about some man and that girl whose ring is then drawn out is told that some day she will marry such a man. A young boy kills a rooster and the more times the rooster jumps the better time he will have in the ensuing year. The children strike their elders with green sprouts and wish them a happy new year. In return the youngsters

Autor's Note:—The information contained in this article is due to the courtesy of these men: Pedro Bach y Rita, Barcelona, Span; R. Agramonte, Arequipa, Peru; R. Pinheiro, Campinas, Brazil; P. Gherganoff, Lovetch, Bulgaria; H. M. Westergaard, Copenhagen, Denmark; E. K. Hall, Lady Brand, Union of South Africa; Monindraq Banerjee, Calcutta, India; T. M. Maung, Rangoon, Burma; S. C. Lu, Foochow, China.

are given candy and trinkets. The season is also a time for courtship and marriage.

On Christmas eve all Denmark goes to the Lutheran church. Later in the evening there is the usual Christmas tree and exchange of presents. Although similar to our celebration in many ways, the Danes do not have the mistletoe. Their New Year's festivities also show much resemblance to ours in that there are all manners of celebrations in honor of the coming year. In Denmark, there is much more visiting among friends than is found in this country and goodfellowship is found everywhere.

South Africa with its mixture of English, Dutch, and Boers, keeps the holiday season in a manner very similar to ours. Christmas suggests church-going, a big dinner, gifts and a Christmas tree, both here and there. One great difference is the lack of snow in South Africa (Christmas comes in the middle of summer.) Very quaint customs are to be found among the Kafirs. For example, each one tries to greet the other with a Merry Christmas before the latter accosts him in a like manner. The prompt good-wisher then receives a gift from his neighbor. On New Years there are night-watch parties and the choral singing by volunteer choirs.

Although India has several million Christians, and many educated Hindus with a faith quite similar to Unitarianism, Mohammed still holds millions of followers. Therefore, Christmas is celebrated only in the Christian communities. Such sports as cricket and tennis are popular. There are gifts and cards interchanged and many big balls are given by the government officials. In Bengal, New Years comes in March and is not celebrated like our holiday. The big day of worship among the reformed Hindus is called Pooja, and comes in October. On that day gifts are exchanged. Among the Hindus Christmas is known as the longest day, and New Years as the shortest day. The Mohammedans observe the anniversary of their prophet. In Burma, Christmas has been adopted from the western countries and is celebrated to some extent. Several interesting customs are connected with their New Years day, which comes in April. The children visit their elders and show them the greatest respect on this day. Merry makers douse those whom they encounter with water.

In China, the great realm of Confucianism, there is no celebration similar to our Christmas. On New Years day boys sing in the streets, all the shops are closed, and there is much visiting among friends. From January first to thirteenth, the children are given money to buy fireworks and paper lanterns. This period is also a time of feasting.

We see that every land subscribes in its own to the divine rule of "Peace on earth, good will toward men". Whether they are followers of Christ, Mohammed or Confucius, the same great principle guides them one and all.





TWO CHRISTMASES IN THE FAR ARCTIC

W. ELMER EKBLAW

I shall never forget my first Christmas in the Arctic. Our little party of seven had been established for less than four months at our headquarters at Etah, well within the snow and ice-bound dominions of Santa Claus. We had built our house, and made it warm and comfortable. Some of us had been out on a sledge-trip or two across the ice of Smith Sound to Ellesmereland, or over the nearer reaches of the Greenland ice-cap; but sledging to the south to the Eskimo villages along the coast had not been possible because the ice had not formed everywhere.

Just a few days before Christmas, the temperature dropped suddenly, the wind ceased blowing, and solid, substantial ice lay along the whole coast. Dr. Tanquary and our cook, Jot Small, seized the opportunity to visit the Eskimo at the first village to the south of us at Silkwaddy, as we called it. During the absence of Jot, who was to return on December twenty-fifth, I was to serve as cook. It was my first experience in that capacity, but I felt equal to the task, since there would be but five of our own party, and a few of our Eskimo.

Imagine my consternation then, when on the twenty-fifth, Eskimo visitors began arriving from the south by the sledge-load, all meeting us for the first time, and expecting us to do the honors and feed them well. The number grew and grew until sixty-five had come. I put every pot and kettle onto the stove that I could find room for, and made pemmican soup, boiled walrus meat, stewed canned tomatoes, and cooked coffee almost the whole day. I must confess that I was both "peeved" and nervous, for Jot and Tanquary did not show up as expected and I had to stick by my post.

I finally got the Eskimo fed, and turned my attention to our own dinner. Our dinner was one that President Osborn of the American Museum had had packed for us in New York and was rather elaborate. Just as I had set the dishes on the table, and those of us who were home were seating ourselves, in came Tanquary and Small, just too late to do any of the work. Had I not been so worked up cooking for the Eskimo, I think that dinner would have been a masterpiece; even as it was we found it satisfying!

Our first Christmas included, among other things:

Celery Soup

Salmon — Ripe Olives — Gherkins

Fried Chicken and Dressing

Broiled Caribou

Cranberry Sauce

Mashed Potatoes and Brown Gravy

Corn — Tomatoes — Sweet Potatoes

Fruit — Plum Pudding — Pumpkin Pie

Coffee

Nuts

Cigars and Cigarettes

Candy

Champagne

quite a different menu from that of four years later.

That evening we had a grab-bag at which every Eskimo got at least one gift, and all the children two, besides nuts and raisins and other good things to eat. After the grab-bag was over, we held a "moo-muk-to"—an Eskimo song-fest with dimmed lights and the wierdest music, if it may be called that, imaginable. Then the guests cuddled down in every possible corner of the house, and finally, long after midnight, there was in Etah "on Earth peace, good will toward men."

Nor shall I ever forget my last Christmas in the Arctic.

Dr. Hunt and I were crossing Melville Bay in company with the Danish Explorer, Knud Rasmussen, on our way to Danish Greenland where we might reach a ship that would take us home; and some six or eight Eskimo were with us. We had left the second relief ship, *Danmark*, in North Star Bay on December nineteenth, and had had hard going in deep snow most of the time, with the temperature rather steady about 50 Centigrade degrees below.

The day had been long and hard and bitterly cold the temperature below 50 Centigrade degrees below zero. Our train of sledges had dragged its tedious and arduous way through miles of deep soft snow with water underneath, into which the sledges broke often.

All day long we had dragged along. Dr. Hunt and I trudged ahead on our snowshoes. Often we struck an area of rotten snow, and sank through to the water lying on the ice beneath. This "pootenook" as the Eskimo call snow with water on the ice underneath, is most fatiguing going. Every time we broke through we had to extricate our feet from the snowshoes, pull out the snowshoes and carefully knock off the ice that formed on them at once in the cold air. As the noon-day flush disappeared from the south, and the foggy, dimly starlighted dusk settled down upon the icy waste with its spectral icebergs, a biting sharp wind swept down off the ice-cap. Land was nowhere in sight, even at noon-day twilight.

We crossed the track of a single polar bear about four o'clock in the afternoon. About five o'clock Dr. Hunt began suffering from snowshoe sickness, an excruciating pain in the muscles of the ankle and instep, due to the weight of the snowshoe. The dusk gathered into darkness, and we could not see to go on farther. The wind blew harder and harder. It was time to make camp. We marched up to one big iceberg, but could find no lee where the snow was not drifting. We went on to another and found a little niche in its precipitous lee side, where the wind did not blow and the snow was not drifting.

It did not take long to make everything ready, but even so, while we were doing this, I frosted both my wrists so severely that great blisters formed and froze; my face and fingers were already badly frozen. The whole party was in the like plight and uncomfortable, but we chipped some ice off the iceberg to melt water for tea and in which to cook our meat. The menu this time was:

Raw Frozen Bear Meat
Cooked Bear Meat
A Handful of Pemmican
A Cup of Tea

"Dinner" over, we got ready for sleep and put out our candles to crawl into our cleeping bags. When I took off my clothes, I found that both my big toes were so badly frozen that big blisters had formed and broken, and the water from them had frozen in the end of my stockings. As I crawled into my sleeping bag, I hoped that the morrow would not be so cold, nor so wearisome, nor so discouraging. And again, there was "on Earth peace, good will toward men".

WHEN SANTA CLAUS GOT DRUNK

BETTY WILEY

"HELLO, Art, come in." The Freshie's beaming face showed the great honor he felt in admitting to his own private poster-pennant-pillowed boudoir no less a personage than one of the august upper classmen. Freddy felt himself rise several notches in his own estimation. He really was getting to be quite an essential feature of this school after all. His mother had told him that they might not appreciate him right at first, but that such an intellectual community as that in which he was about to enter would be bound to realize his possibilities before the first semester had ended. This was just two days before the Christmas vacation, and so far Freddy had been unable to impress people with his potentialities.

"Well, Freddy, how is everything comin' with you?' It was the tone of a superior to an inferior, but Freddy didn't notice that. "Are you all ready to go home for the Holidays?"

"Yep—bought my ticket as much as a week ago." The minute he had said it, Freddy called himself all kinds of a fool for sounding so much like a freshman, but the upper classman in his turn appeared not to notice. In fact, Freddy decided, he seemed to have something on his mind. At the thought that Art had come to him seeking advice, Freddy's appreciation of himself rose several more notches.

"Say, Fred, you don't happen to know a girl by the name of Molly Mayo, do you? A little dark girl with sparkly brown eyes?"

(Did he! Hadn't he been sitting behind those tantalizing curls three days out of a week, oblivious to all else, and received, as a consequence, two invitations to visit the dean. All the wiliness of our little Freshman was aroused.)

"It seems to me I've heard the name somewhere. Why?"

"Well, I want to take that girl to the basket-ball game tomorrow afternoon, and I haven't a cent of money. Could you lend me a couple of dollars?"

Just then there was another knock at the door, and Freddy opened it to admit Bill Garmon, president of the Senior class. His recent revelation as to the reason for upper classmen cultivating the Freshmen made Freddy's greeting in this case much less effusive. But Bill seemed not to mind at all, or perhaps he just attributed it to the usual Freshman timidity.

"Hello, Fred—h'are you? Why, Art, you here? Say, could one of you fellows lends me a couple of dollars? I got an awful case on a little Freshman girl, and want to take her to the game tomorrow, but I haven't a cent more money than it will take to pay my car-afare home. You're always broke, thought, Art—I'll ask you, Fred—what do you say?" And

the dignified William began executing a little dance to the tune of "Molly, My Irish Molly," just as if he already had the two dollars in his possession.

It was a difficult situation for a Freshman, but Freddy thought he must manage to distinguish himself in some way. To tell the truth, he had only thirteen cents besides the ticket home. But if he could only solve the financial difficulty for them all, then his status in this educational institution would be permanently established.

"You know, fellows (he liked that word —sounded so chummy), I'd be glad to lend you both the money, if I had it—yes, and take Molly to the game into the bargain. (Truest thing he ever said). But I'm as near broke as you are, so you see how it is. If we only had some way of making a little cash. You know, I was just watching the people outside before you fellows came in. There are such crowds and crowds of them, and all feeling so Christmasy. Now, why don't one of you dress up as a Salvation Army Santa Claus, stand down there on the street corner, and see how fast you can coin the nickels and dimes."

"Just the thing! Great! What put that brilliant idea into your head, kid? Rah! Rah! for Freddy! Art, you're just the guy to pull off a stunt like that—come on, I have a Santa Claus outfit over at the house!" Bill dragged Art out of his chair and half way to the door without giving him a chance to expostulate.

"Look here, Bill—listen to me. You know very well I'm no good at anything like that. To tell the truth, I haven't the nerve. Now you—well, that's a different story."

"But, don't you see? Remember who I am. What an awful scandal, if it should by chance leak out. Can't you just see it in the Daily? 'President of the Senior Class—pauper. Had to resort to begging on the street corner, etc., etc. No, I don't dare risk it, though I must say I'd enjoy it hugely. What's the matter with you doing it yourself, Freddy?"

Here was his chance. Why not show these fellows that he was game?

"Lead me to the outfit!" cried the youngster, in his most masculine tones. It was worth it just to walk down the street for four blocks in confidential intercourse with two such prominent upperclassmen.

Forty minutes later a red-cheeked, much bewhiskered Santa challenged the charity of all the busy Christmas shoppers. Those who heard that youthful voice coming from behind those gray whiskers, smiled to themselves as they dropped a small coin into Santa's outstretched palm, and thought they were helping the Salvation Army.

Watching the proceedings from a nearby corner were the two upper classmen. "Say, that kid's got the nerve all right. Look at him! By George, there goes his whiskers! But look, Art, he's inside that building before many people witnessed his dire disaster. He's good, I tell you!"

"Santa Claus patronizing a saloon! He wants to be sure and choose his time for coming out. There he is, and you'd never know anything had happened. Listen to that boy—he's getting pretty noisy in his announcement. He knows we're here watching him, and he's trying to make good. You know, I think I'll take that kid around to see the brothers one of these days."

"I was just thinking of doing that very thing," said the president of the Senior Class. "So you want to get your bid in early, Artie, my boy."

"Why, look, there's a policeman talking to Freddy. What's up, I wonder? Let's go closer so we can hear what they're talking about."

'That's all right, young feller," the policeman was saying, "but it don't do you no good to argue. I saw you come out of that

saloon, and I take it you're pretty well tanked. You'll just come right along with me, and I'll report you to headquarters."

"But, I tell you I went in to tie on my whiskers. It's all a prank we've been playing. There are two fellows somewhere around who could swear I haven't been drinking a thing. Why, I'm a college man, and—"

"That settles it then. Now march right on, and not another word."

Bill and Art saw Freddy looking around for aid, and their first thought was to go to his rescue. They started to cross the street when Bill had a sudden inspiration.

"I tell you that's a good experience for the kid. Let's see how he can get out of it by himself. If he makes good, he's going to get to wear the badge of Phi Omicron Delta, so there!"

"If the Psi Alpha's don't beat you to it," said Art.

The next morning it was rather a subdued looking Santa Claus who was brought up before the judge. The false face and whiskers were missing, and the rest of the garb looked grotesquely out of place. Even the august administrator of the law had to smile at the dubious expression on the boy's face.

"Arrested for misconduct, drunkenness, and begging under false pretences," the judge read from a book in his hand. "What do you have to say for yourself, young fellow?" Here was his chance.

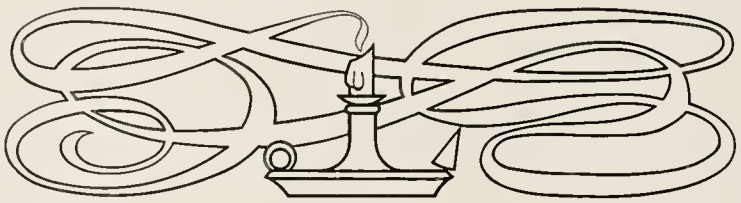
Well, he had plenty to say all right, and he poured it all forth in a stream of freshmen eloquence. It was what he had been wanting to do for fourteen hours now, to explain to someone who would give his words more credit than that bone-headed policeman, or that numbskull of a jailkeeper, who had dealt with enough drunks in his time that he ought to be able to tell the real from the falsely accused.

"How much money did you confiscate?" the judge asked, when the boy had finished his story.

"I don't know, sir." Fred answered. "I haven't even thought of it since—let alone count it," and he handed it over to the judge.

"Two dollars, exactly. Now look here, youngster, I'd like to see you get even with those other fellows—'put one over on 'em', as you would say in your highbrow lingo. They knew they didn't dare do it themselves, so they prevailed upon you, just because they thought you were 'fresh' and 'easy'. Here's the two dollars,—you know what's up to you."

Yes, he knew all right. At least, you would have thought so, could you have seen the faces of Art and Bill as they watched the Freshie parade down the street that afternoon. He was on his way to the basketball game, with Molly on one arm and a box of candy under the other.



President James' New Home

With description by L. Logan Smith



1103 West Nevada Street
Urbana



Those who are interested in Faculty homes at Illinois have, perhaps, had their attentions drawn to that of President James. Through the exigences of war it became necessary to transfer the old house, so commodious and so cherished as a home by the President, into the temporary headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The new residence, recently purchased by the University from Dean W. F. M. Goss, retiring dean of the College of Engineering, was designed by Temple and Boroughs of Davenport, Iowa. It is one of stucco and timber, combined in a very attractively design, making it distinctively American. But on close observation, its many gables, its windows with many small panes and its wide, low eaves, which cast very deep shadows, remind one of the old English type of house which has been the inspiration of so many of our American homes. The soft grey of the stucco is greatly enhanced by the heavy growth of shrubbery that completely



surrounds the house, as well as the vines that are slowly feeling their way up the corners and around the windows.

The interior is equally interesting. On entering the reception hall through a broad doorway leading from the vestibule, you at once are attracted by the richness of the light coming from the two large art glass windows on the landing of the broad stairs. This solf yellow light, combined with the warmth afforded by the oriental rugs in shades of dull reds, yellows, and blues, offers a warmth of hospitality in character with such a room. If you turn to look about you, you will find an alcove cozily filled with comfortable chairs grouped about a small table. The furniture in the room is mahogany upholstered in dull shades of red and blue tapestry.

To your left as you enter is the living room, which extends the entire length of the east wing of the house. This room is equally inviting with the hallway.



Here light enters through a small bay window on the north and a group of five small windows on the east. The large fireplace, shown in the photograph, is the interesting feature here. It is of dark red brick which harmonizes with the wood trim of red gum and the color in the living room is furnished by the green rug and hangings. At the south end of the room are doors leading on to the porch overlooking a simple little garden.

The dining room, at the right of the reception hall, is furnished in mahogany while the handings and floor coverings are brown. An attractive old grandfather clock stands in one corner and only a few pieces of pewter and silver in simple design are displayed on the serving tables. The wall tones here and through the first floor are mauve and serve as a pleasing background for the furnishings.

The second floor is arranged into study and sleeping rooms.

There are but eight rooms aside from the service quarters and this makes a comfortable home for the household of the President.

BY COURTESY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

EDITED BY HELEN BUCHEN

BARBAROSSA'S AWAKENING

Within his mountain fastness
The Redbeard King awakes,
The ancient ravens drop to earth,
The granite fortress quakes.

The Hohenstaufen lifts his head,
The flame leaps from his eyes;
And shattered on the cavern floor
The beard-pierced table lies.

The dwarf page shrinks by the granite wall,
The heaped gold-hoard gleams bright;
But the ruddy beard far brighter gleams
With red and aerie light.

The beard flows down his mailed breast,
His hand is on his sword.
But there comes no tramp of horsemen,
No knights await their lord;

For the thousand years appointed
Have not been fully told;
And the unseen elfin warders
Dare not unlock the hold.

The dwarf page falls by the granite wall,
The gold hoard turns to dust—
The hands of the king grow nerveless,
The great sword flakes with rust:

The fire dies out in the Spear-lord's eyes
As he sinks to the basalt floor;
And the red beard pales to the white of snow
While the darkness closes o'er.

MARCUS SELDEN GOLDMAN

ANEMONE

Daintiest windflower, found! and with that success
Swift I would seize you, yet do not dare;
Delicate petals of flushing sweet loveliness
Should I not *shatter* you past all repair?
Lover, care not for that! Yours in my transiency!
Born of the breezes, tender and frail;
Zephyrs of springtime, true, they have mothered me—
But it is life to be swept by the gale!

E. G. S.

THE MOTH

This little lamp men call the light of day,
By which I darkly read the signs of life:
Its promises and visions: rainbows dim
Which span the wreck of disappearing storms—
This little candle in the night of time,
This spark that lights eternity for me,
A moth, weak fluttering in the immense abyss—
With what regret shall I recall its flame
When, like a moth, I lie with folded wings
And eyes put out by staring? Shall I stir,
Hearing the spring winds and the rolling rivers,
And momently from out my rifted cell
Call broken yearings for the old adventure?
Or shall I sit in a gilt chair, and know
Stale reasons why the moth and I existed?

CLYDE BYRON BECK

YOUR EYES ARE VIOLET

That modest color, violet,
Somehow I prize.
Can children tell the hows or whys?
I set
My heart long since on violet.
And now, my dear, your shining eyes—

Your tender eyes are violet.
Had they been blue
Perchance my love had been as true.
And yet—
Your smiling eyes are violet,
For me enchantment's in the hue.

E. G. S.

ROAD SONG

The Open Road and the joy of dawn,
To wander with winged feet
Into the heart of the sunrise gold,
Watching the wonderful day unfold,
Till we learn what secrets the hill tops hold
Where the sky and the long road meet.

A song of true Franciscan men!
Their way lies high and far.
God-sib they be to grass and tree,
And their brother the Morning Star.

Tramping under the noonday sun
Where slow miles climb to the sky,
A sudden wonder we seek no more,
We have learned the long road's deeper lore;
'As the miles behind are the miles before.'
Yet we march with courage high.

A song of true Franciscan men!
Comrades beneath the load,
By the steady beat of marching feet,
To their brother the Dust and the Road.

The Lonely Road, and the wise stars smile
As into the dark we creep;
For better than promise of sunrise gold
Or vision the long white miles unfold
Is the perfect gift that the night shall hold,
The gift of a dreamless sleep.

A song of true Franciscan men!
Their way who followeth?
Dame Poverty their bride shall be,
And their brother men call Death.

ALLENE GREGORY

THE REDISCOVERY OF AN OLD AND RICH COUNTRY

FERDINAND MEYER



SUPPOSE Cuba were to be torn by a revolution for one hundred years—its wealth of sugar and tobacco allowed gradually to go to ruin—its home and foreign business allowed to dwindle to comparatively nothing—its people discouraged by lack of employment and petty grafting of politicians, and then, while they were in this demoralized condition, the United States should offer its protection and co-operation to restore orderly conditions on the island, what an opportunity it would mean for the country and its people! Just such a situation offers itself now in the Republic of Hayti.

The island of Hayti is located in the Indies, east of Cuba, about eleven hundred miles due south of New York City, and is about the size of Ireland.

The chaotic affairs which existed in Hayti in 1915 forced the United States to land marines and to keep them there. On September 16th, 1915, Mr. R. B. Davis, jr., American Charge D'Affaires at Port-Au-Prince, with Mr. Louis Borno, the Haitian Foreign Minister signed a treaty which has since been ratified by the United States Senate and which is bound to make a healthy, self-supporting community out of what had been for many years a kind of

bankrupt purgatory. The treaty contemplates not only the collection by the United States of the custom revenues, but it also expressly provides for the budgetary disposition of these revenues so that they may be applied to the public welfare. A clause also provides for an efficient constabulary composed of native Haitians, but recruited and officered by Americans. It would be too much to say that for the first time in a hundred years good order now prevails in Hayti. But it is not too much to say that for the first time in a hundred years nothing else but good order can prevail there.

The European war has done much to alter the state of mind of Americans towards things foreign. The war news has made foreign names familiar in appearance and when prices for food have soared with the demand in Europe, even the most rural American has acquired a sense of the importance of foreign trade. Also, with as much money as is now in circulation in this country, the speculative instinct asserts itself—American gold goes adventuring. China needs it, South Africa and South America need it. A powerful corporation has of late been formed in Hayti. Among the directors are a few of the most prominent names in the financial world.

Hayti has greater natural advantages in land and labor than either Cuba or Porto Rico. The fertility of Hayti's soil is unsurpassed anywhere on this earth and in order to judge this fertility, we have to go back to the times when Hayti was a French colony. The official record of the French government shows that at the end of the 18th century, there had been invested in Hayti only 1,500,000,000 francs or the equivalent of $300,000,000. There were in existence in the colony, in the year 1797, 790 sugar plantations, 3150 indigo plantations, 789 cotton plantations, 2119 coffee plantations, 50 cocoa plantations and 182 distilleries and sugar refineries. Sugar was Hayti's principal agricultural product at that time. What has been done can be done again, only many times better, with modern methods of cultivation and transportation.

The mountains of Hayti are reported to contain many minerals—coal, copper, iron, gold, silver being in evidence, and the valleys offer a good grazing and agricultural country, all of which only awaits the coming of capital and energetic white men to develop it. The climate, owing to the mountainous character of the country, and the sea breezes, is pleasant and healthful.

The American intervention is not to be a mere superficial dip-in and dip-out of our black brothers' chaotic affairs. The American government means business this time. Section 16, the last of the treaty, provides that the agreement shall remain in force for at least ten years "to be counted from the day of exchange of ratification and further for another term of ten years if for specific reason presented by either of the high contracting parties the purposes of this treaty has not been fully accomplished."



The Peace of War—

For fifty-three years, Christmas has not found America in war. Now as the birthday anniversary of brotherly love draws near, our country is engrossed in a pursuit which sages said the world had forgotten how to follow. Nations have remembered the path too well. One after another they have fallen into the foot-steps worn by all the soldiers of bygone centuries. Last in line marches America, while the Christmas angel of a modern age speaks:

"You were a contented group, dreaming before your hearthside. Hurried knocking,—the voice of a messenger,—the cold rush of winter across the threshold,—the yellow-clad paper! These brought the news of your little sister's death at the hands of an assassin; of the terrific slaughter in her vengeance.

"The soft fire-glow burst out into flame. The caged bird hushed its song. Silence—and then confusion. There was no longer calm. Some of you shed tears of rage, beating feebly against the walls that barred your way. Others fell into the hysteria of speech and would not pause for thought. The selfish took advantage of the confused to pilfe their possessions even as Villon was robbed when he wept at the murder of Thevenin.

"The servants of the house became rebellious, seizing that dark hour to demand gold—more gold, when every coin was needed. Appreciation and prejudice were cast together upon the coals. Phedisposition to decry an enemy caused lurid pictures of him to be drawn, blacker than Beelzebub deserves. Predisposition to follow a maxim blindly caused the ignorant to shout that the killing of men by men was wrong even to defend the innocent. So there were petty quarrels inside while without the slayers hacked down body after body trampling on the dead to reach the maddened living.

"From the window, watchers whispered that the ground gleamed wet with blood; that children were maimed; the unborn murdered; womanhood

blasphemed; and old men crucified. Still you did not arise and go, all unknowing that your decision lay between an eternity of heaven or hell.

"At last the wise shook off their stupor. They heard the voice of one who looked upon life with quiet eyes, saying: 'We must help disarm the madman and his followers. *We must make the road to happiness safe for our future children.*'

"The door opened . . . The young and strong are still filing out into the night. Upon their lips is the family's unsoiled name 'Democracy'. What matter how their bodies are to be dishonored when their spirits have chosen the better part?"

So speaks the angel of the holiday outside our war-disheveled room. He sees that our nation-circle is broken, that we grieve and are not comforted. He knows that we are impatient of whispers as we listen to the reverberations of a distant tumult; that fierce impulses arise at the nerve-racking insistence of the terrific fact—the world is at war!

Yet as in every year since the Nativity, the angel waits to sing the divine song, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." Shall no head be lifted to listen? Is the invocation but a cynicism to remind us that peace knows not earth and good-will is a stranger to mankind?

No, for the fact that our nation is at war assures our peace. Had we no share in the battle for justice our happiness would be lost forever. Our legacy to countless generations would be shame. Their right to enjoy a world-established good-will would be destroyed by their forefathers' cowardice.

There could be no peace for us this year if we were safe from war. The faces of our own would accuse our days. The cries of the suffering would haunt our nights. The indignation of the avenging powers would vest itself in a mighty scorn fit only for a craven nation.

It is with the great price of sacrifice that we change our Christmas hymn. Let us rejoice that this year we are not singing "Oh little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie". For it is our great privilege to chant the mighty psalm, "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat", in praise of a God who is truth that marches on forever.

Christmas is not a myth.

Wise men today are led in millions by the star.

We who watch them go out along the road of death dare not gainsay their sacrifice when "Inasmuch" is written on their brows.



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY

H. T. BOOTH

IT has long been known that a "lighter than air" airship was possible, but it is only comparatively recent that the balloon and Zeppelin have been developed to a practical degree of efficiency. The tests carried on during the progress of the present war have shown, however, that there is still much to be desired along the balloon and airship line. We shall not consider the airship question here, but confine this discussion to the aeroplane proper, the "heavier than air" machine.

When Lillienthal, Langley, and the Wright Brothers produced their gliding machines, the whole civilized world was rather sceptical as to the truth of the matter. Yet today, airplanes are sufficiently common to put to rout any remaining doubts as to their practicality. And since it seems certain that the airplane is to develop by leaps and bounds, it would be interesting for us to consider the reason why a five thousand pound machine can remain in the air for an indefinite length of time, and be as stable as a balloon during its flight.

We shall first get some idea as to the theory of flight. Everyone is familiar with the fact that when a liquid surface is struck by a flat board, as far as the senses are concerned, the board might just as well have struck a stone wall. Yet when the board is moved *slowly* thru the same liquid, the resistance offered to the motion of the board is negligible. We may say then, that the "resistance offered by any liquid to the motion of a solid thru it, is proportional in some way to the speed of the motion". Later, we shall see what this proportionality is.

This, however, does not explain why the board would be sustained in the air, say, even if it were moved at a high velocity. Let us take another example. When an oar is pulled with the blade perpendicular to the direction of motion, there is no tendency for it either to "dig a clam" or to fly out of the water. But if it be inclined, a force immediately is experienced such that the oar tends to dig in, or fly out of the water. We may say then, that the "force tending to move a flat surface suspended in a moving liquid either up or down, is proportional in some way to the angle which the flat surface makes with the direction of motion of the surface".

Thus we see that the motion of the body, if no other forces are acting, depends in some way upon the angle of incidence and the velocity of the medium.

Now the pressure on the body, which is the force per unit area, granting that the density is constant, is proportional to the square of the relative velocity, from the above equation. So if we incline the plane to the direction of the wind, there will be exerted a certain pressure on the body perpendicular to its surface which may be resolved into two components, in the direction of the wind, and perpendicular to the direction of the wind.

Consider first the vertical component of the pressure, technically called the "lift". The component will vary as the original force, consequently the lift will vary as the square of the velocity. (It makes no difference how we set up this relative velocity; whether by moving the body at a certain velocity relative to the ground, or holding it stationary and letting a wind blow on it with the same velocity as the moving body had in the previous case). So, if a plane be suspended in a moving current of air and at an angle of three degrees to the direction of the wind, it will support a certain weight, fifty pounds, for instance. If the wind velocity be doubled, the weight which the plane can support will be multiplied by four, or two hundred pounds. If the area be doubled at the same time, the plane will support four hundred pounds.

The horizontal component of the pressure, called the "drift" or "head resistance", must be overcome by the power supplied by the propellor, and it is only this head resistance that limits the speed of the machine. It is obvious that since the resistance increases as the square of the velocity produced by the propeller, there must be some limiting speed for a given power plant and wing area.

Thus we see that the calculations of the performance of a given machine is dependent upon the preliminary experiments made upon a model to determine the pressure of the wind on the wing surface. For the experiments, resort to a wind tunnel is the usual practice. The wind tunnel is merely a rectangular box, usually about four feet square, and twenty feet or more in length, thru which a homogeneous current of air is forced. The given model is supported by a spindle suitably connected to a balance, and the lift, drift and moment about the spindle measured for the desired velocity. The wind current is supplied by a motor driven propellor situated at one end of the tunnel, whose speed may be varied at will by means of a rheostat in the motor circuit. The velocity of the wind is measured by a special type Pitot tube placed near the center of the tunnel, and some sort of a differential pressure guage. In some tunnels, only a static opening is used, situated near the center of the tunnel, on the wall.

So much for the theory of the aeroplane, necessarily very much condensed, with very important phases omitted. Considerable could be said concerning the manufacture of the machines, as well as the design and operation, if time and space as well as diplomatic considerations permitted. Suffice it to say that it has been proved by actual test that machines can be built which are automatically stable, (that is, inherently stable) which are capable of a speed of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and which, at a lower speed, can carry four or five thousand pounds useful load. The new Liberty motors should allow this performance to be exceeded to some extent.

To a young man deciding what his life work shall be, and who is inclined toward engineering, this field should prove very attractive. The universities are not turning out many aeronautical engineers, and a young man starting at the bottom now, presupposing an adequate university engineering training, should be well up in the profession in a very few years. But what the industry needs at present, in addition to a systematic educational campaign, is a supply of young men possessing the prerequisite ability to become aeronautical engineers. Having these, one can hardly be too optimistic regarding the future of the aeroplane as a commercial necessity.

YOU MAY BE MISTAKEN

LOIS SEYSTER

EVERYBODY stood up. It was the last feature—the climax of the afternoon performance. To quote the hand-bills,

"A Stupendous, Startling Staggering Stunt, Sustained by Superb, Supernatural, Sublime, Stupendous, Steadiness and Strength, Starring Steve Stanley—Superman! !"

Some old couples clambered upon the vacant seats; fathers, who pleased small sons as excuses for seeing the circus, lifted them high, but were careful not to obstruct their own view; sweethearts pressed each other's arms, warningly, as they whispered, "There he comes!"; the atmosphere was electrical with excitement when Steve Stanley, Superman, trotted into the middle ring. One girl clad in bright crimson, seated on the very highest tier of seats in the great tent, made herself conspicuous for inexcusable ignorance by inquiring,

"Why are we standing up? Who's *he?*"

Old Doctor Groves, who, with no excuse, attended every circus that came to Manketo, remarked to Carney MacConnell, cub reporter for the "Times", that anyone must be a *country* not to know about Steve Stanley. Carney, being still pink-cheeked and chivalrous, turned his head to answer the girl's question.

"Stanley is the greatest acrobat yet," he replied, kindly, for he had noted her poor little crimson dress so obviously of the country, and her pinched, white face. "He's famous for his nerve and poise—Gee! Isn't he handsome?"

Carney turned around, suddenly, for the Superman was bowing his response to the applause with easy grace. Then, swift as an arrow, he darted over to a mysterious structure and shaking back his thick, black hair, started nimbly to ascend. At the very top of the edifice—which resembled a loop-the-loop—was a tiny platform, on which a bicycle waited. By the time Stanley reached the platform, his great stature appeared diminished, but the breathless audience could easily discern his every movement. Waving his hands gaily, he stood seventy-five feet above the ring, his black head brushing the very apex of the tent canvas. Before anyone realized it, there was a sudden rush from the platform along the dizzily narrow incline. Stanley, standing with folded arms upon the wheel, was a mere streak of color that gathered tremendous momentum, struck the loop like lightning, whirled under the curve, turned a complete circle and emerged—faster, unbelievably fast. In the incline there was an abrupt gap that yawned for fifteen feet. As the wheel plunged at it, a woman screamed. Like a bird, the bicycle skimmed through the air, hit the other side, and floated to the ground. . . Stanley, smiling coolly, was bowing to the delirious, thundering, audience.

Carney MacConnell ran his fingers

through his crisp, red hair, and nudging Doctor Groves, said, "Steve's alright, eh, Doc?"

The doctor did not pause in his furious hand-clapping, but shouted, "Yes, he's good, but he'll get hurt at it some day. I recollect in '98, there was an acrobat called—" He stopped abruptly, for a slight hand fluttered on his arm, while a timid voice begged,

"Will you please not talk? I want to hear—"

"Certainly!" Carney answered for the doctor, and again had a glimpse of melting brown eyes, red lips and the whitest of faces. His boyish imagination could picture this shy country girl in the crimson frock, saving up her precious dimes to see her first circus. Even now, he could not remember his first without a thrill. He could sympathize with a girl who did not want to miss even one word of Stanley's most trivial announcement. Or was it trivial? (Carney thought not afterward.)

"Leydies and gents," Steve Stanley was megaphoning to the audience. "This little joy-ride of mine maybe don't look very diffycult"—celebrities can afford to be modest — "but the moving-pitcher man, and the circus manager, together, pay me one thousan' bones for each performance. I tell you this because I am offering one-half that—five hundred dollars spot-cash —to any laidy or gent who cares to repeat my stunt."

As he lowered the megaphone, there was a loud buzz of comment, mostly humorous. Old Doctor Groves' remark was representative:

"Guess I'll try it, Carney. You can buy me a powerful big funeral with that five hundred."

Just then, a voice at the top of the tier of seats said, clearly,

"Let me by. I'm going to try it."

Carney MacConnell sprang up and looked around. It was the girl in crimson. Her face was whiter than before. Her eyes blazed defiantly. (Carney thought.)

You can't—you must not!' he stammered. "I shan't let you."

"You can't stop me. I don't care if I am killed. Let me by."

"Good heavens!' cried Doctor Groves, feelingly, "You're such a slip of a girl!"

Then a thought struck Carney and he asked in a low voice, "Do you need the money? Is that why you want to do this?"

Her eyes fell. "You're good at guessing —but let me by. I must have the money."

"Can't I help you?" said Carney and Doctor Groves, in unison. The girl shook her head and started to descend.

By this time, the news had passed from mouth to mouth, so that everybody stood up again to watch the slight figure make its lonely way to the ring. The whisper had gone 'round that she "needed the money". Some stout, philanthropic gentlemen were for making up a purse, though none of them seemed to intend starting it; curious people wondered who she was; fashionable people said she had "very poor taste"; excitable people said it was suicidal; horror-fiends said they hoped she would try it.

Carney's sun-burned forehead became wet with sweat.

"How can I stop her?" he asked.

"You can't," said Groves, hopelessly. "Look,"

The girl in crimson having reached the sawdust-ring, was talking to Steve Stanley, who everybody thought looked uncomfortable—a man taken unexpectedly at his word. Presently, Steve raised the megaphone:

"Laidies and gents," he shouted, "You will now see a repytytion of the former feat. Miss," he questioned the girl, "Miss Rose Lane has volunteered." There was a great shout of applause during which Miss Rose Lane put her hands uncertainly to her face, forgetting to bow. Then, it be-

came intensely still, while Stanley mounted lightly to the platform to place the bicycle there.

Two Orientals, who had been desultorily riding their camels around the outer rings saw that there was, *as we Americans say*, "nothing doing", and with great hauteur, disappeared. Even the clowns, ceasing their gambole, squatted back on their heels to watch the new performer.

"Poor little thing!" muttered Carney MacConnell.

At last, all was ready. Stanley shook hands with the girl, gave her a few directions, and started her up the ladder. She climbed haltingly for a few feet and then stopped.

"Go on!" shrieked an urchin.

"Take your time!" shrilled a clown.

"Want to quit?" asked Steve Stanley, very eagerly.

"Come on back!" shouted Carney with a tremendous voice.

The girl shook her head and started on, clinging desperately to each round. It seemed years to Carney before she reached the top. Everybody strained his eyes upward, during a painful silence. At last she was perched like a scarlet bird on the wheel, her frightened face showing vividly white against the gray canvas. Very slowly, she loosed the brake that held the bicycle. With a sudden whirr of wheels, it shot downward. . . . Carney closed his eyes. He could not look. Then they flew open—"Heavens! I must look!" he groaned. He saw the flash of crimson shoot into the loop. He saw the slight figure hang downward on the curve for an infinitesimal instant. Then it righted itself to whirl madly on. The track was cruelly narrow—and there was the gap! One foot to right or left and the wheel could never hit the other side. Carney closed his eyes again. . . When he opened them, the wheel had crossed the space, spun down the last incline and swept to safety. Once there it toppled over with its rider to the ground.

The girl in crimson had won!

As soon as he could still the pandemonium, Steve Stanley spoke:

"Laidies and gents—you have been thrilled by Miss Lane's hearoism, and so have I. And instead of the five hundred dollars, I wish to give her the whole one thousand. My compliments, Miss Lane."

Smiling tremulously, her eyes downcast, the girl received the gift. The audience rooted out its appreciation in three cheers for Steve Stanley, and departed. He, as a man, meant more to them than Steve Stanley, acrobat, had meant.

"Well! Well! This is the best circus I *ever* saw," said old Doctor Groves, "except that one in '98 when— He stopped and smiled understandingly, for Carney MacConnell was leaping over three seats at a time to reach the sawdust-ring.

He stopt at the side of the girl in crimson.

"How brave you are!" he said, softly, "but my heart stood still for you."

Though her brown eyes glanced up shyly, she did not speak.

"Won't you tell me where you live?" he wheedled, like the Irishman he was. "I want to know you. Besides bravery, I read in your little white face innate refinement, and—"

But like a will-o'-the-wisp, she had disappeared into the crowd.

Steve Stanley was taking off his black wig as he walked toward the men's dressing tent, when the girl in crimson ran toward him,

"I sure will get a lot of press-notices. tomorrow," said Steve, rubbing his bald head. "They take to my generous act like ducks to water."

"Every time you hand me that fake dough, I think what if it was only real," pouted the girl. "And I just ache to loop-the-loop, standing with my arms folded

like you, instead of acting a darn fool simp."

"Better act a simp (and you do it well)" replied Steve, judiciously, "when you know Pete is out in the audience winnin' big bets on you. He got some haul, this afternoon."

"And then he swipes a good deal. He picked a red-headed guy and an old man right while I held them with the high-brow talk. The guy didn't want me to hit the ring. I had to say I needed the money—I certn'ly made a mash on that red-headed rube. "Her brown eyes grew meltingly soft. "Say, Steve—"

"I'm list'nin' girlie."

"Please tell me—what's in-nate re-fine-munt?"





THE ELEPHANT BUTTON

AS CHUB DESCRIBED IT

I lost Tweedledee. He is an elephant and he lives on my Fourth-button. Mary Ann said it was the Fourth-button. She taught me to count to four. The elephants on my other buttons are Tweedledum and Humpty and Dumpty.

I'll tell you what the Fourth-button looks like. It's great big—oh, about as big as—as the Moon, and round. It's the color of toads. And Tweedledee stands right in the middle, all shiny. I broke off his trunk one day to see what was underneath. Nothing was.

AS MOTHER DESCRIBED IT

Another button gone from Chub's coat! I suppose I shall have to sew it on, now Mary Ann is discharged. Where can that button be? It wasn't large; perhaps an inch across. It was a flat, brown, bone button with a filigree pattern. There was a figure near the center—a dog or something. It must have been bent or broken, for it was a troublesome old thing. Every time I kissed Chub, it pulled out some of my hair.

AS MARY ANN DESCRIBED IT

I thought if I left when Chub was away, I wouldn't care—so much. I was sneaking through the hall when I saw something shiny under the chair where Chub plays lion. It was one of his grand elephant-buttons. I thought right away, "I must sew that on." Then I remembered. *I'll never see Chub anymore.* I picked the button up. It felt all warm in my hand . . . Such a pretty tan button with a silver border: a dot, then a di'mond, a dot—all of a sudden, the dots blurred into the di'monds,—*I'll never see Chub*—. Well, I slipped the button into my pocket. It couldn't be wrong. I want to remember how it caught in my hair the last time Chub kissed me.



BETWEEN YOU AND ME



In the days of our youth in the old home town, it was "between You and Me and the Gate-post". But gate-posts are conspicuously absent in the Twin Cities. The only respectable one I have discovered is west of Lincoln Hall and it wouldn't be comfortable to try hanging on it and telling secrets across the top.

So the third party between you and me will have to be the last dance we sit out at Bradley's, or the double chocolate Boston at Harris's. Anyway, understand the third party doesn't talk, so it is all between you and me.

The first secret is that the Siren has become a Red Cross nurse. But beneath the apparent demureness I believe you will detect the same old frivolity. This letter, for instance—

Somewhere Perchance.

Dear Illinois Boys,

I'm having a perfectly wonderful time this year. The boys are all too dear for anything. I call them all by their first names but I never saw so many Tommies and Sammies. Their last names are worse than Open House. You know in the old Illinois days there were only five men to every girl—now I have five hundred to choose from. I was never so popular in all my life. I'm so sorry they've cut out formals.

If any of the rest of you come over, do look me up, especially you, friend Scout.

THE SIREN

HOLIDAY PRIMER FOR A STUDENT

Crackers and cheese may mean Christmas — it depends where you eat them.

Happiness must be packed hard like snow to keep it from melting.

Risks are what Santa Claus takes in coming down the chimney, but nobody ever heard him howling for life insurance.

Inasmuch as you give to Uncle Sam this year, have you given unto Democracy.

Some people are so busy opening the gifts on the lowest boughs of the Christmas tree that they never see the star on the highest.

The world is a naughty child who gets switches instead of sweets this Yuletide.

Misery is not always absent from the house with the holly in the window.

A woman's intuition is that sense which tells her before she looks, where the mistletoe is hung, but deviltry tells her to stand beneath it.

Sacrilege is written "Xmas".

The Optimist is the one who says "Darn" inside. Cheerup outside.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—
An Anachronistic Study

Adam was the first man,
Eve she was his wife;
She pulled an apple from a tree
And peeled it with his knife.
Methusaleh was the oldest man
Sarah his sixteenth wife;
She practiced four hours every day
And always on a fife.
Napoleon was a conqueror,
His empress, Josephine.
She drove his Ford from morn till
night,
Nap paid for gasoline.

EMANCIPATION

No more dancing all night long,
No more women, wine and song,
No more roses and cab bills to pay
No more imports to stow away.
No more banquets, no dress suits,
No more green snakes in our boots.
No more rides till break of day,
No more smash-ups with the deuce to pay.
No more worry about which to take,
No more freshman dates to make.
We're not giving a formal.

The man who says children should not believe in Santa Claus, wears spectacles with no twinkle behind them.

WE'RE ROBBED

What's the use of fussing now,
When the Girls PanHell makes a rule
That only two dances a year be allowed,
It makes a steady Fusser a fool.
No more can he boast of his Formal bids,
Of a Sorority House dance date;
No more in full dress does he pace the halls
Waiting for a cab that is two hours late.
Just think of it girls, how you've robbed us
Of all the pleasures and thrills,
Even if the best of all of us
Have been "roped in" on "pills".
We'll miss the Brothers welcome,
The chat around the fire,
When each girl at the party
Is "raked over" by her heart's desire.
And then when all are gone to bed,
At your Illio picture he looks with a stare,
He nods and says "When I got you,
I am sure I got more than my share.

DORMITORY SKETCHES

GRACE BROWN

MARTHA IN CURLERS

WITH all the devoutness of Audrey, I thank the gods that they have made me content *with* hair straight as a string. For last night I saw Martha in curlers. As I was creeping down the hall at a late hour to borrow Lucy's *Rob Roy*, a door somewhere, closed softly, and a figure glided between me and the light at the far end of the passage. It paused there, enhanced by shadow, huge and gaunt. Its lower parts were vague and indistinct; but the clearly outlined head struck terror into my soul. Above outstanding ears untrammeled by hair, there protruded two huge bare horns at an angle to freeze blood in the veins of the wicked. As I choked down a scream, a sudden light from an opened doorway resolved the apparition into Martha with her hair done up for the night. I shrank against the wall to let her pass by. Though I conceded the fact that Satan has small use for a negligee, and though the light had revealed the unmistakable snub nose of Martha, I could not convince myself that what I had seen was other than the devil in a bath robe.

ORANGE PUDDING

Betty opened the door softly. "Do you know anything about a gallon can of orange pudding?" she asked.

Marion looked up from a jumble of gloves and hair pins in her lap. "I am now searching for my tooth brush, volume nine of Stevenson's collected works, and Barbara's rubbers. I shouldn't be at all surprised to run onto a can of orange pudding in the north-east corner of this drawer. Who wants it?"

"Tisn't lost," explained Betty. "A man brought it to the back door and said he'd been sent here with it. Mother Brett asked me to inquire."

"You interest me strangely," said Marion, with a grin. "I leave goloshes to follow you. Let's ask Jane."

Jane, who thought she was a radical because she read the *Masses*, and said women had a right to smoke cigarettes—Jane knew nothing at all.

"Your Henry couldn't have sent it to you," suggested Betty.

"Perish the thought!" Jane swung her feet off the table with the force of the idea. "I like sausage and onions, and he sends me violets and Easter lilies. Have you asked the Cherub? Sometimes she has an appetite."

The Cherub next door had a blissful idea that Mother Brett was an embarrassed benefactor overwhelmed by her own generosity. The crowd hooted and went on, the Cherub in its wake.

"Orange pudding?" inquired Mabel, farther down the hall, her eyes big with fright. "I'd certainly be careful what I ate these days, with German spies blowing up chem labs and everything."

" 'The can was filled with dynamite—

Which Billy thought was cheese,' " sang the group as with one voice.

"The Amazon ate six desserts the other night," suggested Marion.

"Don't ask her," warned Betty. "She'd want to know if it was paid for. And that'd be the last we'd see of the orange pudding."

"Is it paid for?" asked Jane, suddenly.

"Betty turned accusing eyes upon her. "Get thee behind—"

"Is it paid for?' repeated Jane

Betty nodded.

Jane shouldered her down the hall. "I'm behind," she said. "Away with middle class morality! This is a gift from the gods."

Amid a rattle of dishes and spoons, Betty's voice went to the depths below. "It's all right, Mrs. Brett. Jane will take care of it. Send it right up."

And a frantic hostess next door sought in vain to solve the mystery of the orange pudding.

WOMAN'S LEAGUE TEA

T. S.

The buzz of conversation.
The swish of silken skirts.
The whir of the passing tea cart.
The suppressed giggle.
The unsupressed giggle.
The presiding hostess' smile.
The lemon or sugar.
The wafer,
The second wafer.
The vocal program.
The hush while listening.
The renewed buzz.
The passing acquaintance.
The nod from a friend.
The soft-cushioned sofa.
The yawn.
The click of the knitting needles.
The tea!

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YOU have seen them often enough in the smoking compartment of a pullman sleeper, dressed in shiny blue serge suits, flashy necktie, diamond scarf pins and yellow shoes, puffing on big black cigars to work up steam. In real life they are drummers, and the commodity they sell is "bull." On the train I like to loiter with my pipe in the smoking compartment. I enjoy the society of other people more than my own, and as I make friends easily, I often pick up an acquaintance. But of these plutocrats in the blue serge suits I always steer clear.

Several weeks ago I entered a smoking compartment where three of these wealthy individuals held sway. I took a seat, lit my pipe, and tried to read. The millionaires were filling the atmosphere with so much smoke that I could hardly see the print, so, I harkened unto their words. "I tell you, Bill," said one, "business is rotten, rotten with a capital R."

"You're right, Tom," said Bill, "Why the stock market is way down. Why . . "

"Don't I know, don't I know. Say Charlie Schwab tipped me off to sell my U. S. Steel before it goes down a few points."

"Do you know Schwab?" squeried the third.

"Ha, ha. Do I know Charlie Schwab? Say you ought to ask me if I know my mother. Charlie and I are chummy. In fact, his wife and mine 'play around' together two or three times a week."

"Pretty nice fellow?"

"Nice, you bet he is! Say, just 'cause he's got a few more dollars than me doesn't make any difference to him. He's as plain as any of us, and lets me in on all the big deals, too."

Tom puffed vigorously on his cigar, and, after he had had time to think up a "come back," he bent over confidentially and shouted, "I'm going to let you boys in on something. Don't tell anybody—this is confidential. When I was up in St. Paul last week, Jimmie Hill offered me a fifty thousand a year job, and I told Jim that my interests wouldn't permit me to accept it. I guess I'm content with what I got," and he winked self-satisfiedly.

The third chap threw away his cigar, lit up another, and got into the game. "The real reason," said he, "that I am going East is that Secretary McAdoo has called me to Washington to get my opinion on the Allies' loan proposition, and . . "

Just then the train stopped at Dayton. Bill arose hurriedly, and whispered as softly as was possible for him, "Come on, boys, if we hurry we can buy some more mileage here, and save forty cents apiece." —and they hurried.

Seated at my left was an elderly, bearded gentleman from whom effervesced the odor of hay. He turned to me and remarked, "By Crickety, young man, that be how them gentlemen got rich, because they saved their pennies. Habits stick, young man, habits stick!"

"Like a bottle of glue," I agreed.

The University Press

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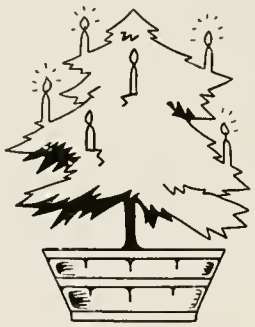
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BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

COACH JONES is confronted with an unusually difficult problem this year, since so many of the members of last year's squad have entered the service. Captain George Halas was the only old man back, and it is reported that he contemplates getting into the service before the opening of basketball season. This will be a very serious loss to the team, for in the event of the loss of Capt. Halas, Illinois will lose an able leader and one of the best fighting guards in the conference. The only other men in school who were on last year's squad are Calvin and Stevenson.

Some of the best players of the 1916 Freshman Varsity did not get back this year. Anderson, one of the most promising of the freshmen is back and is expected to put in a strong bid for a place on the team. "Bert" Ingwersen, fresh from the football field, is in fine trim for the basketball season. Coach Jones is hoping to find some good material from the student body.

Little is known of the relative prospect of the Conference teams, for so many players have entered the service. Purdue leads the list with four old men back in school, and it is known that Minnesota has three letter men back. Minnesota lost only two games last year and Illinois was the victor in both cases. At any rate, Purdue and Minnesota are slated for a rather formidable aggregation of tossers.

The schedule has been practically completed. Coach Jones is trying to get the first and second teams of Northwestern College to play our first and second teams practice games in the afternoons during the holidays. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

Dec. 15—Millikin at Illinois.
Dec. 19—Millikin at Decatur.
Jan. 5—Wabash at Wabash.
Jan. 9—Purdue at Illinois.
Jan. 14—Minnesota at Illinois.
Jan. 19—Wisconsin at Illinois.
Feb. 2—Chicago at Chicago.
Feb. 9.—Northwestern at Illinois.
Feb. 11—Ohio at Illinois.
Feb. 16—Purdue at Lafayette.
Feb. 19—Ohio at Columbus.
Feb. 23—Wisconsin at Madison.
Feb. 25—Minesota at Minneapolis.
Mar. 2—Northwestern at Evanston.
Mar. 6—Chicago at Illinois.



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DRAMATICS

MR. ANTONIO

A touch of real pleasure was afforded to the task of theatre-going, in these strenuous war times, by the appearance at the Illinois theatre for one night, of Otis Skinner in Mr. Antonio, the well known comedy by Booth Tarkington.

Mr. Skinner is a splendid actor, a gifted interpreter of character parts, and in Mr. Antonio he had a vehicle adapted to his ability. Mr. Antonio tells a clear coherent story that is rich in sentimental interest, and the added attraction of Otis Skinner in the leading role removed it far from the realms of the commonplace.

In the first act we are introduced to our hero in the form of "Antonio Camaradonio", a wandering organ grinder, whose kindness of heart leaves a trail of friends in his wake, but who excuses his charity on the assumption that he has "a devil inside of him" responsible for the actions.

In this play, Booth Tarkington introduces a new group of characters; stern, pious, hypocrites, rigidly trying to make their village of Avalonia a model of purity. Into this atmosphere on a Sunday, comes Antonio with his donkey and organ, grinding out a ridiculous screeching melody. There he stays long enough to partially reform the community and, to all appearances, win the love of a lonely orphan.

This play succeeds with its audience because it takes one of the lowest of characters and shows the beauty in it; also because of the clever and subtle acting of Otis Skinner in the leading part. Mr. Skinner is gifted with an educated ear, and he reads his lines with quite an extraordinary sense of tempo, and a marvelous appreciation of the effect of well calculated pauses. To him and to the support of a well selected cast, we owe our enjoyment in "Mr. Antonio".

As a charity production for enlarging the Y. M. C. A. Fund, Pierrots Vaudeville show was a decided failure, because everyone had their money's worth. It was not just a campus production supported for a good cause, but a clever bit of work enthusiastically carried out, which sent its audience away conscious of a clever performance.

The single acts were exceptionally good. O. A. Schoeffler, the xylophone wizzard approached the ranks of a professional in his unusual ability and technique.

G. A. Cambell's impersonation of Harry Lauder was a credible one and in his own way he held the interest of the audience.

Mike Dailey, as usual, had no trouble in convincing the audience that as a darktown comedian, he is far from being an amateur. Carlsen's Operatic Nightmare is worthy of mention.

Of the group numbers, the Peerless Quartet (composed of G. D. Snyder, W. E. Hayne, H. G. Haake, and R. F. Kurtz offered some real harmony. The Jazz Sextet lived up to its name with a well balanced act consisting of some real—Jazz—a vocal solo and a steel guitar number.

The Harmony Trio offered a varied program of which the story of the three trees was the deciding feature.

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A touch of originality was introduced into the Novelty Dance and Novelty Music. The dance itself was exceptionally clever and well executed, while the Broom Viol orchestra was a real novelty to say the least.

We were a trifle disappointed in the Style Revue. The best part of the act was the dainty tripping of a fair Co-ed and her dancing partner.

One of the most novel acts in the history of Illinois dramatics, was the three act playlet by P. H. Young. One sought in vain throughout its course for the imaginative touch of art which it lacked, but the keen enjoyment that we derived from the ludicrous antics of its players will long remain in our memory.

Aside from the fact that the numbers failed to appear as scheduled, and that some of the musical numbers were repeated, this attempt of Pierrots will be catalogued in the language of the campus as a daring success.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in another farewell tour of America, was at the Illinois, Tuesday, October 16.

Time, which hangs so heavily on the shoulders of men, has seemed to pass by the greatest of all French tragedians, the "Divine Sarah". She is undoubtedly still the foremost member of the profession, although approaching her seventieth year. Her Cleopatra was a triumph of emotional expression. Her passionate love for Mark Anthony opposed to her pride of race and place was revealed in a variety of nuances that clearly demonstrated that her mastery of all shades of histrionic expression, is still unchallenged. She was the imperious mistress of Egypt through all—a figure of compelling fascination and domination. The death scene was a moment of inspiration that held all eyes by its sheer beauty of emotional appeal.

To open the musical comedy season, the management at the Illinois were fortunate in getting the inimitable Percival Knight to present his new three act comedy "Dew Drop Inn", Monday night, October 22. Only five days away from the Illinois Theatre in Chicago, the company was on its way to the Lyric in New York, so for once Twin-Cityites are privileged to boast that, "We looked it over before the smart set of Gotham got it."

The popular musical comedy, "Very Good Eddie" came to the Illinois, Monday night, October 29, for the second visit of the present season in the Twin-Cities, having played at the Belvoir about two weeks previous. In spite of this fact, however, a good house was out to greet the diminutive "Eddy". It is rare, indeed, that we see a bevy of stars of the New York cast on local stages as well as the billboard, and in this case it was only due to the fact that the management, at the close of the Chicago run last June, sent the company on a short tour of the Pacific Coast to keep the cast and performance intact and at high efficiency.



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THE YELLOW WOMAN

LOIS SEYSTER

"Mother, there is someone else a-moving in the room!"
"Child, it is the Yellow Woman creeping through the gloom."
"Why do we know fairy-folk? They often frighten me."
"Fairies only come to lowly people who can see."
"Mother, she has yellow eyes! And oh, they drip with tears!"
"Hush, dear . . . *She has vowed to make you happy all your years!*"

I.

"Yellow Woman, make me happy with a lovely face,—
Scarlet lips, and luring glances, lissomness, and grace."
"Nay. I rode the green sea-surf; I trod the barren hill
To bring your naked hands the gift of magic housewife skill."

II.

"Yellow Woman, now you've come a-roving back again,
If not beauty give me charm to captivate all men."
"Nay. I crept through heathered copse, and danced o'er down and dun
All to promise this: of lovers, you shall have but one."

III.

"Yellow Woman, grant a woman like yourself a boon,—
Give my lover riches,—bring us golden power soon."
"Woman-like-myself, I ranged from purple fen to moor
Bringing you the golden privilege of being poor."

IV.

"Yellow Woman, eerie woman, tell me why, I pray,
(Though you vowed to make me happy) thrice you said me nay?"
"You chose beauty, adulation,—wealth you ask me now;
When I give you these, my daughter, then I break my vow."

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NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

1918

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GEORGE UNGER

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The Illinois Magazine

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

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From a mosaic by Professor Wells

Santa Maria della Salute

The Illinois Magazine

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

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A NIGHT IN VENICE

PROFESSOR NEWTON A. WELLS

IT was during the summer of 1912 and before Europe had been wrecked and impoverished by war, that the "Haut-beaux"—they pronounced it "Ho-boes"—made their memorable study trip through France and Italy. The company was made up of thirteen seniors, two alumni and three members of the faculty,—all from the Department of Architecture. They had sailed about the middle of June from Montreal, landing at Liverpool; had spent a few days in London, a couple of weeks in Paris, a few days in Switzerland; had wandered for a week among the Italian lakes and then across the plain of Lombardy, arriving at Venice early in July.

Right here, I shall pause long enough to contradict the generally accepted tradition that the climate of Italy is inimical to tourists during the summer. The heat is no greater than that of our middle-west, and the only danger to be especially guarded against is that of mosquitoes at night. We found the beds, in all hotels through Italy, protected by mousquito awnings. To those not acclimated, the sting of the Italian mosquito is liable to cause malarial fever. The lagoons and marshy districts about Venice are especially infested with these pests, against which the Venetion hotels take corresponding pains to protect their guests.

Fortunately for the "Haut-beaux", their hotel accommodation had been engaged some weeks in advance. Otherwise they would have found it difficult to obtain quarters, at any price, since the annual gondolier's carnival occurs in July, bringing with it an unusual congestion of tourists, as well as native visitors from all northern Italy. So it happened that the train which bore us from Milan to Venice was so packed with tourists on their way to see the "Carnival", that it was with the greatest difficulty that the "Haut-beaux"

were able to sandwich themselves into the few vacant places to be found scattered through the long string of coaches. I well remember my own experience on drifting into a compartment containing half a dozen people—these European railway compartments are intended to accommodate ten passengers—a middle-aged man in shirt-sleeves sat by the window, his nose in a guide-book; a woman,—evidently his wife—lay extended along the seat beside him, her face covered with a paper; the opposite seat was occupied by four youngsters and traveling impedimenta. I knew from the forbidding glances, with which my advent was hailed, that a seat was to cost me, at the least, some polite insistence. Not knowing the nationality of the travelers, I initiated my first request in French, "A place if you please?"

"No, Monsieur, vous voyez que— qu— nous sommes— eh— oh tell the man that we're crowded already, Sis", Shirt-sleeves finished, appealing to the girl sitting opposite.

As the girl began in very lame Italian, I interrupted smiling, "Never mind; let's finish in plain United States."

"Oh, you're an American then?" from the girl who began immediately to gather up papers and magazines and shoo the youngsters along so as to make room on the seat beside herself. With very profuse thanks and apologies for the crowding necessitated by the heavy travel of the "Carnival" season, I dropped into the seat. Thus mutually introduced by the common accent of our mother tongue, we fell into conversation, during which it transpired that my fellow travelers comprised the family of a professor from Leland Stanford University, spending a year abroad and now on their way to Venice for the "Carnival".

So the hours passed, and at last we arrived at Venice in the glow of a wonderful sunset which gilded towers, domes, and palaces with a transitory radiance so enchanting that, for the moment, it seemed a veritable city of Elysium floating upon a sea of liquid gold. This dream, with its enchantment, was, however, rudely extinguished as we passed into the semi-gloom of the great train-shed where everything became hurry and bustle in the preparation for descending from the train. Then it was that the wisdom of preparation for possible difficulties ahead became conspicuously apparent. The management of the *Hotel Grande Bretaigne* had been notified by wire from Milan of the train by which the "Haut-beaux" were to arrive; consequently they had their "*facchino*" at the station to meet us and care for the transfer of our baggage to the hotel. While he was engaged in the loading of our grips and suit-cases upon a big gondola, I felt a rather timid hand laid upon my arm and, on turning, met the anxiously eager inquiry of the Professor, "How did you manage that?—to get your porter service so quickly, I mean."

"Oh, by telegraphing ahead to our hotel, of course."

"Didn't know that was necessary so long as—" At this moment the Professor interrupted himself to make a grab at a passing porter who paused just long enough to find that it was going to take a long time for the Profesor to make himself understood; so, while the poor Professor was feverishly thumbing his pocket Italian Phrase Book for the appropriate question, the impatient porter suddenly disappeared in search of more profitable employment. "That's it. Confound the fellow! He's the third one I've tried to get service from," fumed the irate Professor. Realizing that it would take too long to convince him of his own short-comings, I turned to our own porter who had just finished with our luggage and asked him in French—nearly all Italian porters are linguists—to call a

porter for this *Monsieur*. To which he replied in true cockney English, "Very well, sir, thank you sir," then holding up an index finger, he called "*facchino*", and instantly several porters came running to our group. Then turning to me he asked, "W'ere's th' gent's bags and boxes?" These being pointed out by the "gent", the several "facchinos" each possessed himself of a single piece and then stood waiting for further orders. The dazed Professor also stood helplessly waiting, as if he expected the rest to perform itself automatically.

"W'at 'otel, sir?" from our porter. On being informed, he signaled a gondola about to put off with a small load, whereat the boatman waited while the several "Facchini" hurried down with their several pieces and the distracted Professor herded his family aboard.

Our porter smiled cynically as he led us to the landing stage of the *Vaporetti communali*, or small steamboat line, which carried us to our hotel, situated on the *Riva degli Schiavoni*, remarking, "They'll jolly well bleed that bloke." Then our little steamer threaded its course through the entire length of the *Canal Grande*, to the other side of the city to reach our landing stage on the *Riva degli Schiavoni* situated at the head of the Grand Canal and facing the broad *Canale di San Marco* and the *Isola di San Giorgio*. How we shivered with delight as we recognized, in passing, the beautiful little palace of the *Casa d' Oro*, and passed beneath the famous bridge of the *Rialto!* And then, in rapid succession, the palaces of *Dandolo*, *Grimani*, *Bernardo*, *Pisani*, *Barbarigo*, *Foscari*, *Giustiniani*, and then, all of a sudden, at a turn in the canal, the domes of *Santa Maria della Salute*, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, burst upon our already dazzled vision! Ah! to arrive at Venice at such a moment, as she sat in gala dress for the coming carnival, at the end of a perfect day and smiled back her promise of golden days to come! I think that every "Hautbeau" responded heartily to "Skipper's" exclamation "Gee! This is worth the whole trip." It was at that moment that I registered a vow to sketch that view of our approach to *Santa Maria della Salute*, as she lay under the rays of the setting sun; a vow that I was happily able to fulfill and which I have since enlarged upon by the mosaic painting which now holds the most honored place over the mantel of our living room.

Last came the *Mole of San Marco*, on which stand the Ducal Palace, the Lions of St. Mark and the famous Clock-Tower —together with Sansovino's masterpiece of renaissance architecture,—the Library of St. Mark. On the whole, I do not recall any twenty minutes of my life so crammed with exquisite realization of pure esthetic enjoyment as that boat ride from the railway station to our hotel. Then came the bustle of landing and getting settled in our hotel. Fortunately, it was found that the proprietor spoke French, the waiter as well, while that marvellous hotel "facchino" spoke every thing—so far as we were able to discover. Anticipating the coming of our party at the carnival season, with its unusual influx of visitors, the proprietor had temporarily turned out of their quarters on the top floor, all of the hotel help; had evidently hung fresh paper on the walls and installed new mosquito awnings over the beds and had then turned over the whole floor to our party of Americani, setting a toothless and ancient crone to preside over our necessities as chambermaid. The chambers were low, plainly but comfortably furnished and scrupulously clean. On being shown to them, the proprietor apologized for their plainness, but added that we would find the balcony, overlooking the water-front, and accessible only from our rooms, the very best place in all Venice from which to view

the procession of boats and the fireworks during the coming night of the carnival. This balcony, by the way, was a part of the marble cornice crowning the building, which had formerly been a private palatial residence. In consideration of the very reasonable cost of our accommodation during the carnival season—only about $1.75 per capita per day, for rooms and board —we felt particularly fortunate and would not have exchanged our balcony—the only one on the building—for all the palatial pomp of the floridly decorated chambers on the lower floors, now filled to overflowing with guests. By the time that we had unpacked traveling bags, arranged our several belongings and arrayed ourselves in fresh linen and white duck trousers, we began to feel quite ready to mingle with any festivities afoot, but preferably, something which included food and drink. Descending to the lower floor and making inquiry at the "bureau", it was learned that a special dinner had been prepared in anticipation of our coming, the obliging proprietor explaining that he was "always happy to serve his guests whenever notified of their number and the hour of their arrival,—as the Americani had so wisely done." No sooner were we seated before the broad open windows that looked out upon the water-front, and impatiently sniffing the aroma of our approaching *minestra*, than a sudden diversion of attention was caused by the entrance of another company, about the size of our own, led by a be-whiskered and be-spectacled specimen of masculinity, who was followed by a rather reserved but prepossesing female of noncommittal age indications, who, in turn, was followed by a train of "buds" of the most interesting just-about-to-blossom period. The assured and easy manner of the new-comers fairly shouted their American extraction, even if a few low spoken words in the accent of the "sunny south" had not more definitely betrayed their nationality. No doubt that similar peculiarities were as easily perceptible in our own manners and conversation. The invaders were not yet seated before the inevitable began happening—a rapid exchange of half veiled side glances expressive of mutually pleased interest and curiosity—a sort of "if-we-were-only-introduced" expression. The agitation on both sides could hardly have been greater than the opening of an action with machine guns.

Presently "Denver", who was always good at strategy, leaned over and whispered from the corner of his mouth—"Prof, it's up to you to tackle the chaperone."

"All right, but leave me to select the psychological moment," I responded. While everybody in the room seemed to be enjoying the dinner, it is a pretty safe gamble that no one could have named a single course eaten. As we reached desert, I arose, sauntered smilingly over to the chaperone, presented my card, also a letter of credentials that had been furnished me by the President of our University before leaving. The lady received this advance with very gracious reserve, informing men that she and her charges were from a young ladies' seminary in South Carolina and were making a "personally conducted tour of Europe under the guidance of their professor of English and the chaperonage of herself, head of the department of Music." The professor of English was then introduced, but—name forgotten—negligible. And now the supreme moment! So, calling up my most guilefully camouflaged smile, I exclaimed, "How fortunate that we should have arrived in Venice at the same time! And all the more especially at the season of the Carnival, because, of course, you are aware that it is not permissable for respectable young ladies to be abroad in the evening without escorts."

"*And* chaperones," added the dame, looking me quizzically in the eye.

"Ah, my dear madam, chaperones are always understood in Europe but, during the evening of the Carnival, escorts are quite as necessary and I can assure you that we shall feel most highly honored if we may be permitted to, to serve our fellow country-women in such an emergency."

After a moment's hesitation, the lady looked up and smilingly remarked—"I am afraid that, in becoming an artist, you have spoiled a very good advocate. However, suppose you bring your young gentlemen over and introduce them to me." While this short colloquy had been carried on in low conversational tones, it was yet audible to those in its immediate vicinity and produced no little suppressed pleasurable excitement—better camouflaged by the "Buds" than by the "Beaux", if the truth be told.

Happily the latter were successful in passing the ordeal of introduction to the duenna and were all duly introduced to her charges. It was then proposed that we all repair to the Piazza of San Marco for coffee while listening to the music of one of the finest military bands in Europe. Of course, it was up to the leader of the "Beaux" to make the first move by offering his services to the lady in charge of the "Buds", the Professor of English being left to act as rear guard. After an hour's enjoyment while listening to the music and watching the movement of the gala crowd, several of the most venturesome "Beaux" approached the chaperone with requests to take their partners out on the lagoon for a gondola ride. "Yes, if you will all go in one boat and be back here in an hour." While I continued to engage the lady in conversation, the Professor of English carelessly followed the departing party to the water-front to make sure, doubtless, that the stipulation regarding "one boat" was duly fulfilled. All went well and, by ten o'clock, as the musicians were putting away their instruments, the party returned full of enthusiastic plans for the morrow which, of course, must be submitted to the modifying wishes of the chaperone. It should be understood that the real Carnival of Venice does not begin for the natives until nearly midnight and then lasts until six o'clock in the morning. So the "Beaux" were compelled to bid reluctant "good nights" to their equally reluctant compatriots and see them carefully shepherded away to their front windows on the third floor, happily beneath their own balcony. Nothing remained for the "Beaux" but to mount to their aerie and watch for the procession of gaily decorated gondolas soon to appear from the direction of the *Canal Grande*. In due time the procession appeared,—hundreds of gondolas, each vying in the originality of its decoration of flags; banners, painted effigies and artfully arranged colored lanterns,—debouching from the Grand Canal into the broad lagoon, where it broke up into picturesque groups along the water-front. Soon *barcarolles*, for which the Venetian gondoliers have long been celebrated, began floating out on the soft night air, boat answering to boat with solo and chorus, trio and duo.

"Say, fellows, why don't we give 'em one of our college songs?" demanded Denver, no longer able to restrain his enthusiasm. It so happened that there were about a half dozen good voices among the "Haut-beaux", all familiar with a repertoire of college songs and negro melodies. These voices were immediately bunched together, for greater efficiency, at the front of the balcony and, at the first pause in the singing from the water, "Oskee-wow-wow" leaped forth with all the vim of long restrained enthusiasm. No sooner was it finished than it was greeted by prolonged and insistent applause, amid which could

be distinguished a very pronounced clapping from the windows of the third floor below. Thus encouraged, another song followed, during which there was a noticeable pressing forward of the boats toward our quay. Then for an hour, songs from the water were followed by responses from the balcony, and not until the singing was interrupted by the opening of the grand display of fireworks, did we begin to realize that we—the "Haut-beaux"—had been playing an important, although an impromptu, part in this Carnival. When the fireworks ceased and the gondolas, with their lights, had disappeared, it was two o'clock in the morning. So we sang a last "Good-night Ladies" softly, for the benefit of the third floor below, and being rewarded by as soft a hand-clapping, that seemed to come from beneath the subduing veil of mosquito netting, we sleepily withdrew to the protection of our own.



The Illinois Magazine Short Story Prize of $25 was awarded to Catharine Needham, and the second prize of $10, to W. S. Stone. Miss Needham's story, "A Perfect Understanding", appears in this number. "A Coward in Ubadam" by Mr. Stone, will appear in the February number.

The Illinois Magazine Poetry Prize of $10 was awarded to Helen Buchen for her poem, "Defeat", printed this month, and the second award of $5 was made to Flora Hottes for her poem, "To a Madonna", which Illinois Magazine readers will remember from the Christmas issue.

First Prize

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

CATHARINE NEEDHAM

AMY slipped into the dimly lit kitchen where her aunt was sorting and washing the best dishes. "Tom ought to be here now in about three minutes," she said, glancing at the clock, and then going to stand by the open window. "The train from Chicago is never late. There goes the mail-cart across the bridge now."

Down the one street of the town rumbled the wheels of a hand-cart, escorted by small boys, half-grown girls and women avid for gossip, in their nightly procession to watch the fast mail come in.

"Doesn't it seem strange," the girl continued dreamily, gazing out into the dark garden, "that I am actually to be married tomorrow morning? I can hardly believe it."

"Well, I guess it's pretty hard for anyone to believe," answered Mrs. Marshall dryly. "After a man's been away as long as he has. A girl with any gumption at all could have married Tom Oldham years ago, instead of letting him dawdle along all this time."

Amy flushed hotly, but made no direct reply. After a moment's pause she picked up a dish-towel and began mechanically to polish salad plates.

"Got everything packed and cleaned up?" asked her aunt.

"Yes, everything except the clothes I'll wear tomorrow. The room seems dreadfully bare without any books or pictures; I almost hate to sleep there tonight. I suppose I might have left some of them—"

"Goodness, no!" interrupted Mrs. Marshall. "I've got enough to tend to without dusting any more trash, and besides, that young "Drover's Drug" peddler will need all the space there is to store his horse liniments and stuff. I told him he could move in tomorrow afternoon, soon as you're gone. He's promised to stay a year, at ten dollars a month. I'll have to charge him a little more than a relative, of course."

"You know I offered to pay more, Aunt Jane," Amy protested. "And I didn't want you to go to all the trouble and expense of a big wedding. I—I haven't any money left, or I would pay for that."

"Oh, well, you're the only niece I've got," Mrs. Marshall answered grudgingly. "I guess I can stand it once in a lifetime."

The shriek of a whistle announced the incoming train.

"I suppose you will want to come in and see him when he gets here, won't you?" Amy asked.

"Oh, I won't have time. I've got plenty to do before bed-time as it is. What have you done with the other two thin tumblers, Amy? I was sure I saw the whole dozen here, just before you went up to change your dress." Amy started guiltily.

This is a blue ribbon story by a blue ribbon writer. Miss Needham won the first prize in the same contest last year. She is a senior in the College of L. A. and S., a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Delta Psi and Scribblers Club.—EDITOR.

"I forgot to tell you, Aunt Jane. They're in the ice-box. I thought it would be nice to take out some lemonade and cakes—just those little ones left from dinner, you know. I'll wash the glasses afterwards and put them with the others."

"Well, all right. Though I don't see why you had to take the best ones. And don't get any crumbs on the carpet. Maybe you'd better keep him out on the porch:—it's warm, to-night, anyway."

From the street came the scuffling and chattering of the returning procession on its way to the postoffice.

"It's high time he was here," exclaimed Mrs. Marshall irritably. "If he didn't come on that last train we'll be in a pretty pickle, for sure. What *would* people say, when they got here in the morning and found everything ready but the bridegroom. It's perfectly scandalous, anyway, his not coming till the last minute this way. Looks as though he cared for you a lot, I must say. You'd better have taken that fellow from Buffalo, and married him before he left town. When a girl gets to be twenty-four years old—"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" cried the girl, turning upon her desperately. "Can't you let me have even one night of happiness? This is the last night you'll ever be bothered with me! You needn't ever see me again if you don't want to—"

There came a loud knock at the front door. Amy's face softened, paled a little, then grew radiant, and like a flash she was gone to meet her lover.

"Well, where'll we go?" began Tom jovially, after the first greetings were over. "Any movies or anything in the old burg? Haven't been here for so long I don't know what's going on."

"Oh, what an idea!" laughed Amy. "As if I would want to go to the movies *tonight!* But let's walk somewhere or other,—say down to the river and back. It's too pretty outdoors to sit at home."

"Sure! Whatever you say suits me. I just thought maybe you'd like to celebrate." He jingled the change in his pockets. "But since this is the last night I'll ever be engaged to you—and the first night, too, as you might say—I might as well make the most of it."

"I think I'm glad it *is* just one night, instead of a hundred," Amy said softly, as they walked along. "I wouldn't want it ever to seem common. And this way, we get a hundred happinesses all in one, don't we? I never was very good in arithmetic, but I can figure that out." She laughed gaily, and Tom echoed her laugh.

"You're still the same little girl as ever, Amy. Always some queer notion or other in your head."

"You may be right about the queer notions, Tom; but you are wrong when you say I'm the same little girl I used to be," answered Amy, grown suddenly serious. "I'm not the same. Just think, Tom, it has been seven years since we graduated from High School and you went away to college. I don't suppose it has seemed very long to you, but to me—" a little note of bitterness crept into her voice. "Imagine seven years of teaching in the same little country school, and of living shut up in the same little, gossipy town! All my girl friends married years ago, and moved away or forgot me. I wasn't lonely so long as I had mother to take care of, but afterwards there was nothing left except dreaming—and waiting—" Her voice trailed into silence. "Well, that's all over, now, of course," she concluded cheerfully, "and we will be all the happier, I suppose, for being separated so long."

The two had reached the river by this time, and stood with their elbows on the rail of the bridge, staring down at the dark water below them and at the creamy line of foam where it plunged over the dam.

"We won't need to go to Niagara for our

wedding trip, will we?" asked Tom jocularly. "Gee! but it goes over with a rush."

"I guess you would, too," Amy rejoined, "if you had been dammed up as long as it has. I know just how it feels. I'm about to 'go over', myself, with a most glorious splash!"

"Huh?"

Amy laughed.

"Don't you think seven years is long enough? —Really, though, I hate to leave the river. I call her Lucretia."

"What an idea!"

"She's about the most human thing in town; at least she's human enough to want to get away from it,— She's lovely and quiet, though, farther up, where she first spreads out in a pool for lilies and lotus flowers. Do you suppose she doesn't realize she's dammed, so long as she has the lotuses?"

"Where'd you learn to swear, Amy?" chuckled Tom, drawing her closer to him.

"Do you remember the first time you came to see me, Tom?" she asked, with an eager little catch in her voice. "You brought some lotus flowers and gave them to mother instead of to me."

"I was a queer little cuss, wasn't I? Didn't have sense enough to—"

"No, no! That's why I began to like you. No other boy in town would have done that. It seemed so—so fine and delicate somehow. It makes me think of that verse about 'unheard songs' you know. 'Heard songs are sweet—' But there! Tell me all about yourself, Tom: what you've been doing and everything. You have hardly written me at all the past year, except just to say you had a good job and were having a good time."

"A good time! I should say I have." And Tom launched forth into an enthusiastic description of dances and theaters and motor trips. "And girls! Gee! I had dates once with nine different girls in two weeks. —Well, I've had my fling, and I'm ready to settle down, now, for good. I'm not a mollycoddle: I've rubbed up against all kinds of men and women, and I know about all there is to know about life," he boasted modestly. "But dissipation simply doesn't appeal to me anymore, that's all. It don't pay in the long run. Have a good time, but stay decent, is my motto: marry a nice girl, go to church occasionally, get in with a good crowd of people—after all, that's the way to get ahead in the world."

Tom paused in his harangue, as though waiting for a burst of applause from his listener. But since none was forthcoming, he continued his case:

"Why, I could tell you some stories about men I know,—pretty good men, too, as the world goes,—that would make me seem like an angel with my wings sprouting. Take my pal, Wingard, now, this is strictly confidential, you understand—"

"Never mind that," interposed Amy hastily. "Tell me about—oh, anything: the girls you had dates with, for instance. I suppose they were awfully pretty and clever?"

"Oh, yes. Swell dresesrs, mostly. And some of them college women journalists, and so on,—smart as the dickens! Not your kind, most of them. They're all right to have a good time with, but when a fellow marries he wants some quiet, modest girl who knows more about sewing and cooking than she does about socialism and all this modern bunk. A married woman don't need much education."

There was a long pause. It was Tom again who broke the silence.

"Care if I smoke?" he asked casually, pulling a box of cigarettes out of his pocket. "It's been hours since I saw a cigarette."

"And it has been a year," remarked Amy with a detached air, "since you last saw me."

"Huh?" ejaculated Tom, taking the cigarette from his mouth in amazement.

"You don't mean you really object to smoke? I ll throw the thing away, of course, if you say the word." With a dramatic flourish he held it out over the water,—but without loosing his hold of it.

"Oh, no," said Amy dully. And he put the cigarette back into his mouth and proceeded to light it. Amy giggled hysterically, and then shivered.

"Come on back to the house. This river makes me melancholy." And she started off at such a feverish pace that Tom had difficulty in catching up with her.

Very little was said on either side until they reached the porch. Here Amy, ignoring an invitation to share the porch swing, seated herself in a big arm chair and leaned forward earnestly, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"I've something to say to you, Tom," she began at once.

"All right, fire away." Tom lolled back in the swing and crossed his legs comfortably.

"We are both at our very worst tonight," burst out Amy, with an evident effort to speak coolly. "We're both human, and have lots of faults. I think maybe we have been loving each other, idolizing each other, for qualities that we don't possess, either of us. But perhaps all that won't count, if—if we can keep on loving each other and being loyal to each other through everything. —Oh, I don't know how to say what I mean, Tom!" She stopped, and then began again abruptly.

"There was a man in town this spring—a man named—but it doesn't make any difference: we'll never see him again. I don't know where he is now,—he wanted me to marry him, Tom. —It was dreadful! Can a girl be in love with two men at once? I think I should have said yes, if it hadn't been for you. —You weren't much more than a dream to me, I hadn't heard from you for so long, and I didn't know whether you would ever come back.

"He was to come for his answer that night; —when your letter came, asking me to marry you at once. And so I sent him away," she concluded lamely.

"You're a great old pal, Amy," said Tom, moved to a burst of genuine admiration. "I knew you'd stick to me. But gee, I sent that letter just in the nick of time, didn't I? Of course, you could have broken with the mutt later; but that sort of thing is always awkward and disagreeable, as I know from past experience."

"Oh!' said Amy a little puzzled; and then, a little stiffly:

"Do you often break engagments?"

Tom burst out laughing and went and sat on the arm of her chair, leaning over her teasingly.

"So I've got you jealous, have I? I thought I could. I believe you do care for me a little, even if you are such a little iceberg, eh?" Amy shrank from him, and rose to her feet.

"I almost forgot. I meant to bring out some lemonade, "if you care for any."

"Sure thing! Me for the eats, every time."

When the "eats" arrived, he applied himself heartily to the task of consuming them. Amy did not need to see him to know that he was enjoying himself: she could tell by the sound. Every time he took a swallow of lemonade she stirred uneasily and braced herself to wait for the next one, and after a particularly hearty gulp, she broke the silence sharply.

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"Huh? Oh, the girl in Brockton. Why, the truth of the matter was, I simply got sick and tired of her. I tell you, I don't believe I could stand a long engagement with *any* girl, I don't care how nice she is. Either they're too darned mushy, or else they're jealous as cats, and blow you up if you dare to look at another girl. I don't mean you, of course: you've got some sense, and don't expect a man to be per-

fect. But Grace was a fool. We had an awful row, and both of us got mad as the dickens. You should have been there! I just told her that I'd be tied to no girl till I got good and ready: and she said, of course, that no girl would have me, anyway, and I says I bet I could be married inside of a month if I took the notion—Why, what's that?" There was the sound of broken glass, and of a quickly indrawn breath from Amy. "Did you break your glass? Right in your hand, too! That's queer. Did it hurt you much, honey?" He was at once all tender solicitude.

"No," said Amy quietly, as she rose and went toward the door. "I don't think it cut me at all. But it's late, and I'd better go in now. Good-night. No! Don't come near me, you'll make me drop all this broken glass."

"You can't pull a bluff like that on me," cried Tom, laughingly catching her and crushing her face against his. "You little minx, you,—you've stood me off seven years. By Jove, I believe that's why I always come back to you. You sure know how to keep a man dangling. Some little coquette, aren't you—some little coquette!" he repeated tenderly.

"If you are through with me now," said Amy, in a voice which was quite cold and steady, but almost inaudible, "will you open the door for me, please?"

Once inside, she swayed slightly, and leaned back against the door for support. As she stood there, Mrs. Marshall came from the kitchen toward the front staircase, carrying a lighted lamp in her hand.

"Is that you Amy?" she asked, peering into the dark hall. "It's *time* you were getting to bed. I'm going now; everything's ready except frying the chicken and putting the salad together. Good gracious! You look as sick as a dog. And what's the matter with your hand? It's bleeding all over your dress, I do declare—and isn't that one of the good tumblers you've got broken, there? I never saw such a girl. I'll have to put an odd tumbler on the bride's table. How will your hand look all bandaged up tomorrow, I'd like to know. And I suppose you've left the other tumbler out on the porch, where it'll get broken too."

Amy shifted the broken glass to one hand, and lifted the other to her forehead in a dazed fashion.

"I'll go and bring it in now," she said dully, and turning, she went out and softly closed the door behind her.

* * * *

In the darkened parlor next morning, sat Mrs. Marshall, pale and red-eyed, and wearing an expression of utter bewilderment, vexation and gloom. Crumpled dejectedly in an easy chair was Tom, staring vacantly at the wall paper opposite. The Methodist minister, quiet and observant, sat between the two, while just outside the door two or three neighbor women sniffled sympathetically and whispered with each other.

"But I don't see how she *could* do such a horrible thing," Mrs. Marshall was saying distractedly, for the hundredth time. "With everything ready — everything! Even the table set and covered with cheesecloth. And then to sneak out of the house and go and throw herself—"

"Perhaps she only went for a walk," interposed the preacher gently, "and fell in by accident. Such things have happened, you know."

"But what would any girl in her senses want to go and take a walk by the river for at that time of night, I'd like to know," wailed Mrs. Marshall, not to be comforted.

"You are sure," asked the preacher, after a pause, "that there was not some special reason for despondency? Some other love affair perhaps, or a misunderstanding of some sort with Mr. Oldham, here?" And he glanced keenly at Tom.

Tom roused himself, and faced his interrogator with all the dignity of conscious rectitude and stricken love.

"You wouldn't ask such a question, Reverend Wallace," he said hollowly, "if you knew how Amy and I have loved each other all these years. Why, I used to say to her, 'You're perfectly free, now, Amy: marry the first man that comes along, if you want to.' But do you think she would? No sir, she waited for me." He pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose before he went on. "If there was anything the matter with her last night, it was happiness—just plain *happiness*, I tell you! Why, we never quarreled in our lives. And last night we had a regular heart to heart talk—told each other everything. —A misunderstanding? Why, I tell you, we understood each other perfectly—perfectly!" His voice broke, and he hid his face in his handkerchief.

The following prize poem, "Defeat" is an unusual bit of undergraduate writing. The author, Helen Buchen, is well known on the campus for her work on the Siren and Illinois Magazine. She is an active member of Scribblers Club and Poetry Society.—EDITOR.

First Prize

DEFEAT

HELEN BUCHEN

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand
Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze—
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily into the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And from her dreaming the dreamer wakes.

FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

ELIZABETH LEITZBACH

ACT ONE

(The scene is the front lawn of the Pemberton Home for the insane. It is 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon and the patients are out for their hour of exercise.)

PATIENT NUMBER THREE (who is counting blades of grass)— 1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5 — 6 — 7 — 8 — 9 — 10. Now I suppose I'll have to begin all over again. I wish I could mark just where I left off. If I could only remember anything but that binomial theorem, I might be able to figure it out some day.

Patient Seven and Eleven (who are catching sunbeams)—Oh, I've got one—no, there it is! You help me—I want to take some in—it's so dark where I stay!

(Patient Forty-six appears for the first time and after wandering around alone, approaches a woman who stands looking on scornfully.)

Number Forty-six (with the air of a weary traveller who has lost his way)—Pardon me, but could you tell me where I could find Number Forty-five?

(The woman does not answer but stares straight ahead.)

You see I'm Forty-six and just out for the first time and I was rather curious to see Forty-five.

The Woman (shortly)—I'm Forty-five. . . Well, do you think I'm crazy too?

(The man stands silent, startled by the sudden question.)

Aren't you sick of it all? . . . Look at those idiots! At least *I* haven't started to count blades of grass or catch sunbeams—yet.

(She laughs mirthlessly.)

Number Forty-six—No, in fact, I took you for an attendant.

Number Forty-five (ignoring this)—How long have *you* been here? Are you going home when you get out—what did you do to get in?

Number Forty-six—Oh, I started out to do all the things I had always wanted to do. You see I was a school teacher—I had to be so conventional! It was smothering me; so finally I decided to dare do all the things I had always wanted to do.

Number Forty-five—How queer!(She laughs.) I started out to say all the things I had always wanted to say.

(An attendant who has noticed them talking, moves close enough behind them to catch Forty-five's next words.)

I believe your plan would work better. But would I have courage enough to try it?

(The attendant leaves hurriedly.)

Number Forty-six—I started out with foolish Hallowe'en pranks, such as kick-

ing bottles of milk down cement steps and yelling "Fire!" at movies. Then I pulled the crutches out from under a lame man—(he shudders.)

Number Forty-five—Well, you see I'm the ex-wife of a Methodist minister. I got so tired of all the hypocrisy; so I started in to say all the things I had always wanted to. I started in on the Elder-who-played-the-Board-of-Trade.

(The attendants round up the sunbeam chasers and the other patients. Number Forty-five and Number Forty-six start toward the main building.)

Number Forty-five—I can't help thinking we're braver than the cowards on the outside who put us here.

Number Forty-six (nodding his head)—Yes, we're brave all right. See you to-morrow and we'll talk some more.

(The attendant who listened to their words before, nods her head and smiles as she hears the last happy remark of Forty-six.)

ACT TWO

(The time is three o'clock on the following day. The sunbeam chasers and the man who is counting blades of grass are at work on the lawn as usual, but Forty-five and Forty-six do not appear.)

The attendant (to the head nurse)—Yes, they both needed the air, but I don't think its safe to let them out. You know what I told you I overheard them saying?

The head nurse (nodding indifferently and continuing to count the stitches of her knitting) — 2 — 3 — 4 — —5 — 6 — 7 — 8 — 9 —

ACT THREE

(The scene is a busy street corner at early evening in a great city, ten years later. A group of socialists are gathered about the speaker—a woman dressed in blue serge, a bit frayed and shiny at the seams. A man in evening clothes, wearing a pearl-gray muffler and spats, stops on the outskirts of the crowd.)

The Speaker—Yes, and why don't you dare? Isn't this a free country? Is freedom of speech and of the press only an empty creed? Eleven years ago. I became sick of it all and started out to say the things I had always wanted to say.

(The man in evening clothes pushes himself nearer.)

I won't tell you where I spent a year for daring, but I will tell you it pays! You no longer feel that you are a coward and a hypocrite. If you don't want war, why don't you say so—

(The woman's face grows vivid with life, as she stands beneath the glaring arc light. She looks into the outer circle of darkness with shining eyes. One hand thrust wildly up into her auburn hair loosens it . . .)

Tell your president if he wants war, he can have anarchy—what's the difference?

(There is an awed silence. Three policemen step towards the woman.)

(The Speaker holding out her hands)—Won't some of you dare to do the things you have always wanted to do?

(The man in evening clothes takes another step forward—then hesitates. There are confused murmurs. A youth pulls a red flag out of his pocket but an older man beside him hastily jerks it away and hides it inside his coats. The crowd melts away at the rough order, "Move on!" The policeman lead the woman off.)

The Man in Evening Clothes (climbing into his waiting car—to the chauffeur)—Order a dozen red roses sent to the socialist speaker in the woman's ward—(gives the address in a low voice). Put in no message but this, "To Number Forty-five from Number Forty-six." (Sternly) Remember it's nobody's business.

Chauffeur—Of course, sir.

FROM THE POETRY SOCIETY

THE POET AND THE BIRD

(When the wreaths were removed from the grave of the Danish poet, Oehlenschläger, a bird's nest was discovered.)

Rest, little bird, upon the poet's grave,
Nowhere is there a place more meet;
Living to thee his loving heart he gave,
And dead a nest in flowers sweet.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE

ALL HALLOWS

The saints of God, they frighten me. Their faith is always whole,
They stand like tall white candles by the altars of the soul.
I have so many wayward moods that take me unawares,
I had rather ask God's poets to help me at my prayers.

Saint Crispin was a workingman before he made his vow,
Theresa was a woman once, that wears a halo now,
And Hugh of Lincoln played the game that little children know;
But they were all so innocent, those lives of long ago.

The poets were a feckless lot, and seldom over wise
And many wrong and foolish things had value in their eyes.
They trailed their visions in the dust, were often somewhat blind—
One dare confess to them that God is very hard to find.

So, Dante teach me love and hate, and Chaucer show me mirth,
And Langland give me plowman's faith that labors close to earth,
And Shelley, sacred heart aflame with sense of human wrong,
Make me a valiant rebel for the weak against the strong.

ALLENE GREGORY

TO SOMEONE

Dear friend, who say you love me, and whose heart
I hold in hostage ere I give you mine,
It seems my love your spirit must divine
Without the meaning stumbling words impart.
That I was happiest when you were near,
—Before I glimpsed the truth,—was all I knew,
Then, warm and pulsing into life, there grew
The love above all loves I bring you, dear.
I learned to need you, praying selfishly,
That as I longed for you, you should want me;
And then, despairing of my heart's desire,
I laid the ashes on the unsought fire—
When lo, at your warm love's awakening breath,
The smothered embers kindled from their death.

CITIES

Too many faces, too many tongues,
Too many smiles that lie,
Too many shuffling feet that beat
And fiercely hurry by!

I'm sick of the streets and the sweating throng
In the city's sinister night;
Of the gimlet eye and the bawdry lip
Of satyr and Sybarite!

Oh, for the face of the honest sun,
And the tongue of the singing rill,
And the patter of gladsome feet in the street
That leads to the halcyon hill!

Oh, for the balm of the brooding dusk,
When, one by one, with His rod,
My Father lights the friendly lamps
In the slumbering City of God!

LEW SARETT

THE WOLF CALL

The Arctic moon hung overhead;
The wide white silence lay below.
A starveling pine stood gaunt and lone,
Black-penciled on the snow.

A phantom shadow on the plain;
A wolf's weird call from the distant trail;
And the trembling soul of the frozen North
Was in that mournful wail.

L. R. S.

ILLUSIONS

On campus paths aflood with youth,
Beneath the autumn sky,
When some young, slender, careless lad
In khaki caught my eye,—
One breathless instant I have thought
My own was passing by.

And sometimes I have dropped a book
And started from my chair
Because I heard a boyish step
Come bounding up the stair,
And waited for a wide-flung door
To show him laughing there.

Last night I thought of quiet fields
Made horrible by war—
I heard the night wind say a prayer
For young lads journeyed far,
And I saw that tears were in the eyes
Of every lonely star.

A. G.

TO MY BELOVED

I have seen the white light of the moon
Bathing the earth with an eternal splendour;
I have seen the skipping winds of autumn
Playing with ten thousand colored leaves;
I have seen the quiet of the snow-capped mountains
Smiling, gleaming in benevolent silence;
And then the breaking of the ever dashing waves
Upon a white seabeach have I seen.

And I have seen thee,
And the quiet smile that lights thine eyes,
The dimpling hollow in thy lovely throat,
The calmness of thy sweet white face,
And the radiance of thine auburn hair
Are far more lovely
Than the white light of the moon,
Than the skipping winds of autumn,
Or the snow upon the mountains,
Or the breaking of the waves
Upon the white sea shore.
Oh God, but I do love thee and all thy quiet fairness!
And if I loved thee not nor saw thee not,
What availed me all the beauty of the earth?

F. M.

Editorial

"Nineteen-nineteen, Entrezvouz!"

If wishes were three-cent stamps, the Illinois Magazine would mail individual "Greetings for 1918" to its five million subscribers. Wishes are not stamps, *ergo,* we greet you as a united group with a huge consolidated greeting. Which is all well and good, in this age of corporations.

To be sure, the first precept of a magazine should be "Ignore thyself". We duly admit our presumption in daring to live in these tumultuous times. The public is no doubt incensed to see us flourishing as the green bay-tree-or the Kaiser. Yet it might be well to pass on the secret of flourishing, as a solid basis for our gay "Wish you success!" The recipe was originally Stevenson's, in reference to his writing: "I slogged at it day in and out." Whether it's war or work, here's hoping we get to the goal the Stevenson way—slog!

The Blind Spot—

It was an odd game.

"The Bunch", gathered about the fireplace on New Year's Eve, was candidly naming its own virtues. Each one, gathering up his courage and his pride bespoke the qualities he admired in himself.

At first, curly-haired Zippy was frivolous,—"I like my high insteps." The Uppish Man was inclusive,—"There's nothing I *don't* like about myself." Scuttles sought Bohemianism,—"I can drink more cocktails than anyone at the Club. And I love the way I flip aside a half-smoked cigarette." Hannah was prim,—"I never kissed a man." Yet even in this tentative fooling, the Bunch stressed peculiar virtues.

As the game progressed, the truth became more glaring. When Zippy announced, "I *am* democratic," every eye-brow went up. That afternoon, walking out with Mr. Cordovan Borsalino Trench-Model, she had snubbed old Pegtop Corduroy mercilessly. Pegtop would have laid down his life for Zippy. It is doubtful if Trench-Model would have laid down his swagger-stick.

The Uppish Man, strangely enough, admitted his snobbishness,—"I come of an awfully good family you know. By Jove, you ought to meet my dad,—a wonder at the dollar game, but blue blood to the last drop! We're alike as two pins,—" then quietly announced that he was not conceited. . . There was a strangled silence.

Hannah hastened thereupon to acknowledge she was not humble, she knew she bragged, but her greatest virtue was an understanding of human nature. Who could deny that she had seen at once the *risqué* morals of that little French maid and dismissed her without a single ref? (The reddened eyes, the despairing lips, the determined chin had been meaningless symbols. But a withered rose saved out of chaos bespeaks sentimentality. The soubrette's last plea, "To know all, madame, is to forgive all, madame" was an astounding impudence!) Oh, Hannah knew all about people. She read them as books never as folks.

Scuttles swore. "I couldn't have discharged the Risqué One. Maybe she had a rummy prayer-book. Maybe someone spilled ink on the line 'Lead us not into temptation'—that *is* part of a prayer aint it? I don't know much about women, but the bad uns are as good Red Cross nurses as the good uns."

Scuttles professed to know nothing about anything but he saw through the game first of all. "J'ever hear of that little place in your eye right over the optic nerve? You'd think it would be a whang for seeing, wouldn't you? Not a bit. It's the blind spot.

"F'r instance, I was going to say, 'I've got lots of will-power'. Well, I won't. I've kidded me into believing it, but no one else does. You figure out the li'l old quality that makes you crazy about yourself and ten to one. there's your blind spot. That's the thing to make your New Year's Resos about. Don't worry over your poor old faults. You've been lammin' them aroun' ever since you were born. Cuffing 'em and prodding 'em when they didn't need it. And all the time that guilty old teacher's pet, Virtue, sat on the blind spot and grinned. . . . Get him this year!"

Yes, Scuttles understood the game.



From the President's Message

"Let there be no misunderstanding. Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished. Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, of money, or of material, is being devoted and will continue to be devoted to that purpose until it is achieved. * * *

"We shall regard the war as won only when the German people say to us, through properly accredited representatives, that they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and the reparation of the wrongs their rulers have done. * * *

"When this intolerable Thing, this German power, is, indeed, defeated and the time come that we can discuss peace—when the German people have spokesmen whose words we can believe and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends."—WOODROW WILSON.

"AS ONE WHO SERVES"

HENRY E. WILSON

"THANKS for the insect powder. We are not as bad off as many of our regiments, but it comes in handy."

Written in a dugout in Flanders, this letter from a young Winnipeg lawyer, serving with the Canadians, told a little about the discomforts of trench life.

I know him, have camped and tramped with him and other men in his regiment. He was not complaining, he was just giving facts of interest to those at home.

It was a great satisfaction to me to know that after the experience in the trenches—the mud, the vermin, the trench rats, the poison gas, the shell fire, and penetrating cold—there waited the "hut" with the Red Triangle on it, the synonym for welcome, cheer, service, warmth and friendliness, a "hut" which offers diversion, amusement, recreation, comfort, and relaxation.

Y. M. C. A. secretaries accompany men from home cities to camps. They serve them there. They continue with them to the port of embarkation; they serve them on the transport; they serve them at the port of debarkation; they provide for them at base camps, rest camps, in dugouts back of the trenches; they go with them in the advance. General Odlum, commander of Vimy Ridge, said: "Before the place was consolidated, your representative was at the crest of Vimy Ridge, Hill 145, serving biscuits and hot chocolate to the men."

"The Y. M. C. A. goes with your boy every step of the way." More than that, it is the only significant competitor to the agencies of commercialized vice. We have now in operation 429 centers in France, 47 in Mesopotamia, 45 in India, 43 on the Mediterranean, 58 in Egypt and Palestine, 1000 in England, and over 300 in the United States and Canada, and also at every important base here and abroad for the men of the navy.

At the base camps where the largest program of work is carried out, the "hut" serves as a center for the activities in each brigade. Moving picture machine, piano, talking machine, writing materials, magazines, athletic supplies, game tables, post-office and savings department, make up the equipment. The activities vary. Moving pictures, practical talks, educational classes, all kinds of indoor and outdoor athletics, Bible classes, a variety of religious meetings, with many other events, are all included.

One bit of work is interesting and indicates the spirit of the movement. The Association has established agencies in the camps in this country for handling money orders in order to make it easy for the men to send money home. As a result, from one to three million dollars a month passes through Y. M. C. A. channels.

The work done outside of the camps is worthy of note. Not only in this country are the city Y. M. C. A. buildings open to

This is the story of the Y. M. C. A. red triangle, of a remarkable campaign, and of the fighting men at home and aboard, who battle for democracy. The author is General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., University of Illinois.—EDITOR.

the men, but headquarters are established for American soldiers in both London and Paris. They meet the need of our men even to the furnishing of the "American" soda-water fountain. Y. M. C. A. guides are supplied in the large cities to conduct sight-seeing parties, and recently a hotel in the French Alps has been fitted up to provide for the men on furlough with Y. M. C. A. service under the best possible conditions.

It is said that there are never fewer than 250 relatives of wounded men staying at the Y. M. C. A. hotels in France. These people cross the Channel to go to the front hospitals and are cared for by the Association secretaries. In one instance the relatives arrived after the wounded man had passed away. They found that the secretary had made all necessary arrangements for the funeral, even to the purchasing of flowers.

The knowledge of such work makes for the sense of proprietorship now being exhibited in the Y. M. C. A. by our own American people. In the recent campaign a stenographer contributed ten dollars (which was one week's salary). The canvasser protested, advising her to give less. She replied, "No, I have two brothers in France; it may be the last chance *I* will have to do anything for them." She personalized the organization. She was right for we are representing the home folks. In the spirit of our Master, we are among you and them "as one who serves".

And what tributes we have had from the men themselves. Sergeant Empey, author of "Over the Top", said in an interview: "Show me the soldier who makes a disparaging remark about the Y. M. C. A. and its work, and I will show you the soldier who is a detriment to the army, who is constantly in trouble, and who has lost the respect of his officers and mates."

Major Gerald Birks, of Canada, said, "Last time I visited the spot near a communicating trench at the front, soldiers were picking up the remains of a man who had just been blown to pieces as he was drinking tea at an Association 'dugout'. When the boys from the front saw the 'dugout' where their kitchen had been shelled out, one shouted, 'Look, boys, at the bloody Y. M. C. A.; they're the stuff.'

"After seventy-two hours in the trenches, an English officer wearily dragged himself down the road wondering if he could take the next step. He passed the Y. M. C. A. tent well ventilated by German shells, and was soon in his sleeping bag. But later, when he heard music at the Association, said he, "Blamed if I didn't dress, and hang around the edge of that tent all evening, singing and listening to the singing. I don't think much of this religion, but blamed if you can't have my last cent."

Regular army officers appreciate the service. The heads of our own and Allied governments have requested the continuation and expansion of the Association program. France has requested a thousand Y. M. C. A. centers for her troops; Italy, that we send 500 men; Russia, that we come immediately.

The Y. M. C. A. is the only international structure now intact. Its program has been adapted to meet the needs of the men in prison camps of whom there are over six million. It will mean the salvation of the bodies, minds, and spirits of these men. It makes possible the return of prisoners of war to their countries as moral and physical assets rather than liabilities. As our soldiers are taken prisoners we will come to know the Red Triangle as the channel through which to send mail and food to them. In European countries, thousands of citizens, and in many instances members of the government, have depended on the Y. M. C. A. to locate their relatives in the prison camps of the enemy countries.

In the United States our organization for the work in the Army and Navy is under the direction of an executive committee with a subcommittee for each military district. In addition there are seven national bureaus specializing on different lines of work. They are the Bureau of Personnel, the Bureau of Matériel, the Bureau of Construction, the Bureau of Publicity, and the Bureaus of Physical Education and Religious Work, each in charge of their respective departments, standardizing programs and perfecting methods.

The Bureau of Finance is ably administered, having the services of some of the greatest financiers of the country who are giving generously not only of their money but of their time.

It has been said that the Y. M. C. A. is as necessary to the Army as is ammunition. Certainly it contributes directly and almost entirely to the "morale"—courage, optimism, contentment, determination—which Napoleon said is to any other factor in the Army as three to one.

The cup of cold water has been interpreted to mean the cup of hot coffee. Those sick and in prison are visited. The hospital visitor may be an actor who by his entertainment helps to dam up the rivers of pain. The prison visitor organizes and gives direction upward to the energy that would otherwise rot away. This is the modern manifestation of the spirit of Christ expressed in terms we all understand.

We are fighting for national ideals. We have asked men to go out and represent us, if necessary, to the giving of their lives for their ideals. Through the work of the Red Triangle we are making it possible for them to do this service for humanity without it costing these ideals in their own personal lives.

Long after we have forgotten our recent contributions of nearly $30,000 to the war fund, our representatives will still be doing this service for us in the camps of this country, in the cities, and camps of Europe, and up back of the lines.

These Y. M. C. A. secretaries, our representatives, will work early and late; they will give of themselves unselfishly for they feel as do we, that no amount of money is too large, no effort is too great to provide for the comfort and welfare of these men who go out from us. Verily, they will be known in history as the saviors of civilization.



THE PROFESSOR'S PONY

ASTRID DODGE

PROFESSOR ALONZO P. FAIRWEATHER, of the department of Chemistry at Glover College, sat down at his desk, extracted an ample handkerchief from his pocket, and blew his nose hard. Rising, he tiptoed to the door, locked it, and sat down again. Before the professor, on his desk, stood a large, round box. Untying the string, he raised his trembling hands to remove the cover, dropped them quickly, rose again, and walked over to his window. With the utmost care and precaution, he drew the curtains close and pulled down the shade. Next he lighted a candle and placed it on the desk. This done, he sat down, lifted the cover from the box, and, with a cautious glance over his shoulder at the flickering shadows in the corners of his little room, he drew forth—a pair of cuffs!

It may seem to you that the professor was using undue precaution in opening the box of laundry which Lee Woo Ting had left outside his door that morning. Pray suspend your judgment until the circumstances have been related to you.

It all began with the fact that Alonzo Fairweather was bashful. Not only was he bashful before members of his own sex, but he was unconquerably bashful before members of the more powerful sex. When a student, Alonzo had carefully avoided girls and had reached his thirtieth year without so much as having exchanged a word with a woman of his own age.

Imagine his consternation when, yesterday evening a member of his department had dropped into his room and asked him, as a special favor, to escort his sister to Mme. von Schlickberg's concert, as he had been called out of town unexpectedly. What was poor Fairweather to do? This was Wednesday afternoon and the concert was Friday evening. Not daring to refuse a member of the department, he accepted and from that moment his troubles began. Far into the night he sat, elbows resting on his desk, hands buried in his hair. Inspiration comes to him who waits. Fairweather, waiting in his darkness, of his room, got his idea just as the clock in the hall struck two. It wasn't that he did not know how to act in public, but only that, when in the fearful presence of women, he became so flurried that he completely forgot himself. Why not make a list of the things to do and the things to say and print them on his cuffs? By turning aside from time to time with the pretence of looking at his wristwatch he could read his self-imposed instructions and perhaps for once in his life feel at ease in public!

With a sigh of relief he rose, undressed and climbed into bed with a lighter heart than he had had since the blow had come.

Thus it was that Prof. Fairweather had retired to his room with so much secrecy on the evening before the concert, fearing that some of his fellow boarders at Mr. Binglo's Select Bachelors' Quarters might spy on him. With the feeling of a school-

boy preparing a "pony" for a coming examination, the professor drew one of the cuffs from the box, and, in small, neat letters, printed the following words:

I.—Mode of Procedure

A. Call for her.

B. Ask if she wants to ride.

1. If she does, remember to pay for her.

2. Help her on car. Get off first and help her off.

C. Ask if she wants her coat off and help her if she does.

D. Get programs for both.

E. If she asks me to call, I'll be glad to. DON'T ASK HER TO CALL ON ME!

Well satisfied with his efforts, he placed the cuffs on the radiator to dry, and set to work on the other one, in the same neat lettering.

II.—Conversation. MEMORIZE!

A. Weather:

1. Pleasant now.

a. Hope it gets cold soon or the buds will come out and freeze.

2. Blizzard this time last year.

B. Concert.

1. Mme. von Schlickberg born in Paris of German parents. Spent most of her life in Italy.

a. Mixed feelings concerning the war.—EXPAND.

C. Her brother.

1. Invaluable to department.

a. Never loses head in explosion.—Cite examples.

2. Well liked by students and faculty.—DEVELOP FURTHER.

The rest of the evening he spent in his room, door locked, keyhole stuffed with cotton, shade pulled down, memorizing the conversation in which he was to engage his colleague's sister the next evening. He set to work with an earnestness that would have done justice to a far nobler task. At the end of two hours, with the perspiration streaming down his face, he was inquiring of a picture of Hercules for the twentieth time if it would not prefer to ride home as it must be rather tired after walking over.

The next morning dawned with ironical brightness it seemed to Fairweather, as he sprang from his bed and looked nervously into his top bureau drawer to reassure himself that the cuffs were still there. As he dressed, he asked himself a thousand questions: What if she said she wished to remove her coat "after a while"? He couldn't very well make a note of that on his cuff! What if their seats were in the first row downstairs? He would have to lead her past all his gaping friends—for they were sure to be seated in a grinning, derisive row behind him, watching and commenting on his every movement. And what, oh, what if she weren't ready? As time went on he became more nervous and excited. He spent an hour before dinner in rehearsing the conversation. Immediately after dinner—which he but tasted,—he retired to his room to dress. He, at least, would be on time.

Just as he was about to put on the precious cuffs, a loud knock sounded at the door. He started guiltily, hid the cuffs under his pillow, and opened the door as calmly as he could. Outside, in the dimly-lit hall, stood Mr. Binglo, his landlord. Mr. Binglo handed him a pale, scented note, remarking with a sly wink that brought a hot wave of color to Fairweather's cheek,

"It's from a lady, I think. *Smells* like it."

As soon as the door had closed behind the landlord, he tore open the note and read the contents written in a dainty, feminine hand:

"My dear Prof. Fairweather,

I can't tell you how sorry I am, but this afternoon I tripped on my pet Pomeranian and sprained my ankle, which will

make it impossible for me to go to the concert this evening. I appreciate very much your kindness in consenting to take my brother's place.

Sincerely yours,
Violette Worthington Pierce"

With remarkable coolness and self-possession, Fairweather walked across the room to his bed, pulled one cuff out from behind his pillow, and wrote in small, neat letters:

"Send flowers if she sprains her ankle."

He then sat down at his desk, extracted an ample handkerchief from his pocket, and blew his nose *hard*.



MARA

HELEN BUCHEN

Dying, the old year slips
Down in Time's grays;
Slowly, like white-sailed ships,
Vanish his days.
Joy have I had in him,
Sorrow, despair;
That which is past grows dim,—
What should I care?
Life is a little thing,
Shadows, the years;
Dirges, the songs they sing,
Empty their fears.
New Years no hope should bring;
Old years no pain.
Death is a little thing,
Strong sins no stain.
On to the journey's end,
Stumbles my soul,
Come what the gods may send,—
Happiness, dole!
That which is done is done,—
Why wail and weep?
Doom has not yet begun,—
Let the past sleep.

PROMOTING THE PLAY

F. K. W. DRURY

THE work of the Illinois Drama Federation for the University year 1916-17 was along four distinct lines. Perhaps the chief activity was play presentation, and it is of interest to note that every affiliated club, with the exception of the Glee and Mandolin Club, presented at least one production during the year.

In addition to all of these performances by the federated clubs, there were others of interest to drama lovers, which contained much original material.

The second main work of the Drama Federation, was play-writing. Not only have stunts been produced and a student opera written, but for the first time two prizes for plays were offered. First was the Thacher Howland Guild Memorial prize of $25.00 for a poem, or a one-act play. This, however, did not bring forth material which satisfied the judges.

At about the same time, Mask and Bauble offered $25.00 for a one-act play and several were submitted. One, "The Cedar Tree Man", by W. S. Stone, '19, was awarded the prize. Later, this had the honor of being presented in Morrow Hall as the last of the Dramatic Hours.

Also, besides these efforts on the part of the Federation, the Scribblers Club voted to undertake the writing of one-act plays and by virtue of this action applied for membership in the Federation, which has been granted.

The third main line of work for the Federation has been play reading, and the most notable event in regard to this was the inauguration by Mask and Bauble of a series of Dramatic Hours.

At these it was the intention to present in simple form some interesting one-act plays and four of these Hours were held in Morrow Hall during the year. Attendance was limited to members of the Federation and such others of the faculty and students who made application for associate membership.

At the first of these Dramatic Hours, on December 13, 1916, "The Lost Silk Hat", by Lord Dunsany, and "Mary's Wedding", by Gilbert Cannan, were presented. At the second, on January 17, the "Maker of Dreams", by Oliphant Downs, was presented. At the third on March 28, two plays by Percival Wilde were given, "The Noble Lord", and "The Finger of God", while at the fourth and last Hour, on May 2, the prize play, "The Cedar Tree Man", by W. S. Stone, was presented.

Among the Tuesday night readings by the English faculty, only one play was read, this being Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" by Mr. Hillebrand on November 7.

Dramatic readings of a more informal nature were tried by Athenean, and a few other societies.

Play study was featured during the year by the re-installment in the curriculum of English 45, a course in the study of plays, under the direction of Mr. Hillebrand,

Editor's Note—This is a review of dramatic activity at the University of Illinois for the winter of 1916-17.

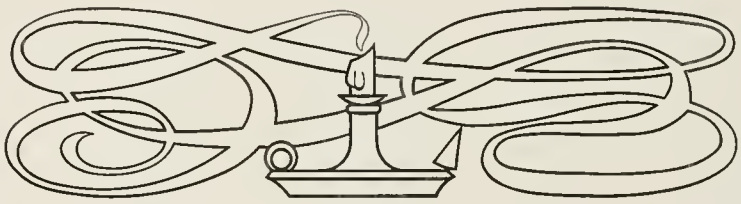
there having been no such course since the death of Mr. Guild.

The fourth line of work attempted by the Federation was the promotion of a campus theatre, the idea of which really gave rise to its formation. The field for possible development toward a campus theatre was carefully gone over by the Executive Committee, and while disappointed in the failure to see an adequate stage for dramatic performances installed in the new Music Building, there has been some consolation in the feeling that the Music School would undoubtedly keep this auditorium so busy with its own features that it would be difficult to secure it for rehearsal, or even performances them-

Possible stages in the Student Union Building and the Gregory Memorial were also discussed, but seemed rather intangible. It was, therefore, decided to center the interest of the Federation for the present upon Morrow Hall, and to improve that stage by taking out the rear wall and deepening the stage to a depth of at least 30 feet. An estimate of this proposition from the supervising architect's office gave the cost at $3,500, and because of war conditions no action was taken on this during the spring.

An attempt to improve the staging in the University Auditorium met with decided success, and the University has installed an adequate denim curtain to run across the platform and has enclosed the entire stage with green velour curtains.

This summary of the work of the Illinois Drama Federation is presented to show that there seems to be a definite place for such an organization to center the activities of the dramatic organizations on the campus.



Mask and Bauble may be famous
And its name you'll always hear,
And the Player's Club, and the gay Pierrots
To campus hearts are dear,—
We champion still another
Deserving, noble name,
We nominate the old Glee Club
For the Drama's Hall of Fame.
They won applause by singing
"My Boy" and "Lady Chloe",
But the piéce de resistance
Was a futuristic show!



DOPE



WITH Capt. George Halas as a nucleus, Coach Jones has lived up to his reputation as a coach and in a short time has formed a fighting team. This team, in practice games, defeated the Millikin quintet at Champaign and again at Decatur by comfortable margins. An effort to schedule practice games during the holidays with Northwestern College failed. Since only the Wabash game is to be played before the Purdue game, a comparatively green team must start against the Boilermakers January 9. Five days later we play Minnesota in Champaign. If veterans count anything in basketball, Purdue and Minnesota should have rather formidable aggregations of tossers, for Purdue has four and Minnesota has three letter men back.

Capt. Halas threw his hat into the ring last year and with no high school experience developed into one of the best guards in the conference. This year he is going good at back guard. He is the only surviving member of last year's quintet. Coach Jones is as yet undecided as to the personnel of the remainder of the team, and at present all we can do is to indulge in a few of Professors Bode's "probabilities".

"Bert" Ingwersen, who played center on the football team, has shown up well in practice games, and it seems as if he will play the other guard. Wilson has shown up best at the pivot position, but an injury received a short time ago in practice may keep him out of the game. At forward, Anderson, an old freshman varsity man from Charleston Normal, seems to be securely fortified against all comers. Probst has been playing center since Wilson has been injured, and if he keeps on improving will probably play somewhere on the team. Middleton, a junior, is making a good bid for forward. Taylor, a sophomore, and Stevens, a senior, are both playing fair basketball and may break into the game sometime.

Concerning the 1918 team, Coach Jones says:

"This year the basketball team is very green—even the captain. However, they have assimilated the coaching in good share, and have used fairly good headwork in the games played to date."



Between You and Me



How few tears are shed for anything but self-pity!

At least the war has made the world safe for informals.

Ten years from now you will not remember whether you passed your quiz. But you will still hear Warfield say, "Eat 'em a-life—eat 'em alife!", and Bernhardt cry, "*Vive la France!*"

To be paradoxical—when freshmen are ready to graduate they are taught how to be good freshmen. That's why you hear so many seniors ejaculate "If I could only do it over!"

Happiness is like a coiffeur. It looks all right so long as you don't look at it.

TECUMSEH SAYS—

Be rash if you would be wise.

Goodness or truth should never be questioned when comfort and entertainment figure.

Discontent is largely a matter of surfeited content.

The difference between a woman and a man is the difference between a fool and his foil.

There are only two sorts of things in the world,—things I can do and things I cannot. And the only sort that amounts to a whoop is the latter.

Educational institutions are designed to produce ideal mediocrity.

Plagiarism is clumsy imitation: genius is not clumsy.

The difference between yours and mine is dependent upon your ability to keep yours yours.

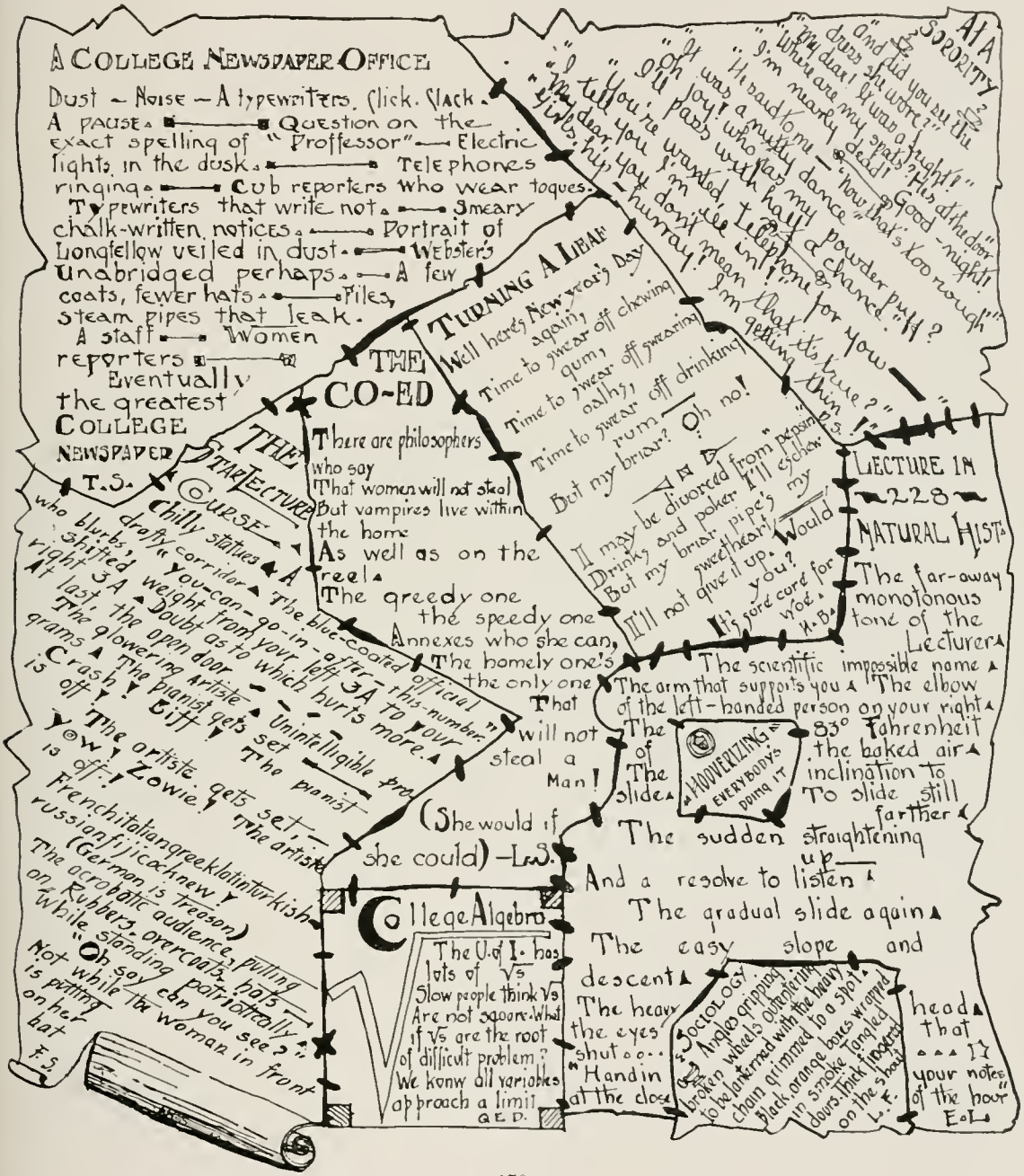
The works of the devil are things I do not care to do.

There are all sorts and grades of washwomen ranging from those who get ten percent of the buttons to those who get sixty and eighty percent.

The vermin in France will probably be greatly delighted to find lodgment in the nobby sweater vests the co-eds are knitting. It is undoubtedly horrid even to suggest such a thing.

THE SCRAP-BAG

The thermometer went down. The fat gods, being cold, decided to piece a quilt. They went to the scrap-bag where all cast-off bits of life are relegated. The first ragged bundle the gods pulled out of the bag had been thrown in by Illinois students. The bundle was composed of impressions, each one cut from a different fabric of University life. This is the way the fat gods pieced their impressionistic quilt:



IMPORTS I HAVE KNOWN
—by the Inspired Co-ed

All of us know her: the just right girl, or the little girl, or the tall girl, with the brown eyes, or blue eyes, or gray eyes, or black eyes, and the brown hair, or yellow hair, or golden hair, or red hair,—the girl men think of and don't talk about much—the girl they import for the prom.

And we all know the fever we get when as mere onlookers in the gallery, we see our friends and enemies enjoying themselves on Prom night. We all have sworn that next year when the melancholy days have come again, we will most emphatically say "No!" when we are asked to shelter the lass from the home town. Too long have we paid the duty levied on imports.

Of the specimens of out-of-towns in my mental gallery, I first remember Gwendolyn of the blue eyes and the baby face. She was fair and good to look upon. For her there existed one god and one only—and that was the god of clothes. But the sisters were so shocked at the utter absence of back in her formal gown that they inserted a piece of lace in a desperate attempt to at least partly conceal Gwendolyn's dorsal possession from all scrutinizing observers. Surely the sorority could not bear the stain of such effrontery on its traditions!

Then there came she whom men call Dorothy. In my tortured mind she will always live as the devotee of fraternity pins. Dorothy never wore less than two at a time when she sat down to luncheon or dinner. When I finally recovered from my horror the first time I saw her motley array of Greek symbols, I managed to articulate, "where did they come from?"

"Oh," she casually replied, "I just wear 'em!" Dorothy was not at all surprised when one of the sisterhood in fun wore six pins. Indeed, the only one that Milady thought worthy of notice was that of Phi Gamma Delta.

Wilhelmina offered an interesting contrast. She seemed almost painfully harmless. When she came home from the Prom in the early morning, the vestibule door was locked, but Wilhelmina Henrietta did not think it worth while to ring the bell for someone to let her in. She merely fell asleep in the hall and there the sisters found her in the morning.

Next came Vivian, who attended a fraternity formal. For her *le bon Dieu* was curiosity. Nothing escaped her—positively nothing. At five o'clock on Saturday morning, she awakened her room-mate with her ceaseless babble. At seven, her olfactory organs were aware of the coffee in the kitchen, and her wrathful bed-fellow stumbled downstairs in self-defense. At eight, Vivian was out on the lawn digging dandelions.

Now comes the last chapter in this mystic Book of Imports. Phoebus Apollo with his lyre could not have posed more effectively than Virginia. She thought more of the manner in which she held her fork than she did of her dinner. She was especially fond of posing in the glow of the hearth-fire. Once her dress began to burn while she experienced unusual difficulty in attaining a perfect drape in her sleeve, wound her arm around the tall lamp by the mantel.

We of the feminine gender know all these things. They are a part of Prom and fraternity formals just as much as the pretty girls, and the good-looking lads, and the golden haze of playing at being "people", and the charm of seeing one's friends take the girl they want—or that somebody else wanted—to the greatest social event of the year.

DAYS IN A SEMINAR

1. The Rain Day

TODAY the seminar is a madhouse. There is an iron netting over the collection of rare books. The stacks and the grating for shelves are of iron. I cannot escape.

The books are all mutely accusing me and each seems to insist, "You should know what I contain." How impossible and absolutely endless is this so-called quest for knowledge. These men with doctor's degrees who spend a life-time pouring over the heaviest and dustiest volumes should be wise—and yet how little in the whole world they really know.

Two professors are jabbering unintelligible sounds. It sounds like an insane jargon but I know it is Spanish. A pale, nervous graduate student cannot find a book and I think he will be raving in a minute. Two under-classmen are whispering together. They wear huge, horn spectacles and might be inhabitants of another planet. I listen closely. They are repeating over and over in a dull monotone an irregular French verb. Tomorrow is a final examination and they are tense and high-strung from the so-called cramming.

Not one smiles as he works. There is a grim determination, a feverish energy and white heat at which he labors. Not one seems young or happy.

Outside the rain is beating down. High above my desk on the top of each stack a noted author glares down. There is nothing sympathetic or encouraging in their marble faces—only a grim cynicism and sarcasm as if they observed our futile efforts. They are the guards of the madhouse.

2. The Sunshine Day

Below the seminar windows, the green campus stretches alluringly. The fragrance of new-mown grass freshens the dusty atmosphere of our book-house. A gay butterfly floats through the open window.

The seminar door swings open and the Lady in White steps in. How feminine and dainty she seems! Her dainty white dress is so different from the tailored suits and last year hats of the women who usually come here. Wonder of wonders, she is smiling and her eyes are bright with anticipation. Is she really going to study?

She is translating a book on Italian philosophy. Then I and the Least Objectionable of the Masculine Graduates who sits facing her at the table, simultaneously make a wonderful discovery. She has been here many times before but it has been on cold days and rain days. It remained for the sun-shine day to bring the two butterflies into the seminar.

3. Yesterday

Truly this is rightly called the Romance Language Seminar for the Lady in White and the Least Objectionable Masculine

Graduate are learning the language of romance as the days go by. I can see it in their eyes. I can see it in the way they both study here more than ever.

I saw it yesterday when he wanted her to go walking and she insisted that it was her duty to read the Italian philosophy book. He reluctantly began to study also. I watched her for half an hour. She never looked from her book, but she never turned a page!

At the end of that time they both glanced up, she nodded to the question in his eyes, and they left for a stroll along the shady campus walks.

4. Today

It was hard to come to the seminar this morning. It grows harder as the year goes by, but after Home-coming and all the attendant excitement it seemed to take more energy than usual. I was almost deserted all morning.

Then at noon I heard voices. The door swung open and the ex-Lady in White, now a fashionable Lady in Grey entered. Behind her came the Most Desirable Graduate Student. They did not notice me. I am like the books—only part of the necessary equipment of the seminar. They stood so near my desk that I could hear snatches of their whispered conversation, in plain English, thank heavens!

"Over there Helen—at that table—white dress."

"Don't be silly, Tom—time before the train to hunt for that Italian philosophy."

The door closed and I was left alone with my books. They are my friends now for I know them all and their stories. Even Dante's marble lips seemed to smile.

For it is written in the Cook Book of Life: He that is Pickled shall be Canned.

Look not on the wine when it is red lest thou be in no condition to look upon the book when it is blue.

"ILLINOIS IN THE FIFTIES"

This is Centennial year for Illinois. Have you read the Centennial edition of ILLINOIS IN THE FIFTIES, *by Charles B. Johnson, M. D., a book by a Champaign man. Published in Champaign and profusely illustrated. $1.25 at all book stores and at the office of the Local Exemption Board No. 2. The author is medical examiner there and he'll autograph it for you if you ask him to.*

"SPIFFIN'S TOILERS"

THAT night, as I slept in my study on the folding bookcase-bed, I dreamed that I received this mysterious letter:

> "Find enclosed fifty dollars ($50) in payment for your short story entitled 'Spiffin's Toilers'."

I awoke to the dismal realization that it was not true; that I had not sold a story since my marriage (much less before); that the last check father sent us had dwindled away into a hundred dollars and twenty-nine cents, which we kept in the flat because banks may fail. Just that evening, Estelle and I had hidden twenty-five in the fern-dish, twenty-five in the patent bread-mixer, and fifty in the umbrella stand.

Perhaps my dream indicated the immediate sale of "Spiffin's Toilers"—"*Spiffin's Toilers*"! Suddenly, the unfamiliar words seized my thoughts. The strange thing was that *I had written no story called "Spiffin's Toilers"*. Who, indeed, was Spiffin? And who or what on earth were his toilers? I had subconsciously gleaned the phrase from some old volume?

I pulled my flashlight from the pocket of my pajamas, where I kept it for midnight reading, to feverishly scan the rows of books above and below me. Not a title mentioned or even suggested Spiffin. Not one. He was an absolute stranger to the fictional world. Undoubtedly, I had never read him. But perhaps I had met him? I would ask Estelle.

Having descended from the bed by means of a high table, I donned my purple bathrobe and hastened into the living-room where my wife sleeps on a magnificent bed-davenport. I disliked to disturb the little thing, curled so comfortably beneath her winter coat, one hand grasping a big green button, the other hidden among her silky curls and curlers.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "Who is Spiffin?"

Estelle awakens beautifully. She stretches out like a sleepy kitten, her body tense from flung arm to toes, till her mouth rounds into a rosy yawn, her arms fall limp and her eyes open. Then she smiles and goes to sleep again if you do not use drastic measures. After each measure, I repeated, "Who—is—Spiffin?" She returned the measures but no information.

"Dunno him," was her lucid reply.

You see? She didn't know him. Neither of us did. His world was not ours, but the great Unknown. Out of the night, some disembodied human spirit, with a yearning soul unfathomed by our poor intelligence, had sought to communicate with my living person, finally imparting his name to me—Spiffin!

"Estelle," I said very cautiously, for I didn't want to frighten her by my strange story: "Your Bruno has had an odd experience. Some psychic reality has caused him to dream he sold a story! Isn't that wonderful, dear— But more wonderful is the name of this unwritten story, 'Spiffin's Toilers'."

"How much did you get for it?" asked my wife eagerly.

"Fifty dollars," said I, trying not to look conceited.

"I think you're wonderful," sighed Estelle.

Sometimes I believe she is divine, this wife of mine. Content to abandon her splendid art of chorus-dancing, she seldom murmurs at living in a flat too small to be called an apartment, sleeping on a folding bed, or eating canned beans. Content with smoking cigarettes, she never drinks cocktails like her former companions. And no matter how small the sales from my stories, she still, after a year of marriage, thinks I am wonderful. Even my own father fails to hold that opinion, but you can see he admires Estelle, for he said the other day, "I can keep you both now on half the amount you alone used to cost me." It hurts not to be able to give a woman like that what she is used to. I tell you an author is sometimes tempted to prostitute his Art by catering to a public that demands vampires and Wall Street for the sake of earning the paltry shekels.

Divining my financial embarrassment, Mr. Spiffin had thoughtfully offered the prospect of money for my story of him and his toilers. From among the more experienced writers he had chosen me to present his psychic mesasge to the waiting world. Triumphant, I paced the moonlit room.

"Estelle," I cried, "I am vogue as to the exact communication of the psychic reality, so tell me! What sort of a person belongs to the name 'Spiffin'?"

She thoughtfully sat up and hugged her pink silk knees.

"An Englishman," she beamed, at last, "Red nose. Drinks rum. Talks Cockney. Ni-ice o-old Geezer with a narsty cough—" she hummed tentatively.

A bit dashed, I queried, "Who then are his toilers?"

"Sixty bottlers that work in his pickle factory."

Somehow my enthusiasm for the message of Spiffin waned. Pickles are really vulgar, you know. And smelly.

"Thank you, my dear," I said, faintly. "And good-night."

I had reached my room and untied my bathrobe before a new thought struck me. Was—Spiffin—a—poet? I dashed back into the living-room, knocking over my pipe-stand and a beauty-case as I went. I switched on the light.

"Estelle!" I cried. I have it. Spiffin is a poet."

"A poet," she gurgled, joyously. She leaped from the davenport and together we fox-trotted madly about the dismantled room. We threw chairs into corners and kicked them. We hurled rugs and the winter coat against the windows. We tore the evening newspapers into shreds and threw them up like snow. We shook out the contents of the waste-basket and danced with it on our heads. Long ago, Estelle taught me this method of rejoicing. She learned it on the stage. It is very jolly.

"Our fortune's made," she panted, as we sank exhausted into the morris chair. "I think you're wonderful."

"You mean Spiffin is. What a poet he must have been! Marvelous eyes like bluebells under water. Rich brown curls. Yes, I see it all now."

"And the toilers?"

I'm afraid my face clouded. "Well, the toilers were— the toilers were— they were his hands. His hands!" I held up mine to look at them curiously. "These are the two toilers. How stupid of me not to have guessed! Don't you see the symbolism, the thought and emotion they express? They toiled for the genius, Spiffin, patiently and after his death came back to haunt the executioner who killed him."

"Ugh!" shivered Estelle. "Don't tell me any more."

"I won't. Let me carry you to bed now. I'm glad Spiffin's a poet, though, darling."

As I returned to my study that time, I was enjoying the exalted mood of inspiration which comes to all true artists. It seemed that the whole world had been created for my pleasure. Each whisper of nature was a sign, every shadow had a deeper significance. I stopped. The light from the living-room filled my study with shadows. There was a strange one upon the calcimined wall that had the aspect of a human profile. Great beetling brows overhung the bulging eye; the hooked nose almost met the protruding lips; and the curved chin added enormously to the villiany of a hideous face. I stood paralyzed before it. Some spirit-like voice seemed to whisper with inevitable authority

"You—were—wrong. This creature before you is the likeness of the *criminal* Spiffin."

"Heaven help me!" I groaned, bowing my head into trembling hands. "Can poor Spiffin be a criminal?"

I stumbled back into the living-room because it had a window. I wanted to lay my fingers upon the throbbing pulse of nature. As I opened the creaking sash, three little handkerchiefs which Estelle had spread upon the glass to dry, fell off one by one. I shivered a little as I stood there in the moonlight. They seemed to symbolize my hopes for the disembodied human spirit. I leaned out to look into the deep gulf of the gray court, and uttered the fantastic name aloud.

"Spiffin!" I cried, again and again, as if to recall my visitant. "Spiffin! What has been thy crime and what thy meed?" (A good word, that.) It occurred to me to try poetry. The only lines I could recall were some I had used that evening in a toast at the Annual Banquet of the Patten County Patriots.

"'Lay down the axe'," I began, and Estelle stirred a little. I confess I hoped she would awaken to appreciate my earnestness. Perhaps, I even went so far as to visualize her "Memoirs of My Husband" which she is to write after my death:

> "Nov. 1—At midnight, my slumber was aroused by Bruno's voice. He stood at the window, utterly unconscious of the material world, repeating those solemn lines of Bryant's—"

"'Lay down the axe!'" I continued, raising my voice. How I regretted it afterward! Mut pride was my undoing. "'Lay down the axe! Fling by the spade,'" I quite shouted, "'Leave in its track the toiling plough!"

"Toiling!" said Estelle, very much awake, now.

"Toiling!" said I, blinking dazedly. "Plough. Axe. Spade."

"Spade. Axe Plough," tittered Estelle.

I drowned her levity in a torrent of words. "Spiffin was a villian! The axe was his weapon. Even now his hands are bloody. His crimes swept the country while he lived. In death, he finds no respite, but returns to relate the story of his victims. He seeks in me a medium—" my teeth chattered.

"Put down the window," said Estelle, "you're catching cold."

Before obeying, I uttered again to the night, "Spiffin, thou rogue! Away! Away! To where the blood-stream blots the green." Then I turned on the light.

Estelle's voice was extremely muffled because she had somehow got her head inside the sleeve of her winter coat; still I heard her remonstrate,

"Aw, what d'ye want to have him be a Raffles for?"

I told her about the strange silhouette, but she observed that she was not inclined to "give it much". Undoubtedly, she said, it was the shadow of the waste-paper bas-

ket on top of the morris chair, with her shoes and corset on top of that. Not thinking of any refutatoin, I only chanted, solemnly,

" 'Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough!"

After the way of women, she even appropriated my verse for her own purpose. Rising inside the wildly waving coat sleeve, she argued insistently that if Spiffin's toilers were ploughs, Spiffin, himself, was a farmer. I sank weakly into a chair. It sounded reasonable. Yet whose instincts was I to believe? How might I choose the true inspiration from among so many? I was hopelessly befuddled. Not so Estelle. The wonderful little woman emerged from her snug covering, turned a somer-sault on the floor and landed by the ward-robe. (Half is a writing-desk.) From it she took a pencil and a piece of paper, which she tore into strips.

On the first she printed, in a business-like manner:

1. Spiffin — Englishman; red nose; narsty cough. Toilers—Bottlers in his pickle factory.

"Oh, never!" I objected, but she calmly wrote on the next slip:

2. Spiffin—Poet; eyes like blue-bells under water. Toilers—two hands.

"That's better," said I. She rapidly inscribed on two more pieces,

3. Spiffin — Farmer; boots; tobacco (for chewing). Toilers—Keen Kutter Ploughs.

4. Spiffin — Criminal; blood-stream blots green. Toilers—Axes.

"Now," she said, "Luck decides." (I secretly begged the gods for number two.) "I'll place these in a row in the back-yard by the garbage can." I would have spoken, but she clapped her hand on my mouth. "Of course its cold. But who's the hero in this comedy, anyhow? Want to speak your lines in the wings? You're going to enter the stage blindfolded, Upper Right Center, and the little chorus in pink silk pajamas leads the way."

"Blindfolded," I muttered.

At that she seized the table-cover, gathered it about my head and tied it in tight knots at the back of my neck with the cord of my bathrobe. Between soft gurgles of laughter, she commanded, "Forward, Growly!" I did not realize the import of that speech until later.

As we went down the long, winding, back-stairs, the clock on the down-town library chimed one. It filled me with unutterable sadness. There was a sort of finality in that melancholy "One!" Fate—or Estelle — had decreed that I might choose not three, or ten, or thirteen Spiffins, but one. That was the magic number which would decide my future. A verse of my childhood recurred to me, and I improvised, tenderly,

"Hundreds of sea-shells on the shore,
Hundreds of bees in the open clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one Spiffin the wide world over!"

"You're dead right," said Estelle in her quaint phraseology. "Blindfolded tight enough?"

I assured her that I was. We stepped shiveringly into the cold Night and wended our way to the garbage can.

"Now the slips are in a neat row," said Estelle, "Grab one."

"I can't!" I choked. Perhaps some high Power awed me and stayed my hand. "I, like Bassanio, must—"

"Ponder then, Basanio," interrupted Estelle in her deliciously humorous fashion, "But Portia is darn cold in her pink silk pajamas. "Meet you in the flat. So long!" I heard her patter away.

In a moment I was left with my

thoughts and the garbage can. The latter tripped me every time I moved. Finally resolving to make the choice, I slid my hand along the ground in search of the pieces of paper. I felt them there, nestling innocently together just as Estelle had placed them.

"Lay down the axe!" I murmured, in breathless incantation. "Fling by the spade!" My hand trembled and sought the fatal slip—

Then it happened.

Just as I was bending, my fingers hesitating over the piece of paper, a heavy hand fell on my shoulder, something smooth and hard tapped my hand, and a loud voice close to my ear cried:

"STOP!"

"Who are you?" I stammered.

"I," replied a gruff voice, solemnly, "Am Spiffin!"

It was too much. Wrenching myself from his graps, I plunged headlong into the alley. I thought it was the alley. It seemed to me, blind as I was, that I traversed a boundless expanse, without beginning or end. My feet scarcely touched the ground. I had the strange sensation of flying in the dark. Spiffin, I knew, was soaring after me. He would catch me, of course. He was psychic and I wasn't. *He* had the advantage of being disembodied. Still, he thudded when he ran. I heard him. His steady strides metrically coincided with

"Lay *down* the *axe!* Lay *down* the *axe!*"

The thought of the axe terrified me. With that he had, undoubtedly pounded my head. Spiffin—was—a—criminal—

There was a shot!

I stumbled against a sidewalk. Picking myself up, I sped on again, along smooth pavement. I seemed to have outrun Spiffin, but there were steps in front of me now. Other people had been aroused by the revolver They begged me to pause, but I refused. . . . My headdress smothered me.

At last, somebody seized my flying bathrobe and brought me to an abrupt halt. I could vaguely see a light.

"Bring him up by the winder," said a squeaky voice.

"Where are we?" I panted.

"In front of Keegan's saloon," replied a hoarse grumble, "And a pretty ad you'll be for him." They shoved me roughly up against the building, were silent a moment, and then shouted with laughter. Somebody spelled out slowly, "All—I—did—was—to—growl—a—little."

I realized, with mortification, that the table cover on my head bore the motto with the picture of a small puppy-dog wearing a muzzle and a look of abject humiliation.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I can't be detained. I am fleeing from—from—"

I stopped. Who was I fleeing from? Had human hand fired that shot? Did Spiffin Exist? And if he did, could he be seen?

"I am escaping a psychic reality," I explained with dignity.

"Sounds like one of them Mexican bandits," said the squeaky voice, with some frivolity.

Of course it is difficult for people who frequent Keegan's at one o'clock Saturday morning to grasp the portent of the Unknown World.

"I am running away," I repeated, slowly, "From a disembodied human spirit."

"He means me," said a new voice.

Everybody became silent. I knew that Spiffin had spoken; that seeing my capture, he had approached, leisurely. In short, he bore witness to my veracity. Again, his heavy hand was upon my shoulder, and something smooth and hard tapped my head.

"Aha!" I said, triumphantly, to the awed bystanders, "What did I tell you? I'm going to write a story called 'Spiffin's Toilers' and every one of you must read it. It shall be written about this identical visitation."



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My pride overcame my fear; besides, I thought it was a splendid chance to advertise. Spiffin ignored the opportunity.

"Move on," he said. With wonderful strength, he turned me around and led me back down the way we had come. Although he maintained silence, his powerful personality impressed me continually.

"What color are your eyes?" I dared to ask.

"Blue." The poet!

"Please tell me," I faltered, "What are your toilers? Are there two of them? Do they have any connections with hands?"

At that, my strange acquaintance burst into rollicking laughter.

"Sure," he said, in a rich, Irish voice, "Hands. We're going to get thim now."

You see it all coincided with my conception of the poet. Yet I shuddered. What else could our mission be but to seek the Haunted Hands!

I begged to have my headdress untied. My heart pounded furiously as he cut the string. Oh, for a sight of my companion!

The tablecover fell off. I blinked for a moment in the bright light of a familiar apartment-house hallway. I loked into the blue eyes of Spiffin—

Stalwart and uniformed, holding in his first a smooth club, he stood before me—the policeman who lives in the flat across the court.

"You're a wife-beater," he observed, cheerfully, "And it's lucky you've not killed her by the chairs and rugs you slammed in her face, to-night. Didn't I see it all from me window? Nor do I blame her for takin' an axe to ye nor a spade, though I don't see how she'd get a plough into that little flat. Yes, it was but a fitful revenge.

"Still, I'd not thank either of you for shoutin' the name of an honest officer and callin' him 'villian' and 'rogue'. Yes, it's queer how you learned me cognomer, lest you overheard Mrs. Spiffin employin' it this evenin'. Anywise and otherhow, it'll cost you one hundred dollars in court to explain your trip tonight, both masked and arrayed indecently. Me toilers will soon have connection with *your* hands."

It was then I had the Happy Inspiration. I whispered to him five words and a question mark.

"Yis, thank you, it would be enough," he answered, judiciously, and touched his hat.

He went with me to the umbrella stand

When I joyously ascended the stairs after seeing Spiffin to his own flat, Estelle was standing by the mailchute.

"Darling," I said, trying not to appear too conceited, "I've made fifty dollars."

"Let's see it," she said.

Then I explained how the fifty dollars was really gone from the umbrella stand; but how I had given it to save fifty more. When I quoted "A penny saved is a penny earned", she was elated and cried,

"I think you're wonderful! Fifty dollars will just pay the first installment. I've mailed the order."

"The order for what?" I asked with awe.

"A dictograph disguised in a billiard table. After this, no psychic reality can slip anything over on us!"

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TAPS ETERNAL

Private James Blaine Phipps, ['18], of Troop B, 1st Ill. cavalry. Died July 25, at McDonald, Kan. Age 24.

Corporal Lloyd Havens Ghislin, ['18], of the ordnance dept., U. S. A. Died Aug. 31 at Ft. Riley, Kan. Age 21.

Lieutenant Charles Leslie Starkel, ['18], of Co. L., 342 nd inf., Camp Grant, Rockford. Died Oct. 20 at Camp Grant. Age 22.

Lieutenant Orlando Gochnaur, ['15], med, of the British forces. Killed in action Nov. 6 in France. Age 29.

David W. Dunlap, ['15], Y. M. C. A. secretary, Camp Funston, Kan. Died Nov. 26, 1917, at Camp Funston. Age 25.

Lieutenant Edward Forbes Greene, ['00], acad., of the U. S. Navy. Died Dec. 18, 1917, at Cambridge, Mass. Age 33.

Bruce Lucius Sizer, ['16], of the U. S. Navy. Died Dec. 28 at the U. S. Naval hospital, Las Animas, Col. Age 22. (Further mention later.)

MISSING

Everett Buckley, ['12], LaFayette escadrille, France. Believed to be in German prison.

WOUNDED

Lieutenant Allie L. Cone, ['07], *acad*, with the U. S. Engineers in France, severely wounded in action Nov. 30. (*No further details reported by Gen. Pershing. Nov. 30 was the day that several American engineers working with the British army assisted Gen. Byng's forces at Cambrai.*)

—Reprint Alumni Quarterly

Annual Post-Exam Jubilee, Auditorium, Tuesday, February 5, 1918

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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

SPRING NUMBER

1918

15 *cents*

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GLORGE UHGER



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The Illinois Magazine

"A Student Magazine for Students by Students"

SPRING NUMBER

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TWIN CITY PRINTING COMPANY, *Printers and Binders*, Champaign, Ill.



PRAETEREA NIHIL—

Decoration by

The thought of you is like the wind
that blows
Seaward from Heart's Desire,
A breath from some old garden where
the rose
Drank deep of summer's fire;
Forgotten days of summer are its wings,
And long forgotten days of half-
forgotten springs.

The thought of you is what your
kisses were
Too long ago to dream:
It is the sun upon your radiant hair,—
A faint reviving gleam
In those old corners of the heart where
dust
And ashes are the days that youth
was glad to trust.



by Clyde Byron Beck

Louis Selzer

The thought of you is like a flower
that takes
Root in my heart's repose,
Though where you are or what your
fortune makes
Of you God only knows;
This thing I keep, this joy is left me still:
To think of what you were and
love you as I will.

And so I leave you to the golden
urn
And ashes of delight,
While to the hills the summer days return,
And lovers haunt the night;
While round my daily walks new
loves increase,
And the old love embalms my evening
lamp with peace.

"Information first-hand" was Miss Lieber's slogan, this summer when she made a study of conditions in the Chicago Ghetto. She discovered that its juvenile citizens are as fond of posing as Illinois co-eds.



"Oooh! Watch the bird jump out!"





On the left is a bit of the "market-place of the poor"; above, a few of the Ghetto's coming generation.

The Illinois Magazine

"A Student Magazine for Students by Students"

SPRING NUMBER

Volume 9 MARCH, 1918 Number 5

DOWN GHETTO WAY

RUTH LIEBER

"WATCH OUT FOR THE CHILDREN" should be the motto of all who pass through Chicago's Ghetto. From Polk to Fifteenth street along Halsted, where there are from fifty to one hundred children in sight every moment of each day,—and where street cars and vehicles pass every second, no effort is made at protection. A policeman in the Open Air Market on Fourteenth street is a certain sign there has been a brawl or a "raid". The sight of an officer of the law means danger, not protection to the thousands of children from the ages of two to twelve who spend all of their time on the only play ground that they know—the street.

Where do all these children come from? Where are their homes and their guardians? Why are they allowed to roam unprotected in the congested quarters of the Market? These are the questions that naturally came to me the first time I tried to walk down Fourteenth street without knocking some toddling baby under the wheels of a passing pedler's cart. That I might answer my own queries I asked one of the little ones wading in the gutter to take me and my companion to his mother. To my surprise he consented with alacrity. The little lad, whose only covering was a dirty blue "jumper-suit" led us immediately to one of the small black alleys opening on Halsted street. In the basement of one of the many brown buildings facing this dark opening this little American citizen introduced us to his home. This "home"—I am really loathe to use the term of such an habitation—consisted of three small rooms with two windows, one glassed, the other boarded. Here filth and sordidness reigned unchallenged. The mistress, or mother, ugly, slovenly, dressed in dirtiest of garments, could not speak a word of English. She was in the "kitchen" washing, baking and caring for a sick

baby, all at the same time. Her old wooden wash tub stood steaming with hot suds on the one chair under the only window in the room, which was closed. "Metzos", or unleavened wheat cakes, were sizzling in a half inch of grease on the top of a rusty wood fire stove. The nauseating odor of the grease which had run over on the stove penetrated every corner of the three rooms. On the side of the kitchen furthest from the door an old couch held a three-months old baby who fought with bronchitis amidst the steam of washing and the odor of burning grease. Unable to breathe I rushed from the room, leaving my friend who was more accustomed to social work, in this district, to urge the women to open the window so that a little of the "ninety in the shade" air might reach the baby. At the door I met the other five children of the family. They had heard about the "company"!

In close contact with the Ghetto or Jewish district, is the Italian quarter. Wishing to see an Italian as well as a Jewish home, we went to call on a certain Mrs. Rio. Mrs. Rio is thirty years old, has been married eight years, and has seven children. She has been in this country five years. Her home consists of two rooms on the second floor of a small building in the back yard of a large tenement house. Her husband secures twelve dollars a week, and they pay ten dollars a month rent. For a number of years Mr. Rio has shown signs of consumption. As a result the three youngest children are sickly crying youngsters and a great strain on their mother. Yet with all her responsibility, Mrs. Rio keeps her three rooms fairly neat.

"The only thing a matter mit us is de flies," she explained. "We have so wanted many years screens for two windows and one door."

"And why don't you get them?" I was innocent of the irony in my question.

"They cost seventy-five cents for one. We can never save that much of money. Seventy-five cents,—it is awful!"

So thousands of flies continue to eat their meals with the seven little Rios.

Where do such people as the Rios buy provisions to support nine people on twelve dollars a week? I have spoken of the Market. It is the bargain counter of the poor. From Halsted street east on Fourteenth it reaches a little over a block. On one side of the street the walk is covered with dry goods for sale, on the other with food. The vender's carts are backed to the curbing and their wares displayed upon carts or upon stands on the walk. On the inside of the walk are many small stores, whose contents are also displayed in the open air. A very narrow path, scarcely wide enough for two people to pass comfortably between the rival displays, affords the only thoroughfare for thousands of purchasers. On the corner of Halsted stands one of the typical Market venders. Whether it be the hottest day of summer or the coldest of winter, this tall Jew stands draped in under vests. "Well Now—" shouted as loudly as his lung capacity allows, followed by a long line of Jewish syllables, in his greeting to all who come to the market. He uses his only two words of the English language to welcome both his own people and foreigners to Chicago's Market, even as his ancestor may have welcomed with some unknown phrase the money changers and venders in Jerusalem before Jesus overturned the tables of the market in the holy citadel.

It would be impossible to describe the numerous and unusual articles for sale. Everything from "diamond" studded hair pins to live fish may be purchased at minimum prices. Fowls,—I never saw so many in my life!—crate after crate of cackling hens, cooing doves and squawking ducks and geese. The Ghetto inhabitants buy their fowls alive and frequently keep them for days before killing. They save the

feathers for pillows and cook the fowls whole. They eat even the heads and for many meals use the juice for soup. When people of the "Other Half" accuse the very poor of extravagance and waste they should be certain that they know all the facts. When one sees how these people bargain, how they live and what they eat, he realizes how very incapable those who have not experienced these conditions are of judging.

Prices in the Market are very much cheaper than one would imagine possible. During July potatoes were selling at three, four and five cents a pound, according to the comparative bartering ability of vender and patron. A few days before a trip to the Market, I had purchased a green pepper for five cents. Here I might have bought a dozen for eight cents. But of all the articles for sale, from babies' high chairs to sirloin steak or evening gowns, that which impressed me the most were the fish. After one has stood for half an hour in the water that runs from the fish barrels into the gutter, and has smelled nothing but fish, live fish, dead fish, and non-describable fish,—fish are likely to leave the most lasting impression on the mind of any casual visitor. It seems that every one in this part of Chicago eats fish, because they are so cheap. I remember watching one may buy three large-sized fish which the woman originally priced at ten cents a piece for ten cents for the lot. He probably took his bargain home to the house wife, who, perhaps, washed them and assuredly stuffed them and baked them in olive oil.

In addition to the Market, numerous small shops line all the streets of the district. Synagogues and saloons seem to rival each other for the most prominent street corners. At almost any time of the day one may witness a street brawl or a saloon fight. Or at any hour he may go in and worship at one of the holy shrines of the synagogue. Law and order play little part in this section of the city. Thieves and rabbis, murderers and children mingle as equals, unnoticed and unnoticing.

But it is the children who should interest every American citizens. They rival the flies in numbers. "Swat The Fly" is one of the national cries of the day. What shall it be for the children? When one spends a few days in Chicago's worst tenement districts he thinks more than once of "A Modest Proposal", in which Jonothan Swift ironically offers death as the easiest means of disposing of the children of Ireland. Certain it is that some disposition must be made of the children of America.

"We cannot swat the children," one of the few American residents of Halsted street said, "but we should 'Watch Out For The Children'."

Cupid often hits the mark but makes a lot of Mrs. all the same.

Politics is the liniment that raises the muscles on the arms of the law.

THE LIVING VERSUS THE DEAD

First Prize, $5, Unknown

In politics as nowhere else the goose may have his day

For feather-beds are in demand where politicians stay.

This world war is a great revival and everyone is expected to take part in the service.

When love is but a pastime it is well to remember that one of the players may tire of the game.



Shakespeare, Sherman and T e n n y s o n are vanquished. Weary of hearing the worn-out platitudes, "Something is rotten in Denmark", "War is hell", and "In the spring a young man's fancy—", Illinois students entered a contest to produce better epigrams on War, Love and Politics. With one fell blow, the living routed their psychic foes and purged the campus of bromidioms.

Second Prize, $2, Marguerite Needham

As a boy who passes whistling in the night, so is love: as real and as mysterious.

War envies not: it takes.

Politics, like the Boney a r d, is too dirty to touch; too dangerous to let alone.



Love cuts the coupons of matrimony.

Three prizes,—$1, R. W. Whitford, Harold Meek, Fay Cuerden. The judges selected the following as best from the three third-prize sets:

What are the schemes of diplomatic folly? Tricks
To gum the Golden Rule,—and this is Politics!—R. W.

Love is the life.—F. C.

War proves that God needs a lot of assistance in running this world of our.—H. M.

NOTICE—Have you an imagination? The five dollars, which the anonymous contestant scorns to claim, will be awarded to the best letter describing Unknown's characteristics as shown by his views on the three great topics—War, Love, and Politics.

The Red Ribbon Story

A COWARD IN UBADAM

W. S. STONE

IT was Indian Summer in Ubadam Hollow. The air was filled with faint odor of burning leaves. Far across the hills smoke was lazily rising into the air. The day was hazy and warm but the large grey clouds hovering on the western horizon gave warning that Indian summer was nearing its close. An occasional gust of wind caught up the leaves which lay thick upon the ground and revolved them in kaleidoscopic confusion. There was not a sound to be heard save the scream of a flock of jays in angry pursuit of a squirrel who had too indiscreetly approached their deserted nests. On the sides of the bluffs wherever one might gaze, ground hogs were sunning themselves on the warm rocks or were lazily stalking along the fallen logs. Near at hand, Bald Knob towered up above the neighboring hills, its top covered with stunted cedars and oaks. To the west, Wolf Lake stretched out before the eyes like an interminable blanket of blue among the grey cliffs.

Not far from the base of Bald Knob stood the tumble-down cabin of Giles Corbett. It was the vigorous condemnation of a federal revenue agent years ago by Giles Corbett that had given the valley its name. Giles had operated a still which was located in a rocky gorge behind his cabin. But that was long ago when Giles was young and feared neither God nor man. Today he was willing to sit in his cabin and smoke and allow the younger men to operate the still.

Pug Corbett stood in the doorway of her grandfather's cabin and looked down the lane which ran past the cabin along the side of the lake at the very foot of Bald Knob. A calico apron was thrown around her head from one side. The slight breeze blew strands of hair in confusion around a face which might have been pretty had it not been so freckled. A short, prominent nose left no doubt as to the source of her nick-name.

The old man sitting in a hickory-split chair before a smouldering fire had noticed his granddaughter standing in the doorway. "Ye might as well get to bakin' the corn pone for dinner, Pug; I seed him pass early this mornin' on his black filly. He was shore a ridin' some. That's shore some hoss o' his'n."

The girl started, "Did he?" she replied in a tone of attempted nonconcern. But the next quesiton gave the lie to her assumed indifference. "An' didn't he stop or wave ner anything?" she asked.

The old man stooped to light his pipe from a live coal in the fire place. "Nary one," he replied, after he had finished the

WARNING—A heavy penalty of curiosity will be inflicted upon any reader who begins "A Coward in Ubadam" without time to finish it. The author, W. S. Stone, a Junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Science, was awarded second prize for this story in the Illinois Magazine Short Story Contest.

operation. Then he added, "Ye an' Jim Hickum hain't had words, have ye?"

The girl's face reddened. "No," she answered shortly. "Air ye sure it was Jim, gran'pap?' she asked in a doubting tone.

"I ain't lived night onto seventy year without knowin' Jim Hickum's horse when I see it," he responded in a tone of irritation. "Hit's the only coal black hoss with a blaze face in the Holler."

The girl began to move around with her bare foot a leaf which had blown in at the open door. The old man moved his chair back from the fire which had begun to blaze. "I suppose ye an' Jim'll be gettin' married purty soon bein' as Jim's goin' to the war."

The girl's face flushed. "He ain't agoin' to the war gran-pap," she said slowly.

The old man nearly sprung from his chair. "He ain't agoin' to the war?" he repeated in amazement. The girl nodded. "Why ain't he agoin'?" the old man almost shouted. "He ain't afeerd to go, is he?"

The girl moved listlessly. "He's got to stay home and take care o' his gran-pap. His gran'pap's so crippled up with rheumatiz he ain't walked for quite a spell," she said in a low voice.

The old man's eyes were blazing. He took his pipe from his mouth an' laid it on the hearth. "What's the matter with Noahie takin' care o' his gran'pap?" he asked. "He's eighteen year old an' as big an' strong as Jim."

"He's afeerd to leave him with Noahie. Noahie's been havin' them spells o' his'n agin'. He had one t'other night," the girl said simply.

"Hit's a lie, he ain't afeerd for his gran-'pap, he's afeerd fer Jim Hickum," said the old man hotly. "There's a strain o' bad blood in his veins, Pug. That's what's a ailin' him. Hit war Tom Hunter, his mother's brother, that told the gover-ment men whar the still war. He war a coward, Pug."

The girl's eyes blazed as she turned fiercely on the old man. "I tell ye he ain't a coward. Jim Hickum can lick any man in the Holler in fair fight. He ain't afeerd o' any man. I tell ye he ain't a coward! Besides this ain't Jim's fight. He ain't got no niggers to fight fer. Them Northerners ain't never done anything to him."

The old man was beside himself. "Hit ain't his fight, eh? Yer right it ain't his fight. Hit's a man's fight. An' he can whip any man in the Holler in fair fight, kin he? So could Tom Hunter, Pug; he war a coward none the less, Pug. An' ye can't trust a coward; he'll turn agin' his best friends, Pug. An' they always pay, too. Tom Hunter, he paid. They throwed him into the Devil's Suck-hole in Wolf Lake down by the hangin' rock. He never come to the top, Pug. Hit war what he deserved. Dead cowards never tell no tales."

The girl looked at her grandfather defiantly. Her eyes were suspiciously moist. "I tell ye, he *ain't* a coward like Tom Hunter! Jim Hickum 'ud never tell the govern'nt men whar a still war."

The old man noticed the tears and a gentler expression appeared on his countenance. "Thar be different ways o' bein' a coward, Pug," he said enigmatically.

Pug did not reply. She began to mix the cornpone batter for the mid-day meal. The old man picked up his pipe and resumed smoking. Not a word passed between the two, but neither had forgotten.

A suspicion had entered the girl's mind which she could not cast aside. Was Jim Hickum a coward? The thought tortured her like a nightmare. Was he afraid to fight the men from the North or were his reasons genuine? His answers to her questions the night before had been evasive. She had chided him at the time and the result had been that a feeling of coldness had sprung up between them. But for a man to be a coward—the thought maddened her. At last she managed to shake it off.

A man as strong and brave as Jim Hickum was, couldn't be a coward.

And the old man was thinking too, but he was thinking of Tom Hunter and a hand clutching frantically at a limb before it sank for eternity into the Devil's Suckhole below the hanging rock.

The day slowly passed away. The squirrels no longer frisked about in the trees outside. The jays had become silent. The lengthening shadows of the trees outside the door gave evidence that the day was nearing the close. The setting sun changed the lake from deep blue to red. The frogs in the buck-brush along the bank began to sound their nocturnal chorus.

The girl was again standing in the doorway. But this time she wasn't gazing down the lane. Her eyes were fixed in space and she saw nothing. The old man was asleep in his chair, his white head resting on his hand.

Soon the moon began to rise above the gap between two hills beyond Bald Knob. The lake changed again from red to silver. The hanging-rock appeared like the dark forehead of a giant peering over the precipice into the lake. The odor of burning leaves became stronger. Here and there fires began to glow on the hillsides in the distance, forming a circle of red in all directions around the valley.

The girl aroused herself. She had heard the foot-steps of some one approaching. In a few moments the figure of a man emerged from the dark space where the road passed underneath the hanging rock. The girl took a shawl from a peg from behind the door and gently shook the old man by the shoulder. "I'm goin' to the meetin', gran-pap—with Jim," she said. The old man stirred but did not waken. "He war a coward. They done him right fer he war a coward," he mumbled. The girl started as if moved by an electric shock. She moved rapidly to the door and shut it quietly after her.

She quickly advanced down the lane toward the man approaching. He came forward to meet her but she ignored his outstretched hands. She could not have given the reason why. "Ye ain't turned agin' me have ye, Pug?" he asked. She did not reply at once. "No—no, I guess not," she replied hesitatingly.

He seemed strangely agitated. "Pug, have ye heerd about Noahie?" he asked excitedly.

The girl raised her head. "No," she replied, "Has he had another spell?"

"It's worse than that," he answered in a voice husky with emotion. "It's worse than that, Pug, an' the doctor says he'll never walk ag'in."

"How did it happen?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Don't ask me, Pug," he said, in a tone which was half a sob. "I'm afeerd to talk about it. I don't know how it happened. Oh, Pug, gran'pap didn't do it,—he couldna, he ain't strong. I had gone to Willard Langin' to take some corn. I didn't git back till mornin'. When I came Noahie war lying in a pool o' his own blood an' gran'pap war settin' by him a carryin' on terrible. Noahie's head war all cut up and both his leg war broke. I can't get gran'pap to say a word. He won't tell a word how it happened. He jest sets and looks at Noahie." His voice broke. "I don't know how it happened. I run and fetched the doctor soon's I could an' he said Noahie won't never walk again. I wouldna come tonight, Pug, for Noahie needs me so bad, but I'd promised ye, Pug."

"Why didn't ye tell me this mornin' when ye went past instead o' galloping by?" she asked reproachfully.

The man looked at her. "When I rode by where?" he asked puzzled. "I ain't passed by yer house today, Pug. I ain't been o' the house today 'cept when I went to the spring fer water. Noahie's been out o' his

head all day an' he's just burin' up with fever an' calls fer water ever minute."

The girl looked at him in astonishment. "Do ye mean to tell me ye didn't pass our house today on yer blazed face filly?"

"I ain't rid the black filly in a week," he said.

"Gran'pap seed ye. He knowed it was ye cause ye've got the only blaze face black hoss in the Holler," she said in a tone of finality.

"He war shore mistaken, then," he answered.

The girl did not answer. She wondered why he was lying to her.

They had by this time reached the hanging rock. The water in the Devil's Suckhole fifty feet below seethed and foamed; it struck the sides of the bluff with a sound like that of distant thunder. The lake shone like burnished silver in the moonlight. Far out on the lake the figure of a man in a boat could be distinguished.

"Ole Jack Sides is a runnin' his lines tonight," he remarked.

The girl did not hear him; her eyes were glued on a spot in the lake below where the water revolved in a never-ceasing whirl. She pointed to it and said, "Thar's where they throwed Tom Hunter."

He shuddered. "Hit must a been a awful death;—but he war a coward," he added.

In a short time they arrived at a small log building which served as a church. It stood among a grove of black oaks not twenty feet from the edge of the lake.

A small group of people stood conversing in hushed tones just outside the door. "Hit war a shame," they heard someone say as they passed. Pug would have halted but her companion hurried her on. "They're talkin' about Noahie," he whispered.

They took a seat in the rear of the room. The floor was half covered with autumn leaves which had blown in through the cracks between the logs. The benches were made of rough unhewn boards. The room was dimly lighted by means of a solitary oil lamp which smoked and sputtered crazily from a rude shelf at the farther end of the room. Below the lamp was a rude platform made of unhewn logs from which the preacher spoke.

The man and girl sat without speaking.

After a while the congregation began to file in. Most of them were men; the women of the Hollow were too tired to attend meetings on week nights.

A hush fell upon the room. A youth dressed in grey homespun passed quickly between the rows of seats to the platform. His eyes were bright and staring. His hair was long and unkempt. His skin was unusually white for that of a mountaineer of the Ozarks. One acquainted with the mountaineer type would have recognized him at once as the excitable religious fanatic—a ne'er-do-well in a community of ne'er-do-wells.

He mounted the platform and picked up a ragged edged Bible lying on the bench which served as a pulpit. "Hit's the Davis boy," someone remarked, in a tone which was barely audible.

The preacher cleared his throat. "Brother Ellis can't be with ye, brethern," he stammered in an odd, frightened voice. He then read a verse from Corinthians in a halting, uncertain manner. "We'll sing *The Rock of Ages*," he continued after he had finished.

Some one in the rear of the room started the song. The rest joined in, in a slow, dull monotone. There was no musical accompaniment. The men began to tap the floor with their feet in order to keep together; the song ended in a tone which was almost a wail.

"Hit's about Noahie Hickum that I've come to tell ye, brethern," the boy began in a sharp, excited voice. "Hit's about him

and brother Ellis. Thar has been trouble in Ubadam, brethern an' I am goin' to tell ye about it, brethern. Brother Ellis waren't to blame. I swear to God he waren't. I call on God to strike me dead if he war. Hit war like this, brethern. Brother Ellis war a preachin' up to Goat Gap, brethern, an' Noahie Hickum war thar an' he took a spell, brethern, an' Brother Ellis 'lowed 'twas the devils in Noahie that caused him to have the fits, jest like the woman in the Good Book who had the devils in her. An' he 'lowed 'twould be a good thing to rid Noahie o' the devils some time, brethern." The speaker paused. There was not a sound to be heard save the rustling of the leaves outside. The man in the back part of the room turned to his companion, "Let's go," he whispered. "I can't bear to listen to it." The girl looked at him questioningly. "Ye ain't afeerd, air ye?" she asked. The man turned slightly but did not reply.

The speaker began to fumble with the Bible and continued. "'Tother night Noahie and his gran'pap war alone an' Noahie had another fit. His gran'pap came up to the church, brethern, an' he got Brother Ellis an' me, brethern, to come down an' help rid Noahie o' the devils, brethern, fer me an' Brother Ellis kin talk in the unknown tongue, brethern. An' Brother Ellis' wife, she came too, brethern. An' when we got thar, Noahie war a lyin' on the floor an' a foamin' at the mouth. An' we got some switches, brethern, to whop the devils out with, an' we whopped him, brethern, till the devils runned out, brethren. I seed 'em myself, brethern. They were seven o' them, all red and green, brethern. Hit war the grace o' the Lord, brethern. An' we didn't hurt Noahie, brethern, fer we didn't strike him hard, brethern. Fer the devils knowed they war fightin' aginst the spirit o' the Lord, brethern." He stopped for breath. The tirade had been spoken in a rapid sing-song tone. His dark eyes flashed with the insane glaze of fanaticism.

"I say it agin, brethern," he continued, "I say agin that we didn't hurt Noahie. We couldn't a hurt him fer the world. An' when we had run the devils out we left him, brethern. An' we went home. An' Noahie's gran'pap went to the spring fer water an' when he war at the spring he heard Noahie a hollerin'. An' he run to the house, brethern, as fast as he could go, but he war all crippled up an' he couldn't go very fast brethern. An' when he got to the house a man runned out an' jumped on a horse an' galloped away, brethern. An' Noahie war all bloody an' he didn't know anything. His arms an' legs war all broke, brethern. But I swear to God hit warn't Brother Ellis. Hit war the man on the horse that nearly killed Noahie. But the sheriff came an' 'rested Brother Ellis, brethern, an' they're goin' to send him to the pen, brethern."

The speaker sat down on the bench beside him and loked with dull eyes at the congregation. He had finished; they began to pass out without waiting for a dismissal.

The girl and man in the rear of the church did not move until the congregation had passed out. The man was the first to break the silence, "I guess we'd better be movin' on," he said rising.

The girl obeyed him mechanically. She seemed to be stunned.

They walked along the lane in silence. The girl sighed. "So ye air a coward, ain't ye Jim," she said in a hollow voice.

The man did not answer. Instead he dropped his eyes awaiting her accusation.

It struck him like a thunderbolt. "Ye war afeerd to go an' fight the Northerner's an' ye tried to kill Noahie so ye wouldn't have to go." He was too stunned at first to speak.

"What do ye mean, Pug?" he asked when he had recovered himself.

The girl looked him squarely in the eyes. "I mean jest what I say Jim, I mean that ye air a coward an' a liar. I mean that ye war afeerd o' me, a woman, an' afeerd o' what I thought because ye waren't goin' to the war. I mean that it war ye who rid up that night an' beat up Noahie."

The man's eyes hardened. He seized her by the wrists. "Ye lie, Pug," he said sternly. Something in her eyes made him ashamed and he released her arms.

The girl drew back a pace and drew herself up to her full height. Her breath came quickly. "I seed ye myself that night. I war up on the cliffs by Goat-gap. I couldn't sleep an' I war walkin' around. The moon war bright as day. Ye war ridin' yer black filly. I hollered out to ye but ye war goin' too fast to hear me. An' ye lied to me about passin' the house this mornin', too, Jim. Hit's the worse thing on earth to be a coward but hit's worser to be a liar with it." Her words ended in a sob.

By this time they had reached the hanging rock. The cavity beneath, through which the lane passed, yawned like a dark abyss in the moonlight. The rocks and trees beside the rock stalked like shrouded ghosts. Far out on the lake the figure of a man could be seen resting in a skiff. Below the rocky ledge, the Devil's Suck-hole whirled and seethed.

The girl peered over the precipice. She saw the spot where Tom Hunter had gone down. The words of her grandfather kept dinning in her ears, "He war a coward, he war a coward." Her eyes became dull. "Ye can't trust a coward, they turn agin their best friends." She was unconsciously repeating aloud the words of her grandfather. A violent conflict raged in Pug Corbitt's soul—the conflict between the love of a man and the creed of the hlils.

The man beside her began to speak. "I war a coward an' a liar, Pug. I was afeerd to tell ye why I warn't goin' to the war. Hit war on account o' that still up by Satan's Back-bone. I wanted to jine the army, but the man what I asked said they didn't need no corn whiskey makers to help 'em keep their niggers. He knowed I'd been brought down to jail fer runnin' a still up here. I lied to ye, Pug, cause I didn't want ye to know about me bein' in jail."

The girl hardly listened to him. "He lied to me about the horse and he's probably lying now," she thought.

The man was walking hardly a foot from the edge of the precipice. His head was bowed. The girl looked at him for a moment. A wild gleam shot from her eyes. She walked quickly toward him and pushed him with all her strength. The man swayed drunkenly for a moment on the edge and fell. Not a sound escaped him. There was nothing to be heard save the noise of the water below.

The girl gazed stupidly about her. She threw herself down by the side of the lane and began to sob. The love of a woman had fallen before the creed of the Hollow.

A sound of the galloping hoofs of a horse aroused her. She quickly crouched in the shadow of the hanging rock. At last she could make out the figure of a horse and his rider. In the moonlight she could see him as plainly as if it were daylight. As the horse galloped past she saw that it was coal black and there was a streak of white on its forehead. But she saw something that Jim's horse did not have—there was a streak of white on the fetlock of its left hind foot. There was evidently more than one black horse in the Hollow.

"Oh, Jim, ye warn't a coward, ye warn't," she kept repeating to herself. The cry was one of anguish but there was a note of joy as well. There had been but one coward in Ubadam.

Far out in the lake Old Jack Sides running his lines, wondered what had loosened the two stones which bounded over the precipice at the base of Bald Knob.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JAZZ

ARTHUR H. GOTTSCHALK

JAZZ. For some of us there is a connotation of the hour of revelry the night before, but for others an unrelenting horror is awakened as the worldly proletariat mentions this dual powered term. Jazz seems to be the proper stimulus to set off the nervous energy which has been held in reserve. Indeed, one may well wonder why it is that jazz should act as a common stimulus and why it usually produces the common result—that of rhythmic movements. Apparently the number of people whose feet are not troubled with insomnia when this type of music mars the air is comparatively small.

Any marked rhythm seems to possess the proper quality of being able to cause motor responses. The savage would knock pieces of wood together to produce accents to guide the youth in his romping dance. This was not entirely for mere pleasure, for the primitive man had aims other than his own delight. He was trying to understand a wonderful secret—he was patiently examining a great unknown. The secret he was trying to learn was that of the potency of rhythm. We can all recall the scene in a dance hall of wild frontier days where the young folk danced while the older people occupied one of the corners and kept time quite vigorously with their feet. Surely we have all pictured to ourselves some of the clog dancing scenes of plantation days. As the music accented the rhythm for the strenuous Nero, the old negro mammies would nod their heads to and fro and clap vehemently with their hands in perfect time. Of course this music was not given the name of jazz, but it had the chief constituent of the modern type. The music which is called jazz today is ninety percent rhythm. This craze for the rhythmic rather than the tonal quality is a return to the primitive. It is also a good example of the theory of gravity, for in music too, it is easier by far to drag the masses down to enjoy the crash of a drum than it is to pull them up to an appreciation of the art of a Mendelssohn.

When a musician begins to play jazz, he attempts to make a huge noise rather than a pure tone. A pure tone enforces a kind of order. When people hear a beautiful tone they stop to listen and to enjoy it. If a number of instruments were playing so that they produced the kind of noise the jazz orchestra does and suddenly one instrument would penetrate the noise with a pure tone, everyone that had a sense of beauty would be brought to immediate silence. One of the results of our return to primitive music is that on the dance floor we scuffle about, laugh in each others faces and make as much noise as possible to conform with the spirit of jazz. With the loss of grace in dancing possibly we have also lost some of the graces which have made the picture of social life beautiful.

To be successful, jazz must be novel. It is usually a safe criterion that the more marked the syncopation is and the more

peculiarly banging the general tone of the selection the more acceptable it will be. There is nothing lasting about this type of music. In order to be popular, jazz must be represented by a new jumble of chopped up melodies weekly. It is due to this process of surcharging the atmosphere with the astonishing new things in the field of sentiment and rhythm that jazz has held its own. Had it been necessary for us to listen to the same selection for any number times we would soon have been disguested with everything "jazzy". There is no classic in jazz. An old master in this type of music is a dead master and certainly a forgotten composer. The Symphony Ninth will live until the crack of doom, but modern jazz will not live to hear the second hand pant as it moves in its everlasting journey from one second to the next.

There has been a gradual dwindling of structure and unity in the popular music of the last few years until now it lacks architecture and unity of design entirely. Nothing is left but a highly incoordinate jumble of notes which if properly timed in their explosion are splendid motor stimuli for the feet. This lack of style has changed the mode of dancing from the Minuet with its exactness to the "any old way" dance of today. Instead of planning the composition with the ideal of a pleasing sound as did the composer of the symphonic poem, the originator of jazz has a different object—that of correlating certain bangs on the drum with corresponding movements of the body. Should anyone attempt to change a single note of a Beethoven classic, the entire composition would be marred; but in jazz the more individual ideas the player can crowd into a selection in the form of original notes and changes in the composition the more "jazzy" the music.

The jazz orchestra is a kind of a heaven for musicians if freedom of expression is an ideal of heaven. The manager of the bass viol can place his finger almost anywhere on the fingerboard, but just as long as he contributes to the noise at the right time he is an asset to the organization. The trombonist can play the notes written for him and a few wild slides occasionally which are not written and yet it all is splendid jazz. The banjo, decidedly an instrument for emphasizing rhythm, finds a happy home in the modern dance orchestra. Even the violin is used. The instrument of an Elman is made to sound like the Pipes of Pan in the hands of the village blacksmith. There is reason to wonder why some people are satisfied when they become jazz virtuosos.

A mania has swept over the world from Hawaii to No Man's Land. From the twang of the ukelele, an instrument for producing the highest type of the lowest music, and from the ra-ta-tata of the shells "over there" everyone finds stimulation. But this is apparently only a dark stage for the disease will soon be cured. A new kind of music should come to replace jazz. What this new type will be no one will venture to say. But with the passing of jazz will the pugilistic and wrestling tendencies of dancers also become something of the past?

AN APOSTLE OF THE NEW POETRY

HERBERT L. CREEK, Ph.d.

THE recent visit of Miss Harriet Monroe at the University, like that of Mr. Vachel Lindsay a year or so ago, is symptomatic of a changed attitude toward the so-called new poetry. Five years ago most of us were laughing at the free verse of the humorous columns of our newspapers and wondering that intelligent persons seemed to take rhymeless and metreless lines for poetry. Today the most conservative of the magazines are opening their pages to the newer poetry; the rank and file of readers are becoming familiar with the terms "imagist", "futurist", and "vorticist"; and even the college professors, necessarily and fortunately the defenders of conservatism and tradition, are not above the fascinating adventure of a mild flirtation with the new muse.

To Miss Moore and *Poetry*, the Chicago magazine of which she is editor, the new movement in poetry and the revival of interest in poetry generally owe much of their aggressiveness and success. The founding of the magazine a little more than five years ago must now seem to Miss Monroe her supreme opportunity to make an impression upon the artistic life of America. She had long been known by a few as a minor poet and as art editor for a daily newspaper. As long ago as the Chicago Exposition she gained attention by her "Columbian Ode", which was read and sung at the dedication of the Exposition on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. More sensational was a suit for damages against the New York *World* for the premature publication of the "Ode", resulting in an award to Miss Monroe of five thousand dollars. Two or three volumes of verse had also won a limited success.

The venture of 1912 in founding a magazine, however, eclipsed the smaller successes. That it was made at a time when the English-speaking world was on the verge of a poetic revival rather adds to the credit Miss Monroe should receive. No matter how favorable the conditions, the enterprise would have failed except for heroic efforts. Miss Monroe secured the support of a hundred guarantors, chiefly Chicago business men, who agreed to give $250 each, in installments of fifty dollars a year. With this fund of $25,000 and the amount obtained from subscriptions and advertisements, the editor was enabled to pay for all poetic contributions that were accepted and to award prizes averaging more than three hundred dollars a year. Almost immediately the interest of poets of reputation as well as of poets with reputations to make was secured. The chief service of the magazine, however, was in bringing before the public the names of men who have since established themselves in the literary world. Radindranath Tagore made his first appearance as a poet in English in one of the first numbers of

Poetry. Vachel Lindsay's "General Booth Enters into Heaven" appeared in the fourth number. Imagist poems by Ezra Pound, the English Richard Aldington, the American Mrs. Aldington (who signs her poems "H. D."), and Miss Amy Lowell came very soon. Some of the best poems of Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters, the Chicago poets, were also published in its pages. Naturally, the willingness of the editor to accept so much verse that was unconventional and experimental aroused contemptuous criticism, but the magazine had so well established itself that it was possible to secure a renewal of the guarantee when the five year period expired.

Whether or not *Poetry* should have the lion's share of the credit for the fact that poets may now compete with prose writers for the places of honor in our general magazines, as Miss Monroe seems to think, it deserves some credit. Moreover, it has certainly encouraged various individuals and groups to undertake magazines of poetry, and while most of these have not survived the vicissitudes of war and uncertain financial support, they have encouraged the poetic efforts of younger writers. The successful Poetry Society in our University is itself a sign of this poetic renaissance.

The visit of Miss Monroe enabled us to study one of the central figures in the movement. We did not find in her the aggressiveness of manner or the extravagance of claim that her editorials suggest. Her manner is modest, with a suggestion of shyness even. She has no very definite critical theories, and if she has standards which are formulated she conceals them effectually. In speaking for the new poets, she does not impress her hearers as having any particularly strong convictions. If she has the conventional hostility toward the Victorians, which was represented by a mild attack on Tennyson in one of her lectures, her hostility is not fervid. But she has enthusiasm, and enthusiasm which makes one think of the very young, for many kinds of poetry. She believes that we are living in a great poetical period, and that American poetry is superior to British poetry in range and interest.

It is the enthusiastic welcome that Miss Monroe gives to sensitive and proud aspirants for poetical honors that has enabled her to retain the support of many temperamental persons who could not themselves edit a magazine of poetry that would last a year without offending three-fourths of their contributors and subscribers.

Miss Monroe's refusal to surrender herself to any poetical creed or school of poetry has saved the magazine from becoming the organ of a clique. There is a group of American poets, including Ezra Pound, the London correspondent of *Poetry*, Miss Lowell, J. G. Fletcher, Maxwell Bodenheim, and others—most of them being frequent contributors—whose work is representative of artistic and not human tendencies, who are inclined to deny to poetry any large interpretive function, who would write poetry for those of poetical and aesthetic mind and deliberately shut themselves off from the main currents of life and thought and feeling. It is a vigorous group and includes some skillful artists, but its influences upon contemporary American literature and upon the magazine *Poetry* has been exceedingly questionable. That these poets write free verse is merely an incident, since poets of very different minds use the same form. Fortunately, Miss Monroe has a broader view of the function of poetry. She receives patiently the criticism of the extreme radicals who sometimes sneer at her large hospitality and welcomes their contributions without accepting their advice. Her independence has made it possible for her magazine to be really serviceable to our literature.

BY COURTESY OF POETRY SOCIETY

LA MESSE POUR LES MORTS

RAY W. GAUGER

Holy, Holy, Holy, rings the slow, sad, bell.
Its voice is choked and stifled by the clutch of a heavy mist.
Grim and stalwart chasseurs mount in free defile
Up through the narrow street of a quartered Alsace village,
High to a church where the mourning bell rings holy,
Bell for mass for the dead of a bold battalion.
Young lovers dead for France, for the world, their homes,
Fathers of lovers, brothers of stoic women.
Shades of courageous sacrifice done with hearts of fire,
Hearts forced mute in the army life of silence
Have burst in the vaults of death to convincing and golden
expression.
Then ring high bell for your mass
Calling for prayers that the souls of these dead may live.
I shall not pray for their souls—
(Oh weakened faith in the power of the deeds of men,
That God should judge the one by the wish of another)
Oh simpering feeble sureness of after life.
How could I doubt their certain victorious flight!
How could I pray and insult the power of their deeds!
How can their sturdy souls be at the mercy of me,
I who can pray or not—I who can now be blind or choose to see?
Far more certain to me is their future than this.
Ah, never a doubt have I!
They rest in a far off world of nether-world planets
Where the fortifications are turrets and temples of Peace,
Whose presence alone without action secures a result.
They have anchored secure, without tow, in a harbor of quiet,
The fortified harbor of God.

NOTE—Among the Illini ambulanciers in France who have found time to share with us their thoughts and experiences, is Ray W. Gauger. Since his talents as an interpretive dancer and as a composer of Student Opera Music are in all probability classed among the lost arts in modern trench warfare, R. G. has turned to verse as a means of artistic expression. "La Messe Pour Les Morts" was sent to Poetry Society.

THE IRON CROSS

I saw it today on her finger,—
The silver ring which bore the cross of Teutons.
It had been a thing of pride for many generations.
Fathers had told their sons how one had bravely led an army
To victory, and how,
The mighty Emperor had honored him,
The first Johann.
And ever it was known of them,
That they were born of fighting blood, the blood that conquers,
And all had respected them because of
The Iron Cross.
But in a few short months the emblem of honor
Had become a mark of barbarism, of cruelty,
And of hate. Honor had become disgrace.
And yet because she had the fighting blood of Johann
In her veins,
Because all her nineteen years she had boasted of him,
She could not become a traitor to his memory,
A coward to cast aside her heritage.
The Iron Cross had not changed, Johann had done no less,
Why should she not wear the ring?
And yet it seemed to burden her finger,
The heaviness of real iron seemed to weight down
the silver trifle,
She could not lift her hand before the gaze of others.

E. L.

PEACE

The soft half-shadows clasp hands from arch to arch;—
The light falls o'er the faces of the worshippers
Caressingly, nor bares the lines of ugliness
Of neighbor's face to neighbor, but like a cloak
Or the beneficent shadow of God's hand covers
And protects each soul's most secret hateful thought.
The murmuring silence like balm spreads peace:
The droning of the voice before the altar, the whisper
Of the parrying lips of all the kneeling souls,
The beating of the bell, the "vere dignum et justum"
Of the celebrant, the shadowy crosses
Made on brow and lips and heart, mean peace,
Most quiet peace, and a measure of contentment.

F. M. MYERS

DAYS AND DAYS

There are fleshly days
full-swathed in heavy-threaded garments,
dizzily perfumed with the scent
of earth.
Then are my hands laid on the soft breast
of the World,
feeling her slow heart-beat,
lotused to sleep by her breathing.
But there are spirit-days, of
naked whiteness.
No perfume they bear but the iciness
of the sky.
Then are my eyes heavenward,
seeing every cloud, every star, the moon, the sun,
knowing the meaning of the universe,—
smiling at the World
as at a disenchanted Circe
who lures,
but cannot tempt me.

L. F. S.

REALIZATION

O, little waif before my door,
Low sobbing with your pain;
Why did you never come before
All shivering in the rain?
For I have longed to dry your tears,
And see your glad eyes shine;
How I have waited all these years,
O lost Love-soul of mine!

HELEN L. BUCHEN

TO———

You would unclasp my hand that holds your hand,
Deeming yourself to our high faith untrue;
But can I never make you understand
My need of you?
You have no right! The weak must help the weak!
I have so trusted you, you dare not fail.
Come, hand in hand, adventurers, to seek
The Holy Grail.

ALLENE GREGORY

Editorial

"The Captains and the Editors Depart"—

If history repeats itself, so do incidents which are not history. Witness an editorial found in last year's files of the *Illinois Magazine*:

"The task of undertaking to begin to edit a college publication on March first is not an inspiring one."

It seems to have been written by the Magazine's Nemesis, "Thou shalt, upon the beginning of the third month, find thyself desolate, without a sponsor. Then shall a new guardian be unearthed to conduct thee on thy precipitous career."

Be that as it may, it is comforting to reflect that our hardship has been suffered by previous editors—excellent gentlemen all of them, who deserved better at the hands of fate. It is also noteworthy that we are as fortunate, if not more so, than former mid-year sponsors, in finding a publication alive and growing, with the outer cloak of an artistic make-up which Mr. Unger so carefully constructed. We, too, can write, "We wish no better luck for ourselves than that we may inherit his happy faculty of consistent improvement."

Background—

Pierrot wanted the moon—that great yellow disc sailing like a gondola across the sea of clouds. Pierrot put three pine trees on top of each other and, climbing upon the highest, cut carefully around the moon with the sharp peak of a mountain.

Ah, it is glorious to have the moon in your hands! He stood at last on the ground looking at— Was it or wasn't it the moon? It was no longer yellow. It was not like a gondola. It would never sail again on a sea of

clouds. It would never again melt into the eyes of lovers, or throw down gold to be made into coins of thought by poets.

Pierrot flung himself upon the ground and wept. The moon lay unnoticed at his side.

Would the moon be the moon without the sky for a background? Would you be you without society behind you? Would any of your thoughts and aspirations be the same without the perspective that the shadowings of old lore, history, science and tradition can give? And how about the effect of other people's aspirations on your own?

Sometimes the sense of self comes so vividly that your body walks like Pierrot on the earth and sees its own thoughts and emotions and experiences constituting an orb as aloof as the moon. Seldom, however, do you understand that the colors of self are vicariously gained from background. The best high lights and fine gradations of illumination denote the mind's third dimension—depth.

The Indictment—

Let there be no vagueness about the indictment. If you, Illinois student, feel too frequently that campus life is "flat, stale and unprofitable" you are being robbed of background. You are dragging your ambitions to the earth—refusing to let your thoughts and dreams stand out against the thoughts and dreams of society. You need that degree of intensity in your thinking which is attained by association with the most intense degrees of social thinking.

You relapse into an inertia of non-achievement the moment you become too indifferent to avail yourself of the inspiration to be gained from others. Books, conversation and personality are three big factors which will lend your mind its third dimension.

On the campus we need fewer books and more conversation. We need fewer places to read and more places to talk. We need the exchange of personality and experiences. The little handful of years we give to college life is so scanty, but the possibilities are so rich! We should be greedy to grasp in return every inch of background which a university measures out to us in exchange for our time. The books are precious but we can always buy those. The great thing is to develop the kind of mind that knows how to read.

Lectures are instructive but we remember the remarks the lecturer makes to us personally. We need to come in personal contact with every instructor and student who is worth while. We need to try everybody in order to find out exactly who is worth while. Away with the hermit life and the "sweet sessions of silent thought"!

Bohemianism—

The middle West thinks it must be proper in order not to be thought bourgeois by the East. The East thinks it must be supercilious in order to keep the West in its place. As a matter of fact, New York might gain a delightful respite from ennui by trying the quiet, unassuming role and (this is a bird of entirely different feather) Illinois might gain a thrill from an aristocratic, nose-lifting Bohemianism.

"Nothing," said Byron, "is so stupid as this damned respectability" and we suppose the first step in unconventionality is to cure ourselves of thinking such a philosophy not "nice". The quarrel does not centre about respectability to be sure. The point is that if conventions interfere with your thoughts, stop being conventional. If everybody ignores absurd customs it becomes unconventional to be conventional.

Final instructions to the jury—

To sum up the whole indictment: The University of Illinois is charged with lack of background, and a depressing state of self-righteousness. The judge recommends the removal of "Silence" signs in your mental libraries with the substitution of "Out with it"!

THE PALIMPSEST

ROBERT CALVIN WHITFORD

Love is an ancient palimpsest
Of vellum gray and worn,
Greasy, scraped, and spotted,
Grimy and frayed and torn,
Whereon a dreamer-poet
Transcribing words in haste
Hath scrawled sweet songs and fleeting,
Rejected and erased
Dim lyrics of old makers
Until their colder lays
Change to a trembling music,
Rhythms of nights and days,
Till over the flaws and blotches,
Thoughts hid or blotted out,
He painteth in fire of quick desire
Runes of the death of doubt.

(Reprinted from the October issue.)

SELFISH MARTYRS

Children of the world, you all want the same things—love, life, and happiness. Besides these, what matter little differences of creed and language? Why can you not understand each other?

Some of you are growing desperate—furious in your weakness. You are trying to dig your heels into the slope of the hill, but the mad throng about you hurry you along. If you can't stand firm, don't fall down and cling to the ground. You will only be trampled underfoot and forgotten by your deluded companions. Even if your feet are going in the same direction as those about you, your head does not need to be filled with the same thoughts of revenge and mock idealism. You may have the consolation that your own ideal is firm.

It may be easier and much more soul-satisfying to fall beneath the feet of the multitude when your momentary self rebels, but you would only be a selfish martyr, a useless martyr. Keep on going—but keep on thinking. Fight a clean fight within yourself for the supreme good. Do not insist on trivial differences that irritate society—sacrifice your prejudices to public opinion—it is the faith within you that counts.

Then some day, after the throng has become exhausted with its mad rush, there may be others who see truth as you see it. There may be others who have sacrificed their individualism to the good of the cause—whose feet have followed where their reason lagged. Then, sure of your strength you may try to stand firm. If you cannot stay those about you by the personality and influence you have developed in the meantime—then may be the time to cling to the side of the hill, for many bodies can make the procession halt. Then you will not be a selfish martyr—you will not have ventured foolishly—you will not have antagonized those about you by needless remonstrances.

You may not even need to be trampled underfoot when the time comes. The rabble may become *brave* enough to admit its *fear*. It may even gaze with reverence upon your face because you are a worshipper of Truth.

Martyrs are often fanatical, often insane, often ambitious, often selfish. Life is more valuable than death in any fight. If you see Truth you will realize that she wants you to live and think and help the Philistines about you to think. The world does not need selfish martyrs.

—E. L.



Between You and Me



Cleopatra of Egypt, Illinois

Before the Date

Good-night! I'm such a nut,
I wish I could be great!
I reckon it's too late
To wriggle from this rut—
Good-night, I'm such a nut
I hate to keep this date.
I hate to think He knows
I'm just a curly mutt
That keeps her thinker shut
And spends her cash for hose.
I hate to think He knows—
Good-night! I'm such a nut!
Good-night, I'm almost scared
He may not like my clo'es!
They're shorter yet—in shows;
Before, I never cared—
Good-night! I'm almost scared
To vamp Him when He goes.

After the Date

They say it ain't your heart
That gambles in the game;
They say your mind's to blame,
And love's a thinking part!
They say it ain't your heart,—
It hurts you all the same.
It hurts you in your chest
And makes your eye-lids smart.
I *read* that "Cupid's dart
Has never maid distressed."
(It hurts you in your chest)
They *say* it ain't your heart.
They say it's nothing real
And love's a thought at best.
I hope He hasn't guessed
The way it makes me feel!
I know that mine is real—
It aches—inside my—chest.

Surcease

She was in love without hope.
She wept unceasingly.

"Grief will rob your heart of its mortal smile," said the poet.

"Grief is selfish," said the altruist.

"Grief will sap your vitality," said the materialist.

"Grief causes permanent decadence of the will," said the philosopher.

She wept unceasingly. . . .

"Grief makes your hair turn gray—it done it to mine," said the beauty-doctor.

Then She ceased to weep.

LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT

I.

Champaign, Illinois
February 11, 1918.

Dear Father:—

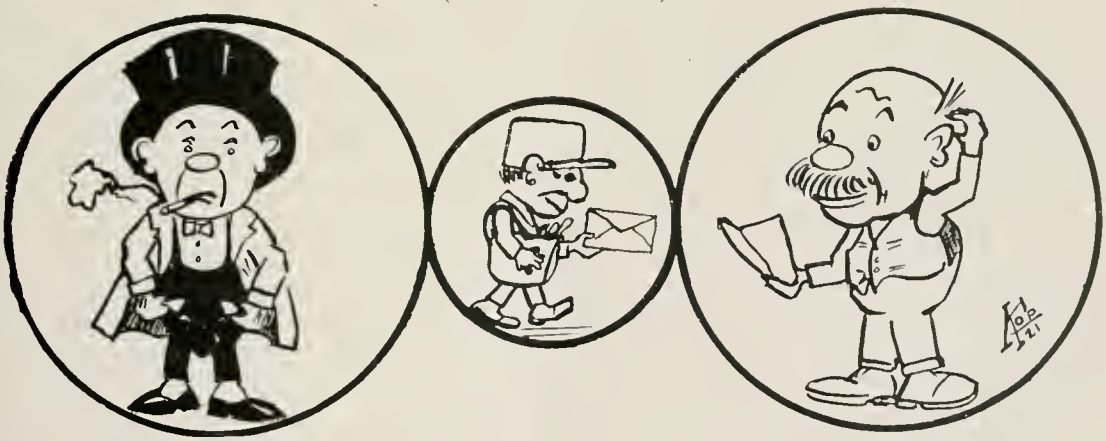
Though I know I got a check from you last week, right now a matter has aris'n that causes me to speak, (for more). Oh no, I do not waste away behind some prison's bars, for staying out all night at play, with some of "Stageland's" stars. I do not even need the "kale" to keep the "lamp of wisdom" lit. I have enough to keep it going and still have left a bit. The thing I wish to ask you for, is fifty or one hundred more, (whichever you can spare), for me to spend with common sense, on things aside from school expense, of which you're not aware.

But now I'll justify myself in your paternal eye, for making this abrupt request —I'll tell you here just why. Complete success, you said, I know, besides upon acumen, depends upon the thoroughness with which one knows things human. Of course, in order to know men, one must associate, and that is what I wish to do before it is too late. The chance that caused this sudden plea is certainly a gem, for I am bidden by a "frat" to become one of them. The name of this fraternity is "Donot Giva Damma", 'tis better than the "Bita Pie" or "Hittem Witha Hamma". The first objection that you'll make is one of grades, I know; but, fear not, others hitherto have made far from low. Therefore, the "frat", whate'er you think, cannot be wholly bad, and I am sure the peer of mine can nowhere else be had. This brings me to the reason for my frantic cry for aid; to be initiated fifty dollars must be paid. Another fifty would help out for incidental things as silk shirts, socks, a new spring suit, and last, an "order" ring. Well may you whistle at the cost of joining in a "frat", but let me tell you, Father dear, it is most cheap at that. I'll know what pleases every man of every class and type, from mixing with them day by day and learning what they like.

Dear Father, you must see it, opportunity is mine, but I need your help to seize it, so I'm sure you'll send in time,—one hundred dollars.

Affectionately your son,
JAMES

(To be continued)



"I exist—how often? As often as I think." —Descartes

ACCORDING TO—

Dr. Bode—

"Thinking is symptomatic of trouble; the reason most people don't have trouble with their philosophy is that they don't think."

"Philosophy is a pretty serious thing —the Germans' war proves that."

"If we were monkeys we would say, 'How straight evolution is headed for perfect monkeys'!"

Prof. Sherman—

"There is nothing so wholesome in education as to have ideas thrust upon you in such a way that you have to believe or refute them. To take a stand in regard to all sorts of things is the essence of education."

"Our task is to make aristocratic tastes prevail in a country that is becoming increasingly democratic."

Dr. J. G. Stevens—

"Anti-social action, to which free opinions sometimes lead, is often worth while as an incident of progress."

"It's a hard world."

Mrs. Doeden—

"If it's a good sonnet and written to the devil, it is still a good sonnet."

Prof. Hayes—

"It was a brave man who first tried eating an oyster."

"Half the books in the world dilute and obscure what is said in the other half."

"We all have one thing in common— we can't get off the world."

H. F. Harrington—

"There should be more service and less services."

K. Needham—

"A good nothing is better than a poor something."

Bruce Weirick—

"The School of Liberal Arts and Sciences crept into the University of Illinois like Cinderella—on sufferance."

Selzer—

"The trouble with most students is that they save all of their work for the eighth day in the week."

"The aviator and the coal-miner are not the only people who understand the ups and downs of life.

"If you enter a room without knocking you should at least try to leave the same way."

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

THE MYSTERY

WHEN is a pageant not a pageant? When it's a Mystery, to be sure. Already has William Chauncy Langdon, University Pageant Master, acquainted the University with three new kinds of dramatic spectacles: a Masque, a Mystery, and a Pageant.* Maybe there will be others to follow.

A Christmas Mystery of the War, written by Mr. Langdon, and produced by him in cooperation with Mrs. Langdon, was given in the Auditorium on the bitterly cold and blizzardy night of January 12th, and was repeated the next week on January 18th before appreciative audiences. The weather gave the production a cold reception, and fifty cents seemed too high a price for many students, but the elect who did attend, the noble 200, were given an artistic treat in which music, action, and color were blended.

The Mystery dealt with three phases of the war at Christmas time 1917. The first was Christmas in the American home, the second was Christmas on a stricken battlefield at the front, the third a pageant of the first Christmas at Bethlehem.

The three parts were united by Joy and Grief, who like a Greek chorus spoke interludes in blank verse from their posts on either side of the proscenium arch. Neal Caldwell '20, as Joy, was radiant in his vesture of gold; Mrs. W. A. Noyes as Grief was sombre in her robe of gray; and they both declaimed the rhythmic lines to good advantage.

The combined Glee Clubs (men and women) sang the stately hymns which voiced the varying moods as the Mystery progressed: "Adeste Fideles", "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", "For All the Saints", "O Little Town of Bethlehem", "Silent Night". It was intended for the audience to join in these, but the volume of song was not appreciably swelled by those who may have done so. A chorus of children dressed as Christmas Waits, sang with vigor the carols "Here We Come A-wassailing" and "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen".

The American home scene with the little ones, the students, and elders was realistic, but too disconnected to be effective.

In the second short scene with its wounded soldiers and attending Red Cross nurses, Miss Frances Brooks was especially appealing as the Belgian woman in search of her lost husband on the battlefield.

The third scene was the best. It made an effective climax, perhaps by every contrast with part one. Mr. Langdon is at his best in devising and depicting a bit of movement which has an emotional appeal. Who did not feel the heart-grip when Belgium kissed the American flag in his Masque

*Hear him define these three (as he does in his course in Pageantry 1): A Mystery is the presentation of Biblical stories; a Morality the presentation of ethical subjects; a Masque is the drama of personified ideas; a Pageant is drama in which the place is the hero and the development of the community is the plot.

"The Sword of America"; when France entered at the Lincoln Day Pageant; when Magi came to worship and offer gifts to the Babe at Bethlehem, and when the angels rose in triumph to sound their glad hallelujahs before the infant King in the manger? A notable part in this effect was obtained through the music so appropriately selected by Mr. Langdon, and so capably played by Mr. Erb.

Miss Velma Dumas '18 as Mary brought to life a Madonna from an Old Master, and, bending o'er the manger-cradle, sang most sweetly the old Coventry Carol "Lullay, Thou Little Tiny Child". Prof. D. K. Dodge made an imposing Joseph, his famous beard functioning adequately to the purpose. We now know why he has grown it all these years. The shepherds, the Three Kings, and the angelic host all came to worship, and the King was honored Whose Hand shall stay and subdue the king-like power of Death and Destruction.

The Bethlehem scene opened with the city silhouetted against the blue sky in which shone the single star above—as exquisite a bit of lighting as has been obtained on the campus. Prof. N. A. Wells outlined the temple towers and roofs; the Langdons did the rest. Mrs. Langdon designed the costumes and clothed all the angels: robes, halos, wings and trumpets. And real angels they were too—the most angelic twenty the University could supply. Over eighty people, students and faculty, appeared on the stage in the course of the production, showing a wide-spread interest in this all-University undertaking. The Illinois Drama Federation leaguing as it does all dramatic interests on the campus, appropriately co-operated in giving it.

The tone of a religious service was given to the whole Mystery, especially in part three, successfully reflecting the old miracle and mystery plays. Rev. J. M. Page opened and closed the Mystery with prayer. The production must be deemed a success not simply as an entertainment, but as a picture of life to-day at home and at the front, as an inspiration to higher living based upon the true meaning of the Christmas season, and as strengthening our determination to end this war and to bring in the time when nations shall learn to war no more.—F. K. W. Drury.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

The hour was about midnight of February 25, the night when "The Thirteenth Chair" was presented at the Illinois Theatre and the scene was the Third Street Delicatessen.

"Fine show, wasn't it?" casually remarked the critic to a stranger as he ordered a midnight meal.

"Fair," replied the stranger in question, chuckling to himself.

"The players were all so natural," was the rejoinder of the critic, who was puzzled, but not dismayed at the stranger's continued chuckling. "I haven't seen such a good show in the Twin Cities for a long time," he continued. "The plot was thrilling, the acting great, and the scenery—well it was the best I've ever seen at the *Illinois*."

Then imagine, if you can, the critic's surprise, when the stranger comes back by reciting some of the lines from the most exciting scenes of the play—just the times when the girl with you got excited and cuddled up close. But imagine the greater surprise when he was introduced as Mr. Sidney Dudley, the subject of all the mystery in the play,—the man, who was murdered during the seance.

Then followed a very interesting discussion about the company's trip to the coast and how they were working back east. Particularly was the information divulged concerning Miss Katharine Grey, the medium, of interest. According to Mr. Dudley, she is a profound Christian, going to

church wherever the company happens to stop over Sunday and at the same time being deeply interested in spiritualism. That in part then, explains her naturalness on the stage and remarkable adaptability to the part of the spiritualistic medium.

Perhaps a word to those not witnessing the production would not be out of place. The spiritualistic medium is brought to the home of Roscoe Crosby, a wealthy man, for the express purpose of conducting a seance to secure a clue to the solution of a murder committed before the act on the act on of the play begins. All the lights are turned out during the seance, and when the medium is apparently about to divulge the name of the murderer, a man shrieks, the light are turned on, and it is discovered that he had been stabbed in the back, dying instantly. The doors and windows are immediately locked, so that no one can leave the room and a police inspector is immediately called. Suspicion is directed at several of the twelve persons present in the room, but the evidence is circumstantial in each case and it is finally left to the medium to discover the murderer. Her highly emotional acting, along with the murderer's remarkable confession, and the dropping of the dagger from the ceiling, where it had been thrown after the stabbing furnish the final thrill in this mystery play, which is so replete with exciting situations.—W. B. R.

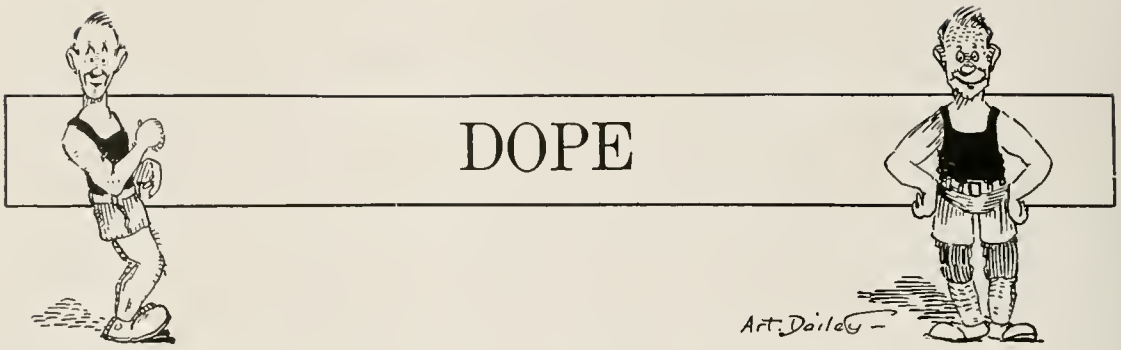
THE DRAMATIC HOUR

Someone once enunciated a truism about valuable things and small packages. It is a pleasure to record Mask and Bauble's first Dramatic Hour this year as a package of quite unusual value. M. Hervieu has enclosed a parcel called "Modesty" in appropriate coverings and through the medium of Miss Irene Seaton as Henrietta, a French coquette, and her respective lovers, Albert (M. A. Romano), and Jacques (P. P. Young), the delightful caprices of feminine fickleness are enjoyably revealed.

Vivacious in temperament, dainty of figure and sprightly of speech, the luscious Henrietta first lavished favor on the flattering Jacques, who gives Albert the wrong steer. The latter, smoking a cigarette nonchalently, served his hostess with old-fashioned ideas about the behaviour of women. But violating no commandment of feminine wile, Henrietta promptly resented the truth and stamped her miniature boot with quite natural impetuosity. Mr. Romano was nothing if not easy in his contemplation of women's conceit and his attempt at subduing the vain Henrietta ended in quite the ordinary manner. After which, of course, the suave Jacques assumed the gentle hand and oily tongue by which his excess capital is readily disposed of.

Miss Mary Caldwell as the stupid maid "Rosalie" was interestingly funny, typically stubborn, equally grotesque and perplexingly silly. Miss Zelomia Ainsworth as the matronly Mme. Bol and her husband (J. E. Davis) formed the distracted household which attempted fashion and display upon the occasion of a respected friend's visit. Much as servants are wont to do, Rosalie refused to function in the duties of serving maid and the ensuing bedlam gives rise to many a smart quip, numerous exasperated expressions, some inartistic pleadings and a highly laughable situation generally.

The action of the latter skit was not entirely the fault of the players. No guest would wait so long for an answer to his ring as the Bol guest, so that the strained feeling was hardly indispensable. "Modesty" on the whole was done with brighter action and more naturalness. We would be glad to contemplate another such Mask and Bauble package.—"K".



THE EVOLUTION OF ILLINOIS ATHLETICS

GLEN W. FREDE

WE have grown accustomed to thinking of our athletics system as a standardized inheritance and as a system which will never essentially change. But in the past thirty-five years athletics at the University of Illinois have undergone some curious changes. Illinois did not partake in intercollegiate athletics until about 1888. Prior to that time Illinois students competed only among themselves, and annual "Field Days" were held each May. A much larger proportion of the students engaged in athletics then, sometimes as many as thirty being entered in a single event. Field events were more numerous and varied, and the prizes offered to successful competitors were even more varied than the events. Hampering regulations and radical differences in the nature of the events themselves combined to produced records very different from those with which we are familiar. "Field Day" at Illinois was the big event of the year. Field events took place throughout the greater part of the day, and the day's festivities terminated with a baseball game between the University of Illinois and the combined talent of Champaign and Urbana, and a presentation of prizes by a select committee of three co-eds. Today our inter-class and intramural athletics are the remnants of the old athletic system. In 1892 the first Inter-scholastic was held at Illinois. It has always produced certain definite advantages, and has been continued (informal times) in essentially its original form.

The Sixth Annual Field Day held May 25, 1888, marked the zenith of local athletics, and may be taken as a fair example of them. On this date Dean N. A. Weston, '89, broke the Illinois record by throwing the hammer 86 feet—a record which he held for several years. The "hammer" at that time was indeed a hammer. It was an exact replica of our modern sledge, having instead of a wire, a wooden handle of proper length. Dean Weston won a Manilla hat for winning this event, besides the coveted cash prize of three dollars paid by the Athletic Association to all contestants breaking Illinois records in any event. The seniors won ten pounds of bologna for winning the tug of war, while the losing freshmen had to content themselves with a sack of peanuts. A feature of the Field

Days was the senior scrub and pie race, in which about thirty seniors ran 100 yards, ate a pie and ran back. The winner received a photo album. The University of Illinois baseball team beat the Illinois College aggregation 13-12 in the tenth inning, and received a "case of refreshments" for so doing. The following is a list of the other events held, Illinois records of the event, and the prizes offered to the winner in each case:

EVENTS	RECORD IN 1888	PRESENT RECORDS	PRIZES OFFERED IN 1888
One mile run	5 min. 10 sec.	4 min. 18½ sec.	Hat and ink stand
Shot put (25 lbs.)	23 ft. 8½ in.		Box of cigars
100-yd. Dash	10 3/5 sec.	9 4/5 sec.	Silk umbrella
Running broad jump	18 ft. 2 in.	23 ft. 4 in.	Smoking set
Running high jump	5 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 1¼ in.	Cane
220-yd. dash	24 2/5 sec.	21 4/5 sec.	Dancing pumps
Hop, step, and jump	39 ft. 11½ in.	48 ft. 4½ in.	100 Havana cigars
440-yd. dash	59 1/5 sec.	48 3/5 sec.	Dressing case
880-yd. dash	2 min. 17 sec.	1 min. 55 3/5 sec.	Suit-case
Pole vault	7 ft. 4 in.	12 ft. 6 in.	Baseball shoes
Mile bicycle race			Collar and cuff box
Half-mile bicycle race			Baseball suit and two street car tickets
Three-legged race			Two knives and a string of sausage
Hitch and kick	8 ft. ½ in.		Box of confectionery
Hammer throw	86 ft.		Manilla hat
100-yds. unicycle race			Pocket book
Go-as-you-please-kick	8 ft. 3 in.		Slippers and perfume
Egg race			Box of candy

I went to Dame Experience to learn her Book of Life.

"It contains only two rules," she said wearily. "When you have learned all. But no man has ever believed me, hence no man has ever been wise."

"What are they?" I cried. "I will believe you—of all men I will learn the Book of Life. What are they?"

Then, carefully, Dame Experience taught me:

One—Trust no woman.

Two—Trust no man.

"You lie!" I cried.

"Pour le philosophe . . . il ne doit pas y avoir dans la conduite un seul element dont la pensee ne cherche a se rendre compte. . ."—Guyan.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

March , 1918.

Editor of the Illinois Magazine:

For more than a year magazines interested in social and educational policies have reflected some phase of a struggle portending in American colleges,—a struggle for and against academic freedom.

The loss by dismissal and sympathetic resignation of half a dozen eminent professors from Columbia and the educational-political turmoil staged in New York high schools last spring marks New York as the storm center of the controversy. Recent expressions by President Lowell of Harvard, President Meiklejohn of Amherst, and an outburst from Dr. William Hobbs of Michigan, indicate, however, that the problem is not a local one.

For some reason, perhaps a prudent policy of letting well enough alone, and perhaps—indifference, Illinois publications have shown no consciousness of this problem. Fear that indifference has been a large factor, prompts me to suggest that the Illinois Magazine give some attention and publicity to the issues involved, to the specific cases of dismissal and to the opinions of such men as Presidents Lowell and Meiklejohn, with the purpose of furnishing information upon which students may base sound opinions concerning the matter.

This matter of academic freedom is not a concern simply of teachers and educational boards. It is as vital to those who are taught as to those who teach. If we want *facts* taught, with attention focused upon their truth rather than upon their effect, if we want questions raised and discussion stimulated, we should take interest in maintaining such conditions throughout the country.

Present conditions hint of a crisis in educational policy. In such a crisis students should be involved. As a healthy sign of preparation and

(Continued on page 229, first column)

The opinions expressed by our correspondents are not necessarily our opinions. At times we may disagree violently—and we may say so. Likewise, if you, Mr. Reader, disagree violently, it is your prerogative to say so. We invite wholesome discussion of all subjects,—not excepting the magazine and its new policy "A student magazine for students by students".

To The Illinois Magazine:

If the average college student were suddenly stopped in his meanderings about the campus, and confronted with a pointed query on his philosophy of life, I dare say he would be quite as helpless as an unprecocious two-year old in giving his answer. When the young American comes to college, he has a complex idea of football games, august professors, college yells; an exaggerated idea about doing as he pleases; and some notions of a more or less intoxicating creature called a co-ed. By the time he gets his diploma, he still has a complex idea, but it is a different idea. Before, he had a beautiful theory of life; now he is apt to have a skeptical theory, and in addition to being something of a pessimist, he will have become intensely practical.

The process of evolution has brought him to an essentially "pragmatic" view; and the first thing that pops into his head relative to a new theory is "Will it work?" If it won't work, he doesn't want it. If a college course doesn't offer him a chance to make more money, he doesn't want it. If a subscription to a fund doesn't offer more than a sentimental satisfaction, he doesn't make it; if it costs more to buy a book than he thinks the course is worth, he doesn't buy the book. He learns to dance, because he thinks it is necessary to social prestige; he joins a fraternity to get a political stand; he makes the acquaintance of all the deans because some day, perhaps, they can help him get a job. He has a pocket full of dollar signs which he hangs on everything with which he comes in contact. He lends to his conversation a metallic twang; the chimes are clanking dollars to him; and the great red sun looks like a newly coined twenty dollar gold piece

The moral obligation to education is one of the dead commandments. After all, perhaps the first

(Continued on page 229, second column)

promise of sound and vigorous opinions I believe greater awareness of this problem as well as many others might well be evident. In these days, the beginning of the great reconstruction period, should not our student publications reflect our relationships with the vital movement of our time occasionally, rather than constantly mirroring the superficialities of a college campus?

A STUDENT

name given to the University, the Illinois Industrial University,—was more appropriate. It seems to fit in better with the American idea. At any rate, such a pragmatic view of learning is essentially American. We call him the "typical business man", when what we mean is that he is a mercenary slave to the Philadelphia mint. He has lost the art of the ages. Socrates means nothing to him but a statue in a useless art museum and "How much better it would be to turn that edifice into an office building." Is this progress? Perhaps not; but the American idea seems to work, and is not that entirely sufficient for our purpose? This is an era of high prices anyway.

SENIOR.

THE DISCORD

This was a pagan shrine, To every face
Of moldering wall, to every blurred relief,
There clings, but dimly felt, like soothéd grief,
An aura, yet, of beauty and of grace.
Decay, the vandal, left this merest trace
Of ravaged perfectness. The brutal thief
Despoiled the treasure the ages held in fief
And left this plundered ruin in its place.
This was a pagan shrine. The note of truth
That sounded from the beauty of its stone
Ill harmonized with that of rites uncouth
Which echoed from within. Decay alone,
The error-seeking, heard and without ruth
Avenged the discord, stilled the imperfect tone.

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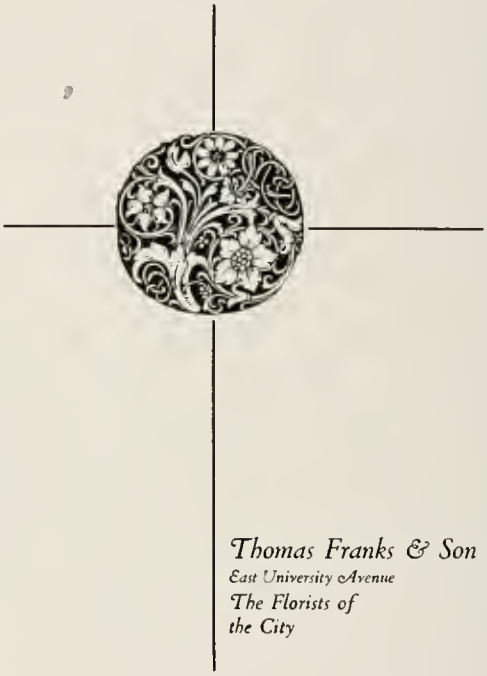
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THE RED FEATHER

ELIZABETH LEITZBACH

"PRIVATE CLARK report to headquarters. Break ranks." Capt. Martha Sayres gave her last order in a clear, strong voice though her teeth were chattering and her feet numb with the cold. The forty aviatrixes who composed Company A, Reserve Aviator Corps, broke ranks and ran for the nearest warm corner by a stove. The Captain walked slowly over the hard, frozen ground to headquarters, a nine by sixteen shack, rudely constructed of fresh pine boards. The luxury of headquarters consisted of a Mountain Oak stove which warmly welcomed the tired officer. Capt. Martha put a kettle of water on the back of the stove and sat down on a goods box to await the coming of the latest recruit.

Private Clark had been out of step three times and when she had been reprimanded she had cried. It was unmilitary, to say the least. Capt. Martha thanked her lucky stars that she had not been the pampered daughter of ex-Steel King Clark. The life of an efficiency expert in the wholesale firm of Flannigan and Myers had been much better training for war. It did seem, though, as if any woman, after the United States had been fighting four years, could at least keep from crying over nothing.

When the latest recruit entered the room, however, Capt. Martha forgot her intention of being curt. The private looked so pitiful and forlorn with the tears frozen on her red cheeks! In her six months of command the Captain had learned when to be harsh and when to be womanly. Now, she observed was the time to play the polite hostess. "Sit down, won't you, Miss Clark? We'll have a cup of tea soon to thaw us out. Beastly weather, isn't it?" Private Clark complied, but made no answer. "Won't you take off your heavy shoes and warm your feet while we're waiting for the kettle to boil?"

In silence the recruit unbuckled her leggings and started to pull off her heavy shoes; but her chin quivered and soon with one shoe off she gave up and sobbing held her foot. "Oh, it hurts so, Capt. Sayres. I know they're both frozen. Do you suppose I'll ever be able to march as well as the others if my feet are frozen?"

Even as she comforted the latest recruit Capt. Martha gloried secretly in the fact that Private Clark had not asked if she would be able to dance well (which, no doubt, would have been her only solicitude six months before), but rather, could she march as well as the other aviatrixes.

Under the warming influence of tea the private's spirits revived somewhat. "Honest, Capt. Sayres, I'm dreadfully ashamed to seem such a quitter right at first, but I always got mixed up on that Column Left thing and every one else seemed to know. Then I was so blue to think my summons had to come just the week before Christmas and I can't get off. Really, there didn't seem to be a thing in the world to be happy about."

Capt. Martha then delivered her heart-



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to-heart talk on the duty of womankind to be optimistic for the sake of the men which she had delivered under almost similar circumstances to almost every recruit for the last six months. But this repetition failed to produce its usual cheerful effects. Private Clark was again on the verge of tears. "That's just it, if I had anyone to be cheerful for—but Morrie thought I was such a selfish slacker that we had a terrible argument and now he doesn't even write." The Captain could only advise such strong anti-slacker action that Morrie would soon hear of her patriotic deeds.

After the latest recruit had gone, Capt. Martha sat thinking for a long time. Strangely enough, her own optimism seemed to have deserted her. She felt that she had given all her own store away to other people. For six months she had seen dainty girls of many types arrive in camp; and now she knew that their hands were rough and hard like her own, and their skin coarse and reddened. They had all arrived like the new recruit of the day before, chic and individually stylish. Now they were all alike as far as clothing, food and environment could make them. While she gloried in the results of military training, yet she regretted that the shy, feminine something which had lurked in the eyes of Private Clark beneath her red-feathered hat must vanish.

Tomorrow was Christmas and orders from headquarters had decreed no furlough. Capt. Sayres wondered what could be done to cheer up the forty girls in her own company, and especially the newest recruit. Her tired brain refused to devise any plan. She felt as if she were giving herself away by inches. Every new day brought its own problems. She wondered if men were as hard to deal with as women. She wondered if it were worth the effort. Did the men really appreciate what the women's reserve corps were doing, or did they think it was only play? Play—she smiled ironically. She felt a hundred years old tonight.

There was a knock at the door. An orderly from Camp Donovan, the men's aviation camp, an eighth of a mile away, saluted her. "Capt. Sayres? A message from Maj. Matthews. He said there would be an answer."

Martha Sayres glanced at the bottom of the type-written note and saw only these words—"Will you come? We think we can count on you. R. A. Matthews, Commandant." Instantly Martha scribbled her answer, "I'll be there. Martha Sayres, Capt.", and gave it to the orderly.

She did not even wait to read the note because she knew that anything genial, big-hearted Maj. Matthews should ask her to do would be all right. She could never repay his kindness to her during the trying days of organizing camp.

Then Martha Sayres slowly read the note, and this is what she read. "No doubt this information will surprise you greatly, for no one beyond six of us here and the War Department knows of our plan to cheer the soldiers in France on Christmas Day. We had planned for three of our best aviators to fly across the Atlantic, leaving here at three o'clock on Christmas morning. They would arrive in France by four that afternoon easily.

"This may at first seem foolhardy, but we feel that the attempt is justified when we think how the mail and candy we intend to send over by the boys will cheer up our men. They will feel that they are nearer home when they receive letters written one day before from their home-folks (for we intend to collect them from the ship-mailing stations). Incidentally, the three aeroplanes will carry bombs which may come in handy. The machines are all in perfect condition and we have chosen competent men. We have sent wireless to three men-of-war to station themselves so as to afford a temporary resting

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place. The only trouble that could be experienced is that the steady driving might tire the men before the ships were sighted or that they might strike an unexpected air current or meet a German plane near the coast.

"Now, on the eve of their journey one of the men, in fact the leader of the three, Phillip Morris, is very depressed and says he has a foreboding of misfortune. If his present state of mind continues the trip will have to be abandoned for we cannot find another capable man at this late hour. I even fear for his sanity. Now I feel that if you could talk to Morris you could brace him up. I know you've done wonders for the hysterical women in your camp and this is merely a case of nerves.

"Will you come? We count on you.

R. A. Matthews, Commandant."

Martha Sayres was stunned by the unheard-of plan and by the part that she was expected to play. Only a few minutes before she had been wondering if it were worth all the struggle. She had been on the point of giving up and now she was called upon to instill courage into someone more discouraged than herself. She could not do it—it would take more will power than she possessed. Could she truthfully urge on this man? It seemed such a great risk, and yet, if a little Christmas spirit could be carried across the water to the disheartened soldiers, it would be worth the hazard of three lives. It was really a wonderful mission—a supreme chance to be a spectacular hero.

Why had she hesitated? Why did the man hesitate? Perhaps it was "merely a case of nerves." Then a sentence from her theory of woman's place in the distribution of optimism occurred to her. "We can't even consider nerves—or anything we've had time for in the old selfish days. We've got to give—give everything, our courage, and even ourselves." Truly this was in accord with the spirit of Christmas. She would go and try her best.

As Capt. Martha Sayres walked across the rough, bare stretch of ground, called in the American military slang of the two camps "No Man's Land", which separated the men's aviation field from the women's, a calm of strength and peace came upon her. The bright moonlight illumined the black hangars where the big planes which were used by both camps were waiting. She wondered which machines would be chosen for the Christmas Mission. She wondered what kind of a man Phillip Morris would be—she wondered if he had no mother or sweetheart to help him through this crisis, or if they were the kind of women who could only weep and cling in a big moment.

Something dark, carried by the night wind, fluttered down at her feet. Abstractedly, Capt. Martha stooped and picked it up. In the clear moonlight she saw that it was a red feather. It had probably blown off of the hat of the ex-Steel King Clark's daughter when she had arrived in camp on the previous day. Now the foolish trifle seemed an omen of good fortune, of bravery, and of fighting courage.

It did not take long to inform Maj. Matthews that she had arrived. It took more time to meet Phillip Morris and to find a secluded corner where they could talk without being interrupted. A spot behind the stove was finally chosen as being warm and out of the range of hearing of the officers who were packing boxes of mail for the Atlantic flight. The room was blue with smoke and bare of furniture, except for camp-tools, a rough pine table, and the little red-hot stove. For a second Martha Sayres was silent—bewildered by the unconventional situation. A year ago she would never have thought of remaining in such a place at eight o'clock at night, but in the face of big things who would hesitate for conventionality's sake?

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Phillip Morris was glad to have her talk to him. She had thought it would require much tact to broach the subject, but he had mentioned it first. After Capt. Martha had impressed upon the aviator the honor of being chosen for the Christmas Mission and had painted a vivid picture of the joy he would bring to the men in France. He confessed, "Really, I'm very glad you came. It does a fellow a lot of good to talk to a woman and especially, a plucky one like you. You know when I think how much courage it must have taken for you to come across here to talk to me, I feel a regular duffer to have even hesitated."

They talked on for fully half-an-hour. "See," continued Capt. Matha, showing the little red feather, "what the wind blew in my path. It's a message of true aviator courage. Won't you take it for a talisman? You might stick it in the front of your plane and rechristen your number, 'The Red Feather'."

"Say, that would be quite appropriate for my old ship—light as a feather she is."

"Well," said Capt. Martha, and she took both hands of Phillip Morris in a hearty, friendly grip, "here's good-by and good luck on the Christmas mission. How I envy you your chance."

For a second they stood in silence; then still holding her hands, Phillip answered, "And when I come back I'll remember who gave me courage to go."

Then Capt. Martha realized in a big wave that seemed to cover her in warmth, how much this aviator meant to her. They had lived through a big moment together —and big moments count more than a lifetime of trivialities. She knew that here was a man she could help to the winning places in life by her own spirit. She wondered if he realized that she needed him as much as he needed her. She was about to tell him how her thoughts would be with him every minute of the cross-Atlantic flight.

Then he dropped her hands and brought her back to earth with a startling remark. "You know, you've made me think of a girl who meant more than anyone in the world to me. My mother's dead, you see. She was the best jolly, good-fellow as long as everything went right. That was the trouble, when they began to go wrong she became a slacker. We haven't written for a year. I wonder if she can have changed." (He did not know that Capt. Martha was wounded more deeply than any soldier ever was in battle.) "Do you suppose if she could get this red feather and just a message that I had gone on the Christmas Mission, it might change her? I believe she's be sorry we disagreed—and maybe I could come back to her."

"All right," dully agreed Capt. Martha, "what is her name and address?"

"Marybelle Clark, Brook Place, Winchester, Maine. She's the daughter of ex-Steel King Clark."

"Yes, I know," Capt. Martha answered low, "I'll tell her you went bravely and gladly."

"You know I didn't exactly, but you're a brick to say so. Good-by Capt. Sayres. Some of us would go back with you if we didn't have to pack for the flight. We'll have to rush; and of course, no one else must know you're here."

Martha Sayres stumbled out across the stretch of "No Man's Land". She was thankful for the solitude. She stupidly wondered how she had been able to encourage Phillip Morris, for now she felt devoid of strength.

It was a quarter after nine when Capt. Sayres entered headquarters. It seemed hours since she had left the shack. She looked at the little red feather and saw that there was a spot of darker red on it. She had held it so tightly that her nails had cut into the flesh. As she gazed at the trifle Martha Sayres seemed filled with a savage, primeval instinct of hate. She

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would not give Private Clark the message. Why should she—hadn't she been the one who had stayed by Phillip Morris in the crisis? If Marybelle Clark had helped at the last, then he would be hers. But she had not. She had failed him during all these months. Marybelle Clark had had everything, money, education, her chance at Phillip Morris, while she, Martha Sayres, had worked all her life. What sacrifice had Private Clark ever made? Perhaps the red feather would mean nothing to her. It was just off her own hat. Yet, even as Capt. Martha argued with her conscience, the vision of the latest recruit's tear-stained face dispelled all her doubts.

Then Taps sounded out on the frosty air. No, it was not too late yet—she could make one private happy on Christmas Eve. Capt. Martha stole across to the big barracks to the corner where she had assigned the latest recruit. It was most unmilitary to stumble around and whisper in the dark after taps, but it was Christmas Eve.

"Here," whispered Capt. Martha, when she had found Private Clark's cot, "is a little red feather that Phillip Morris sent you as a sign that he's still playing the game bravely. Tomorrow he is doing the bravest thing that any man in the army has ever done, and he hopes you will let him come back to you when it's done. He'll be the hero of two continents tomorrow night. I can't tell you more now, but I thought you'd be glad to know you're still —the one girl."

Capt. Martha even softly touched Private Clark's cheek. It was still wet with tears, but she knew it would not be again that night.

As Capt. Martha walked back to her lone shanty she heard church bells in the little town two miles away faintly ringing. It was ten o'clock on Christmas Eve. The Captain paused outside her door to listen until the chiming ceased. The spirit of Christmas filled her with radiance. "Yes, God," she breathed, "we women are still giving the big things, just as one women did on the first Christmas. Even if it's only a red feather, God, our spirits are bigger this Christmas than ever before."

Then as she stood in the moon-light outside of the door to headquarters she suddenly knew that Phillip Morris would reach France safely. She was as sure then as she was two days later when Maj. Matthews showed her the lead-lines.

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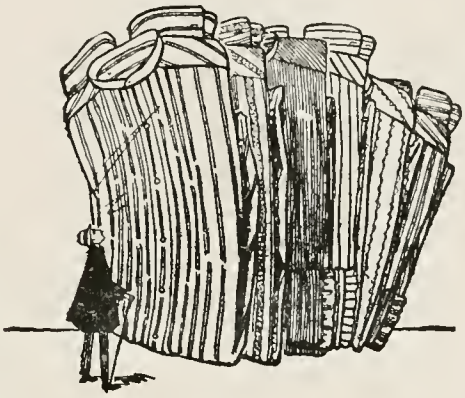
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PERMISSION SONG

BEAUVAIS, old jewel of the French frontier,
The rain has fallen on your age. I pass
And rest within a secret court, concealed
Where is a plot of flowers and shining grass
Washed of the dust; and pools so static clear
That clouds go by within their mirrored face
Like shadows blown in magic, endless chase
Across the heavens in ever-changing mass—
Unto no purpose bent, nor to a fate to yield—
Dally, and float on, sailing in the deep morass
Of blue forever.

A marble satyr grins from the fountain bath,
His imaged mien grotesque within the pool
Where the clouds pass in magical parade.
The air is attared since the shower's deep cool.
The garden flowers lean heavy on the path
Of clean, white stones and sharply pebbled jade,—
Gone from my little world the battle's wrath.
I thought that life was only death and grief,
Floating in Armageddon's bloody wet.
The pall of war had shaped a sad belief
That all the world is endless war,—and yet
Here in my ken are beauty and relief.
As oases must cool the Arab's fevered pain,
So do these lovely gardens bring me peace again,
At old Beauvais.

The Third's the Charm—Only by an oversight of the censor's were we permitted to supply the missing word "Beauvais" in this second poem sent from France by Ray W. Gauger. The name had been clipped from the manuscript in the first two places it occurred; the third repetition (in the last line) had been overlooked, and supplied the much-desired cue.

Of the poem, Gauger writes, "Just a description of the relief I had when I took a short permission for the first time back in the quiet of this lovely old French town of————————"

Foiled again, Mr. Censor!

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL IN WAR TIME

H. GORDON HULLFISH

CROWDED streets, packed street cars, overloaded hotels, standing-room-only theaters, full to overflowing lunch rooms and office buildings that fairly teem with people, all these things combine to bring one to the realization of what a vast difference there is in the national capital since the declaration of war.

One of the most interesting, and at the same time, one of the greatest changes brought about by the war is the different atmosphere that pervades Washington today. Always a city that slumbered along undisturbed by the crashing ways of business which occupied other cities, Washington has come out of its dream and is now a city of business, a city of life, a city that is fully awake to the glorious possibilities of a people who love their country.

Though now a city of business, Washington is not to be compared with commercial centers as we ordinarily think of them; that is, activities are not of a private nature, but every action in this great whirlpool bears a relation to the public. Here business has at heart the welfare of the nation.

Coming into Union Station you sense an activity not present on former visits. Even before you can alight from the train soldiers are seen hustling back and forth with mail sacks, for Uncle Sam has had to detail men to look after the huge correspondence of the men in service. The station, somehow, has changed and the entire central portion has been given over to one immense information bureau. The people gathered around this show that the station gates, which heretofore knew only before a clientele that came leisurely and left leisurely, are now receiving thousands of people who are coming to serve their country in one capacity or another.

And the streets are crowded. This is noticeable at all times during the day, but especially so when the buildings which now house thousands of government employees close their doors and the inmates pour forth. To accommodate them, packed street cars are running continuously in a way that has never before been known to Washington folk.

New government buildings have sprung up everywhere. Large office buildings and hotels have been commandeered. Government offices are not, however, confined to large buildings and you are surprised to find many former barrooms, which were closed last fall, now occupied by employees of Uncle Sam. One of the largest banks in the city has been turned over for government office space and even the lofts of livery stables have been pressed into service.

A series of buildings put up in record time have recently been completed in which are offices of the United States Food Administration, The National Council of Defense, and the United States Fuel Administration. These new quarters have concrete foundations, with walls of lathe and stucco. On the inside the rooms are divided by walls of beaver board and other pasteboard combinations, but to the passing eye, they present all that could be desired in the way of housing workers, and are unique in forming a little colony all their own.

Since the beginning of the war there has been a great extension of the Ordnance Department of the Army and this branch now occupies a new home of its own containing approximately twenty-five acres of floor space. The Aviation Section of the Signal Corps is located in buildings all over the city in addition to occupying the office building containing the largest floor space of any similar structure previous to the entrance of the United States in the war.

The work of the Food and Fuel Administration is more or less familiar to all of us and we can understand, though we do not see the actual working of these departments, that the work which they have to do is enormous and calls for the employment of many willing hands. We know also the work of the National Council of Defense, but there is another branch which has sprung up during the past year, the War Trade Board, that has developed to proportions of which few of us probably realize. At the present time this department occupies eleven buildings but is soon to move into a new home of its own.

Under a series of proclamations President Wilson has provided that licenses must be issued for the passage of all goods out of this country going into any country except Canada, and in fact, for many articles that pass over the Dominion line. Each day about 8000 applications come before the War Trade Board for the issuance of trade licenses. Each one must be passed on by an expert in the particular commodity in question and all are carefully examined for the possibility of enemy interest either in the American shipper or the foreign consignee.

For-rent signs are a thing of the past in the capital, though only a few years ago they were plentiful. Accommodations are hard to get, and in an effort to remedy this condition, the Department of Labor is now constructing buildings of a temporary nature to help house the employees who are expected to arrive in the city during the course of the next few months.

Employees on the government pay roll are not the only ones who are busy, however, for the women of Washington are giving hours of their time daily to Red Cross and other humanitarian work. In all parts of the city these Red Cross workrooms may be seen and the women are hard at work plying their needles and other instruments turning out necessities for the boys over there. And so it goes,—

every one is plugging along and everyone is working tirelessly and unselfishly in the one cause, that of giving their all and all to back up the aims and needs of the national government.

With all of its business the capital has a military bearing, all parts of Washington being dotted with the uniform of Uncle Sam. The forts along the historic Potomac river with their quota of troops have been accentuated by the training camp at Fort Meyer, Virginia, just outside of Washington, and the new camp for men of the national draft army which has been erected on the northeast outskirts of the city, Camp Meigs. In addition to the warriors of this nation, many foreign officers are seen, and especially is the blue uniform of the French conspicuous.

As the eye wearies from gazing at so many faces—strange to Washington—and at seeing this unusual activity on the streets of the nation's capital, it may turn skyward, and there among the clouds an airplane may be seen. Over Washington, around the famous monument and the dome of the capital probably some of the most daring and fancy flying done in the United States is a daily occurrence. And strangely enough these flights are made chiefly by men from the battle fronts, foreign officers who have been called to Washington, and who bring to Washingtonians, the manner of flying over the battle swept fields of France and of maneuvering in conflict with the enemy planes.

Washington has truly changed, but in its new robe it presents a picture worth seeing; a picture which every true American may be proud of; a picture of a people putting their shoulders to the wheel so that every cog of the government's war machine may turn in place and continue a smooth and forward course.

A woman will forgive a man any crime if she believes he committed it for love of her.

Acting differs from living in that the actor has learned his lines, and there is a prompter behind the wings.

The only ways some people can get their names in the paper is to be lynched or electrocuted.

It is not conceited to think you are going to be great but to think that you are already great.

It is a distinct necessity for a man to feel that the husband of a woman he admires is a mutt.

THE MOTIVE

Susan Shaffer $5.00
Marcelle Laval, J. W. Arnold, "Ish" Honorable Mention

Through a multitude of vicisitudes, the ill-fated five dollars has at last found an owner. Miss Susan Shaffer '19, with a poem which we have christened "The Motive", best described the elusive contestant, according to the decision of the judges, Mrs. Alta G. Saunders, Solton Engel and Bruce Weirick, all of the department of English. The letter writers were equally divided in their opinions as to whether "Unknown" was a man or woman.

It only remains for us to hope that he, she, or it will read the following description, and regret the impulse which caused him, her or it to spurn our fiver!

The author of the prize winning epigram
Is a man
Who wears a dark gray suit

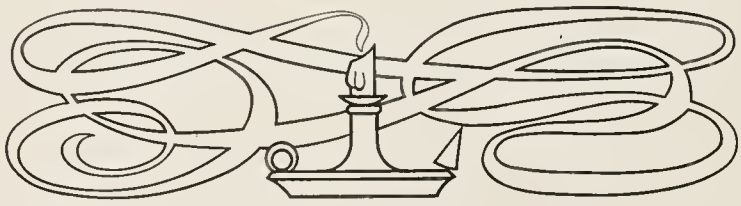
And carries an umbrella when it rains.
His disposition
Is scholarly and slightly
Pessimistic.
He never wears overshoes
Because the street-car advertisements
Get on his nerves.

He likes to take long walks
In the spring,
When he meditates
On the woman who turned him down.
He remembers the last words
She said before she left him:
"When love is a pastime,
"It is well to remember
"That one of the players
"May tire of the game.

Although it is fifteen years
Since his undergraduate days
When she said it, it still rings
In his ears.
He will find no relief.
Until he tells someone else.
But whom?

One day he glanced over
The Illinois Magazine
By mistake.
He noticed the challenge of the
Living to the dead.
"Surcease", he sighed.
And straightway
With feverish pencil, he seized
Clean white paper,
Inscribed thereon the hot burning words
Carved in his brain.

The next day he saw the announcement
That he had won the prize.
But not even for five dollars
Would be acknowledge those cursed words.
Peace
Is worth more to him
Than fame or fortune.



THE ONE-TRACK MIND

WARNER GRENVELLE RICE

THERE are two general classes, two distinct varieties of the one track mind. President Wilson, the originator of the term, first applied it to himself in describing his attitude toward the Mexican crisis of 1913-14, and in spite of the adverse criticism which the phrase brought upon him, it suited admirably. No national policy has ever been more straightforward, no course of action more direct than that which the President followed during the stormy months from November to May when the press was bellowing at the policy of "watchful waiting", and letters were pouring in from thousands who wished to enter Mexico by armed force "to protect American interests". Mr. Wilson had decided not to intervene; he stood equally firm in his refusal to recognize as the chief executive of the struggling country a dictator who at best had the support of a bare fifth of the people whom he wished to rule under the ironically presumptuous title of "President"; and it is significant of his one track mindedness that he did not waver in the execution of his plan. The opposition was powerful and active; newspapers appealed to the Administration to save the honor of the country by abandoning the policy of watchful waiting, to vindicate America before the world by recognizing Huerta. The Honorable Theodore cursed and ranted, labelling the conduct of the whole affair disgraceful; Vox Populi overflowed with threatening clamor.

"The President is morally obstinate," wailed the Hartford Courant. "He is too proud, too narrow and too weak to admit he has erred!" Obstinate he surely was; but obstinacy was the only force that could have saved the situation. The recent revelation of German intrigue in Mexico has shown that; and his more or less mysterious reticence was necessary for obvious reasons.

The President's course was indeed the course of a one track mind, a course which permitted no deviation and no movement in more than one direction at a time. There was a definite aim to be attained, a feasible way to attain it. Mr. Wilson had a target as well as a gun; and his one track mind was not only broad gauge, it was on the main line as well.

But the attitude of the press gives an enlightening example of a second type of the single track mind. Editors were doubtless sincere when they condemned the policy of the Administration, but too often they wasted good powder and shot before they quite knew what they were trying to hit. To be sure, they were on a direct line somewhere, but unfortunately they lost themselves on sidetracks which led into regions which they could not explore; and doubtless many of them are still regretting that they acted as such admirable catspaws for Germany without getting the advantage of the liberal subsidies which that country would willingly have offered for the enthusiastic aid that they donated so freely. Their minds were nar-

row gauge; and to this class belong the great majority of one track minds, the common or "university" variety.

It is not at all uncommon at the University of Illinois, where it exists in the faculty and in the student body. It is, in its most perfect form, the sort of mind which, in a professor, regards a text book as a complete and perfect medium for conveying all the true and immutable truths pertaining to a subject and at the same time considers the introduction of more or less radical ideas into the class room as quite improper and completely valueless. It is the kind of mind which, in a student, is content to believe almost anything that appears in print, to accept as the law of the universe whatever proposition may be put forth in the class room, be it excellent or absurd; to take upon faith, without any demonstration whatever, the soothing statement that all's right with the world, or to accept with equal ease that all's wrong on earth and in heaven, and which, when it believes the latter statement, has, of course, to be quelled by firm and unhesitating methods.

It is evident that knowing where to look for material is essential for the successful acquisition of ideas. But it does not follow that this business of tagging things should, therefore, be particularly emphasized. It is the minor part of education, the part which may be understood by a study of the Encyclopaedia Brittannica. The ability to think is the only completely satisfactory object and reward of a college education; and it would appear, if we accept this statement, that the primary concern of a teacher should be to direct the ideas of the young men and women with whom he works into fairly safe and navigable channels of thought. Most instructors have, it is to be supposed, some such idea in mind, but their attempts to solve the problem consist in pouring the turbid masses of ideas that the average student has somehow obtained, into a kind of filtering funnel, from which they should, perforce, emerge in a clear and steady stream. An excellent theory! But the funnel often becomes clogged, and the entire process stops; the difficulty being glibly explained by the puzzled professor as due to unavoidable impurities which contaminated the substances he put in rather than by the more usual truth that the funnel itself was too small, or that it was imperfect. Almost always the inconvenient stoppage could be prevented if the teacher would use a few ideas of his own to dilute the mixture. Every instructor worthy of the name does, it is true, attempt some critical comment, but too often his judgment is simply a condensed version of something which has been said before. Such criticism is doubtless valuable; but the really vital question, "What do *I* think about it?" still remains. It is quite possible to find out what Henry James thought, what Matthew Arnold thought, what Nietzsche or Abraham Lincoln thought by reading books. The only advantage in having them interpreted is the introduction of original and personal, even if not absolutely new ideas in regard to what they meant. To this end there should be more discussion, less of question and answer pedagogy. Is not the examination of the policy of Henry VIII, and its effect on our modern life as well as upon England of the 16th century more important than the simple memorization of the dates of his several marriages?

The answer can be furnished, at least in part, by our professors. "What do you think about religion, about ethics, about politics?" we ask. And if the answer comes wholly in dead terms of what someone else thought years ago, if no new vista is opened by a personal view, we know that we are in the presence of the most exasperating model of the one track mind.

The fault does not, however, lie entirely with the faculties of our colleges. If stu-

dents were really anxious to discuss questions of moment they could surely find opportunities in plenty. The conclusion which must be drawn is that most of us are enveloped in a lethargic haze, from which we can be extricated only by considerable prodding. Most of the young men are interested primarily in the young women, and, therefore, in the matters with which the latter are concerned. Unfortunately the young women as a rule do not care for serious thinking; an active brain seems fatal to the complexion. Ribbons defy reason. And thus we are occupied so much with the details of living that we have no time to formulate opinions of our own and must, therefore, adopt them on faith. "I should worry" as the national motto beautifully supplements "In God we trust" to round out a perfect philosophy.

Let those who take exception to this statement look around them, let them attend a student conference such as a Northfield group, a body organized especially to promote discussion, and let them observe the attitude of indifference, a bored desire to "get it over with". Let them visit a few classes, and observe the keen interest shown in the subject matter of the average course. Some classes *are* dull, no doubt, but where should the blame be placed? "The instructor is hired to make things interesting", you say. But no man can be expected to pour stimulating ideas into the minds of students if he first has to force an entrance with a crowbar and hold it with a wedge.

Perhaps the men and women of the Universities express themselves through student publications. As the nearest example we may take the self-confessed "Greatest College Daily" which is only surpassed in banality by its prototype, the W. G. N. For the past year the editorial policy of this paper has been concentrated on a trivial and not particularly successful tirade against the Boneyard to the practical exclusion of some of the real problems of student life. Such mysteries as the fate of the Junior Prom receipts have been gently dismissed, the disgraceful indifference of the Senior class to the Chimes Fund has been passed by without more than a murmur of disapproval. Righteous indignation against the condition of the seats in 228 Natural History and the spirited White Crusade for towels in washrooms, two subjects kindly left by a former editor, have done valiant duty in filling the interims between editorials which practically impeach the President and the entrances of the Bell Boy of Fate. Worst of all, few seem to notice or to care whether anything worth reading is printed or not. But how can common mortals be expected to perceive that things are not all they should be when the company of the elect takes a year to do justice to a former editor of the Illini who at least made the sheet a howling success?

But there are other matters, which must appear in a more favorable light. Every college man and woman is interested in college athletics, of course. So deeply interested, in fact, that some thirty-five hundred of them are perfectly willing to slouch on the bleachers and gain their only exercise by cheering the efforts of the noble one hundred who so gloriously uphold the athletic traditions of the school. As a further improvement on this scheme, it seems probable that in the near future a correspondence-school system of mass athletics will be instituted, in which case it will be unnecessary to leave the wicker chair on the front porch to get the thrills, providing that a freshman be placed in a strategic position at the telephone. Under these conditions the body will, to change the Greek phrase a little, become a fit temple for the mind.

Another subject of peculiar importance toward which there is a surprising indifference is that of a career. The average

college man doesn't think about that so very much. "Oh, a job will turn up," he says easily and so dismisses the matter. But that sort of answer explains why a B.S. in agriculture spends the first three years of his post-collegiate life gauging car wheels in a locomotive works from necessity rather than choice. Trained men ought not to be wasted; but they are, and all efforts to materially change conditions so that every college man will plan a career have been ineffectual.

It must be admitted, too, that the University itself has not adopted an altogether encouraging attitude toward those who have proposed improvements on the present system. The tendency has been toward coddling, toward keeping the surface of things untroubled; and the policy of coddling has this peculiar advantage: It practically prevents the proposal of a serious question and thereby eliminates the necessity for an answer which might sometimes be embarrassingly difficult to frame. Yet the Administration has not forgotten us, but as an inspiration paternally pours upon our bowed heads a series of war lectures, which in the main are delightfully soporific, but which illustrate both the benign martyrdom which the lecturers are willing to undergo to be of service, and the patience of the undergraduate in the face of what amounts to intellectual insult.

The remedy for all this is not hard to find. It lies simply in the encouragement of liberal discussion by the adoption of a broad and sympathetically tolerant attitude by the administration of the American University; by the introduction of vital and personal ideas into the classroom, and by the emphasis of mind-training instead of mind-stuffing. Many mistakes will at once come to light under such a regime, many wild and foolish opinions be expressed, many a fantastic viewpoint taken. Yet there will be no real danger, no real loss. The radicals, the mental Bolsheviks will always remain in the minority; and they can be best coped with if there exists a large and intelligent class which is able to think clearly and confidently enough to define the boundary which separates reasonable doubt from doubtful reason.

YOU

ROBERTA WAGNER

People are colors.
Saffron-colored, you are,
Like a pine-rimmed lake at sundown,
With the gold sky shining in its depths;
Like shimmering Indian summer, and maize;
Like desert poppies, holding the sun;
Like topazes;
Like the great, amber-orange moon, rising behind the
black trees.
Saffron-colored, you are.

Character-Indications as contained in Individual and Applied

HUMMING

(Twenty-fifth lecture delivered by Prof. Bruno Dorcmejaso at the symposium held by the Amalgamated Psychologists.)

I.

IF we are to trust the evidence of the history of evolution, the great philosophical fact upon which to base our present experiments is indubitably:

MONKEYS HUMMED

Let no one seek to shake our faith in this monumental belief which has come down through the ages as a social inheritance to the present generation. Many scientists would refute the theory upon the grounds that monkeys *do not now hum*. Plainly this is a fallacy. The fact that I am bald now does not prove that I at no time had hair upon my head. Neither can we say that because monkeys have abandoned humming in the present age, they have at no time employed it.

All civilization is built upon this colossal truth and were we to abandon such an absolute, we have all reason to believe that the disruption of society would result. Once let custom release her firm grip upon mankind and the ensuing situation will resemble that described by the great pantheist, Lewis Carroll, in his theodicy, "Through the Looking Glass and what Alice Found There":

"The slithy toves did gyre and gimble in
the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogroves and the
nome wraths outgrabe."

We must be conventional, gentlemen. We must accept the teachings of by-gone generations. We must light the pipes of our deductions by the safety matches of the past, rather than trust to the firebrands of our own imaginations. Our souls are like canton flannel. Let us keep them away from gas stoves.*

II.

The moment at which one first indulges in humming is strange beyond comparison. Will my colleagues pardon a personal relation just here?

I distinctly remember standing in the I. C. station at Paris, Illinois, when I was seven years old. I am convinced that no stimulus calculated to produce musical sounds had been offered me. There was present neither score nor instrument. Suddenly, as I stood contemplating a bit of dirty cracker-jack on the floor, the neurones in my brain ceased to hold hands. They had previously been joined much as children playing "London Bridge is falling Down". There was no longer any synaptic resistance. Whether volition proceeded action or action volition we must trust the interactionists to say.

The upshot is—I hummed.

A faint buzzing sound proceeded from my lips. Becoming bolder, I began to form strange syllables—which I swear I had

*Sainte Beauve, the eminent French critic has declared this passage to be the most rhythmic and powerful in the English language.

never heard before in the present existence—syllables such as:

"Twa Dwa Dwa Dwa Dwa, mm—dwa!"

III.

Having prepared ourselves carefully by the consideration of the philosophical, taxonomical, generical, and individual aspects of our question, we proceed to the study of *applied humming.*

The well-known scientist, Dr. William J. Burns, invented the most noted system of tests whereby individual humming-units can be ascertained. The investigator, equipped with a dark lantern, and a dictograph, seats himself outside the room in which the patient has been established. A jazz band in an alcove plays "Sweet Little Buttercup" or "Oh Min!"

B stealthily withdraws. Five minutes later, A commences to hum. By means of the dictograph, Dr. Burns has thus secured 9,577 samples of individual humming events*

I, myself, have made humbler experiments on this our native campus. The results will be found at the end of this thesis. I have made greater attempts to discover the significance of humming-units as pertaining to character than any other living psychologist.

A uniformity of syllable has invariably accompanied a consistent character. For example, one patient who hums without exception, "La-La-La-La" has not missed brushing her teeth at 7 o'clock every morning for seventeen years. She is an instructor in this very university—a woman of high integrity, an owner of three liberty bonds and a thrift stamp.

A dissimilarity of syllables with two short hyphenated syllables recurring at calculated intervals usually indicates a liking for such jokes as "Don't Fish Here" —in short, a nature lacking in refinement but with a certain propensity for social intercourse. A janitor, having been tested for humming-units, responded invariably with "Faddle Faddle Foo-da".

The same janitor is known to be an anonymous contributor to such publications as the "College Widow", the "Purple Cow", "The Jester" and had even ascended higher in the scale of humor during the life of the "Siren".

*The editor of one of the pamphlets named above, who may be characterized as highly individual, versatile, but nevertheless astounding, has borne out the theory that inconsistency of syllables indicates unconventionality, extreme energy and love of excitement. To resolve the rule into technical terms, "Your character is to your humming-syllable as the jazz-band to its saxophone." What more striking proof of our law could we have than the remarkable table below?

*Published by Houghton, Piffle and Co. "9,577 Standard Hums".

Occupation of Patient	*General Characteristics*	*Humming-unit*
L. A. and S. student	Affable, studious, neat	Tra-la-la-la
Household Science student	Anxious, nervous, untidy	Sizzle-swing!
Instructor in Bugology	Fond of dancing, joyous, generous with A's, inclined to *em-bon-point*	Chinkety-cheek ge-lank ge-lank
City business man	Moneyed, suave, popular member of country club	Oi-yoi-ikey-ikey
Housewife	"A nice girl"	Hum-de-da-la
Methodist minister / English instructor \	To be inferred	\ Glump-glump- / Glump-Glump
Alfalfa cultivator	Slow, honest, humble	Baa-baa-baa-moo
Editor humorous college paper	*As described	Google - de - bang - bang - chu-whangedy zow - gling - google-de whompety-cing-clang-z-r-r-r- (with variations)

BIGGER, BETTER POODLES

GERALDINE DALY

"FOR the Lord's sake, Peg, I'm not in." John E. Gridley, his coat-tails spread like a fan tail pigeon, vaulted over the low railing protecting the business office of the Toboygan Evening Free Press from the onslaught of almanac agents and calendar salesmen and flopped into a reporter's chair.

"I just connected with a fellow who looks like a collector and I told him he passed me going down stairs, cause I'd just stepped out." Gridley ceremoniously inserted his index finger in his hat-band and slowly turned his derby around his head. The door opened and Gridley, otherwise known as "Jack", sent his hat revolving around his cranium and viciously assaulted his typewriter.

"Mr. Gridley you wanted?" asked Peggy Peele, assistant in the newspaper office, as she studied the warts on the china pickle suspended from a black cord around her neck and let her gaze creep up to the Irish eyes of a copper-haired lad who stood before her with a pad in his hand.

"Mr. Gridley you wanted to see?" Peg repeated. "Well, he's out." Peg swept the room with her sparkling dark eyes and observed only one person in the room besides the little bill-collector.

"That?" Peg arched her eye-brows coquettishly and tossed her head in the direction of the lone occupant whose derby at that moment was traversing a precipitous path around his head.

"Oh, that's only the owner and manager of the paper," she added, counting the humps on the pickle.

"Well, here's a bill for two dollars and a half for five jars of Stickhams Paste," said the auburn tinted collector as he flipped an engraved card to Peg, adjusted his verdant green cap and whistled out of the room.

A soft feminine whistle made the "owner and manager" stop beating x's on the paperless cylinder of his machine and peer cautiously over his collar. Then with boyish hilarity, he sent the well-trained derby spinning in the air and slid across the room to Peg.

"That's the time I caught myself out, Miss Margaret."

Margaret pushed back her curls. They would wind round her ears.

"His name's Jimmie," she announced, reading the card. "P. James Murphy."

Gridley's face sobered. "I'm in a bad way, Peg," he began seriously. "You don't mind if I call you Peg, do you?"

"Not if I may call you—Jack." Peg stuck the china pickle saucily into her mouth and laughed at the perplexed boyish face above hers.

"I don't know what I'm going to do for the boys, the printers," continued Jack. "They held chapel-meeting this afternoon. Old Woods called it to make a final decision about their walk-out. They've been working for four months now, and have had only three and one-half month's pay." The

derby began to circulate to the tune of Yankee Doodle, whistled softly and worriedly by Gridley.

"Our advertising contracts won't be due for another month and I ve raised all I can on our equipment."

"Well———why don't you ask me what to do?" suggested Margaret.

Jack threw his hat forcibly on the floor.

"Well, I'll be darned! That's just what I'm getting at. You have to tell me how to raise one thousand dollars in a week!"

Margaret fingered the plaited frill down the front of her transparent Georgette waist. Her dimples deepened.

"All right," she promised.

"The boys have been mighty white about it all," Jack continued. "They've stuck even though the ghost hasn't walked for two weeks, but the printers just have to quit. They can't afford to work any longer without pay, and called the meeting to tell me they were quitting." Gridley's face grew troubled and he looked appealingly at Peg.

"What did you tell them?' she questioned.

"Why, I talked to the boys, told them we were an infant industry; that the paper was young and hardly on its feet and that when our advertising contracts came due, we'd have all kinds of money."

Peg knit her brows and pulling a bilious-looking pad toward her, drew hordes and hordes of dizzy sail-boats on a waveless sea, methodically counting, meanwhile, the seven strokes of her stubby pencil which traced the pictured feet.

Jack buttoned and unbuttoned his grey pinch-back and waited for Peg to speak. It was his voice which finally broke the silence.

"Woods spoke for the boys. He said that for my sake, they'd willingly work a month without wages, but that most of them had families to care for and they had to get out.

"Then, Peg, I climbed up onto that old roll of press paper and told those printers I was with them and I knew their troubles, but if they'd stick another week, I'd have over-fed pay envelopes for them next Saturday night. You should have heard them cheer. They actually hoisted me upon their shoulders and yelled just like in the old Standforth gridiron days. They're with me every one, but Peg, I haven't a bug of an idea and have to raise a thousand dollars by a week from tonight." Gridley rattled some loose change in his pockets. Then he picked up the yellow-ruled bill lying on the desk.

"Paste!" he shouted. "Well, I'm sure stuck!"

Peg's ships had accumulated into quite a navy.

"By all the powers of Jove, Peg, I'm getting sea-sick from watching you nailing seven lines into a ship. From the size of this one, it must be the seventh son of a seventh son!"

Amid-ships, Peg jumped to her feet.

"I feel a germ, Jack."

"The dickens you do," and he just missed her hand as he reached for her pulse. Peg was adjusting an attractive mustard colored Bo-Peep bonnet with a coquettish Robin-Hood feather cocked on the side.

"Gosh, but you're a whiz, Peggy. You can raise a thousand dollars in sail-boats, find alibis for every occasion, dispatch dyspeptic, curious old creditors, diplomatically receive stockholders and discreetly show them only the contracts, still unpaid." Jack stuck his thumbs into his pockets and leaned against the desk.

"You're a 1920 Model, Peg."

"Come over to my house at three tomorrow. It's Sunday, and I'll give you a bona fide, copyrighted idea," laughed Peg as she left the office.

The guaranteed hole-proof idea germinated with Monday morning when Peg was

hot on the trail of the local garages. Her first attack was on the agent of the Stutson Six car.

"Ah, ha, Miss Peggy! And how is the charming young lady this bright Monday morning?" The mellow, bald-headed, bespectacled old automobile salesman bowed over to Margaret Peele.

"Catch me if you can!' Peg's eyes snapped fire and she skipped past the horn-rimmed spectacles to a luxurious limousine panting in the big garage.

"Oh, I say——" His trousers bagging at the knees and one end of his watch chain handing limply out of his vest pocket, he hobbled rheumatically after the dashing figure in scarlet.

"I've come to tell you, Mr. Bowers," began Margaret, disapprovingly sniffing gasoline, "that we're going to give your car, the Stutson, father says it's the best in town (Peg conscientiously crossed her fingers)—first place in our Bigger, Better Poodles movement."

"In your what?" The fussy old salesman excitedly put his hand on the door to climb in with Peg, when she nonchalantly slammed it and securely fastened his coat sleeve in the jamb.

"I beg your pardon," laughed Peg. "How awkward of me," and she leaned back upon the soft upholstery without making an effort to liberate the enmeshed bait.

"I said I wanted to enter your car in our automobile-kennel-ostentation, you know, an animated bench show for Pellins Food Puppies; a grand right and left with your Stutson Six leading with Lady Excelsior de Luxe III in the front seat."

"Great goodness, Miss Peggy, that sounds like a twin six idea, but would you mind telling it to me in one cylinder words?"

Margaret's merry laugh rang through the building.

"Stupid!" she mocked. "Can't you see that Toboygan is going to head an international movement for bigger, better and eugenic dogs, a credit to their nation and a foundation for the future race of canines!" Margaret's eloquence reached its height and she suddenly turned off the gas, quieting the machine so that only her voice was left to ring in the old man's ears in the impressive silence.

"Mrs. Novus Aureus Erickson, of Silver Heights, and Mrs. Alexander Van Wallett are going to enter their prize Pomeranians. Then the Sumner-Suckers and Markstrom-Shields kennels will be represented with Peckinese Spaniels and Boston Bulls, not to mention the Sickem Spaniels of Dr. Archibald McCormick. The Bonnes and Johnsons will scrub up their Fidos and Rovers and enter them in the Cann Car. The caravan will nose around the loop and end at the court house square where the machines and their canine cargo will be reviewed by the public spirited citizens.

"You say you want the Stutson to play 'Lead the Leader'?" Bowers edged as close to Peg as the polished limousine door would permit.

"Surely, Mr. Bowers. Don't we want the town's best foot forward?" Peg flattered. "My paper, the Free Press, will give this humanitarian idea publicity. We cater to all; politics for father, fashions for mother, sage-tea horrors for grandma, funnies for the children, and motors for Fido."

"Indeed, Miss Margaret, I'll be pleased to be a booster, particularly since it's you who have asked me. You know you're so—

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bowers," Margaret measured her distance and with almost careless accuracy intercepted his hand enroute to her chin and pushed it instead against the siren button.

"Bah-h-h-" bawled the horn.

"Jingoes, Miss Peele. You're a most unusual young lady. "You're so——violent."

Margaret diplomatically picked up the wrecked thread of conversation.

"We'll run a special Automobile Advertising Section this week, beginning Wednesday and ending Sunday. The ads will be directly proportional to the size and standard of the car. Now I have the center section already marked for your car," beamed Margaret, who had her sections marked for any emergency. "Oh, I'd say a cut of your car and a nice little write-up for three nights would be worth—$500". Margaret broke it gently.

"Whew!" The salesman's lips puckered a long good-bye to the exclamation. Margaret's deep flashing eyes, just suggesting the color of her scarlet coat looked straight into his. There were faint indications of two dimples.

"You're irresistible, Miss Peggy. Feature ads are paid spot cash, aren't they?", and the smooth old Stutson agent produced a check-book.

"Five hundred down and five to go," breathed Margaret once outside the garage, "and four fingers crossed. Wonder if I can continue to lie consisently? A little, a very little truth is relished by the most of men and old Bowers certainly appreciated my call. His purse is lined with gold," mused Peg as she skipped back to the office. "And I'll line his car with the cream of canine society."

Margaret found Jack seated at his desk, his hat propelled by his index finger slowly taking a survey of his head.

"Say, Jack, are you trying to create an aura or what's the idea of the revolving chapeau?"

"Just encouraging a halo," Jack reassured her as he offered her his seat. "How goes it with the poodle fancier?"

"I'm on my way to 'Millions Through Dogs'," laughed Peg as she deposited her order from Bowers and darted out on another tour.

The girl successfully tackled all the motor hostleries and each time played the Stutson against any averse owners.

"Oh, of course, if the Stutson car can afford to be represented, we can," each willingly bamboozled automobile representative would tell her.

At the end of the day, Margaret met Jack in the office.

"What are you doing, little girl, playing tick-tack-to on your fingers?" queried Jack as Peg soberly ran the fingers of her right hand over the palm of her left.

"No, I'm counting lies," the girl admitted. "I have father swearing by the Stutson, mother 'just doting' on the Cann Limousine, and all our kith and kin bearing the responsibility of favoring one car or another and the whole family is about as familiar with the makes of cars as they are with the makes of mouse-traps, and now I know that mother will paper the pantry shelves housecleaning time with motor circulars."

"Never mind, Peg," sympathized the editor and manager. "The old boys paid dearly to have you kid them a long a bit and we'll square it all up after this infernal dog seance is at an end. Gee. I'll be glad when you get puppies off your mind long enough to give me a sitting. I'm afraid that you'll soon be prescribing raw beefsteak for me if you keep this gait up long."

The second morning of the week, Peg began a telephone canvass.

"This is Miss Peele at the Free Press," she began to Mrs. Erickson of Silver Heights fame and finance. "Oh, no, Mrs. Erickson, I'm sure that the Sumner-Suckers haven't issued invitations to the Primrose Tea Tanzen yet. Of course they'll invite you. You're so intimate, you know. Besides, they're asking only the elite," she sweetly dribbled over the wire.

"That'll get the near society eagle," she slyly winked to Jack and made a wry face into the transmitter.

"Mrs. Erickson," continued Peg. "The Free Press, knowing that Toboygan's so-

cial set is second only to that of Newport, and confident that many of our ideas are directly copied by society farther east, is asking some of our leading women to enter their prize poodles in an exclusive bench show and motor page to be given next Saturday afternoon. The Stutson Six and Price-Shadow cars will carry the canine aristocracy." Peg jotted down sail-boat after sail-boat on her green pad as Mrs. Erickson plied her with questions. From time to time she would balance a bird perilously near the water's edge and leave him there as she sweetly simpered through the phone to the society upstarts.

"The mistresses of these dogs, we are asking to ride, too." charmed the modern Circe, "And we want you and your Queenie —Maud Isabel II, isn't it, to occupy one of our cars."

"Wear?"

"Why, yes, I think that wine-colored panne velvet would be adorable." Peg crinkled her nose painfully. "Shades of Madame Erickson in red," she groaned

"Mrs. Sumner Sucker?"

"Black crepe de chine, I believe."

"Yes, do get her a new blanket. The day might be inclement." Peg hung up the receiver. "No, Jack, I haven't imported any Indians for the occasion," laughed the girl to Jack. "Just concentrate on dogs for a week and blankets will cease to suggest Wild West Shows or upper 10 in a through express."

That Mrs. Erickson and Mrs. Sucker were going was sufficient for Toboygan's 'four hundred', with their social appendages, to take an active part in Toboygan's fats dogs, whiskered dogs and shaven dogs ed and Fostered by the Toboygan Evening Free Press."

Innocent terriers and spaniels blew bubbles in the garden-hose shower bath as their mistresses removed alley grime and substituted manicures. Brindle and Bull pups wallowed in soap-suds preparatory to their debut into Toboygan's social set. Spots and Sheps, Tigers and Towsers were fantastically combed and clipped for the Debutante Doggerel Tea. All were harnessed into intricate straps and blankets and wheeled about in second ward homes in dress rehearsal for the display.

Meanwhile, Peg busied herself at the business houses of dog-fanciers, veterinaries and apothecaries. The night before the parade, Peg and Jack surveyed a layout of paid advertising. Two pages were filled with automobiles, dogs, drivers, and narrative concerning all. Jack clutched a drawing pencil and laboriously visualized big dogs, little dogs, corpulent dogs, antifats dogs, whiskered dogs and shaven dogs until his entire pad fairly bristled with the species canis domesticus.

"Gee whiz, Peg, if it takes seven lines to make a sailboat, how many does it take to make a dachshund? This specimen certainly isn't a speaking image of any dog I ever saw, but then, we'll call it a new variety."

Jack watched Peg rush off to the jobprinters with signs to be printed for the morrow's celebration and impatiently awaited her return.

"I'll be doggoned if I ever draw another dog," he greeted Peg as she entered the room. "I've traced whole pounds of them and I'm through."

"That screw-tailed bull-pup certainly is the last word in dogs," surveyed Peg critically. "His tail is marcelled in the wrong direction, but—he satisfies this dog-catcher," and she hurried the pictures off to the electro-typers.

It was "half after two", according to the society editor, when Toboygan's "best" began its dog-trot through the city thorofare. Forming in front of the Free Press and led by the purring, barking Stutson, carrying Milday Queen Maud Isabel II and her maroon swathed mistress, the serpen-

tine formation moved among the crowds of pedestrians.

Placards, "Be a Booster for Bigger, Better Poodles," "Bunyan's Biscuit for that Canine Indigestion", "Sample Havemore's Hair Tonic", "Swat the Flea", "Push for Perfect Poodles", and "Getsem's Electric Dog Massage" prepared the spectators for the dog campaign following.

Peg and Jack dutifully scratched poodles' backs and rubbed their ears (the poodles') as they boosted dogs into waiting cars. Jack even circulated muzzles for some of the seemingly carnivorous entries and suggested from time to time that mufflers on the cargoes as well as on the cars would be acceptable.

Banners pasted to the motors, "We've Never Tasted Meat," "I'm a Model Dog", "Haven't Scratched Yet", "Yours For Pup Perfection", "We've Never Had Adenoids" and "On With the Pellins Food Puppies", were reminders of the purpose of the display.

Suddenly, among the crowd, Peg detected a familiar green cap beneath which twinkled a pair of Irish eyes.

"It's Jimmie," she decided and commanded the parade to wait. She stopped only a moment in conversation with the lad and then skipped into the office. In a minute she returned and pasted to the last car, "Stickham's Paste Stuck All These Signs."

The mechanical serpent wound through the loop and stopped in circular formation in the public square. Maud Isabel, in all her queenly Airedale majesty, sat in her royal robes of purple blankets surmounted by a brass collar, and with perfect poodle poise passed judgment upon her common neighbors. Her nose high in the air, and a sniff of absolute scorn upon her face, she deigned not to see the mongrel members of the merry-go-around. Certain Prince Togos daintily licked their chops from time to time and looked askance at kindred members of the royal family. In the background, Tiges yelled and Rovers roared, bull-dogs growled and terriers snapped. Mingled with all, were the shrill klaxons of the cars. The citizens surged in and around the machines. Toboygan's society was being reviewed.

Suddenly, Snips, the unpedigreed half-breed Scotch terrier of Mrs. John Sneezle, second ward, took exception to Maud Isabel's shining brass collar and tip tilted nose.

"Gr-r-r-r-. You're a cat," began Snips.

"Br-r-r-r-. You're a cur," responded Maud and the fight was on.

Over the side of the Cann roadster bolted Snips, straight for the Stutson limousine. Burdened with her canine suit of mail, Lady Maud Isabel slid from her front upholstered seat to the arena formed by the cars. Viscount Sapizney III, Lord Francis, Duke of Albemarle, Tricks, Spot, and Jip reinforced by a whole regiment of canine street products jumped from car to car in a dizzy, seasick motion, uttering last struggle yelps with every jump.

Trailing maroon velvet and black crepe in the mire, Mrs. Erickson followed by Mrs. Sumner-Sucker loped from tonneau to tonneau, just catching, successively, the tail of the last dog in the race.

Out from under the cars, scurried milady, egged on by ever increasing poodle independents, until she gained the street. Past shop windows, each bearing a banner, "Push For Better Poodles", down side-alleys and finally into a blind court, rushed Queenie Maud.

Lungeing after her, veils and furs flying, was Toboygan's society and near society. Whizzing past, "Caldwell's Soothing Syrup for that Dog Distemper," signs, the women tracked their pets into the court where the plaid and the fur were hopelessly mixed in a renewal of Bannockburn.

First emerging from the bottom of the pile came Snips, proudly carrying in his

mouth the offensive collar and such parts of Maud as adhered. Pouncing upon her darling, Mrs. Sneezle cuddled him to her bosom. Mrs. Erickson swooned, revived, and dragged St. Bernards and Dachshunds off Lady Maud. One by one, owners claimed the remnants of their exhibitions and chattered back to the square. Little knots of women stepped into every doorway to buy lotion, canine cold cream, poodle-pacifiers and condensed milk for the strained nerves of the pedigreed prizes.

The Sunday Morning Free Press contained a full-page illustration of the prize winners, among whom were Lady Maud Isabel and Snips, who claimed the distinctive title of "leader of dogs".

"We've got them all in, Jack, masquerading as bellefists or pacifists, and now everyone's happy," announced Peg.

Sunday afternoon found Peg and Jack alone in the office.

"I know we're queering the third commandment, Peg, but good lord, aren't we pulling our ox out of the pit?"

"There, that's the last," said Peg, whose pretty face was flushed from sorting bills and checks, the fruits of her canvass.

"Heavens, Peg, you count 'em. Do you get $3,895? Gosh, do you mean I have that in cold cash?"

Peg's dimples deepened. She intently contemplated the china pickle. Jack spun his derby in the air and never noticed that it settled in the waist-basket.

Peg and Jack both jumped to their feet, confusedly, a few moments later when a squeaky male soprano announced that Bill Timble was with them.

"Well, Miss Peggoty, just thought I'd drop roun' to tell you me and the old boys roun' town town sure are pushin' any more o' them dog-festivals you're givin'. Fred Smith's tellin' me he can't make brass collars fast enough and my business is perkin' up remarkable. I'd like to run a little permanent ad about my veterinary services, too.

"What say? Better drop in tomorrow? I see you are———busy."

A half hour later another figure entered the room in time to see Peg's deep blush, a surreptitious parting of hands and of lips and an embarassed Jack Gridley.

"Well, if it isn't Jimmie," greeted Jack almost cordially. A blush stole up to Jimmie's ears when he looked at Peg and then back at Jack.

"Came to pay the three dollars we owe you for our paste ad in yesterday's snake dance," blurted out the boy. "The boss is just handin' it to Miss Peele for wakin' up the town."

Jack picked a fifty cent piece out of the money the boy pushed toward him.

"Now, we're square, Murphy. Your paste sure sticks—permanent."

Jimmie picked up his hat preparatory to leaving, but in passing leaned over to Jack's ear:

"Guess you won't need any more paste. Looks to me like you and her might be stuck on each other."



THE LATEST VOLUNTEERS IN

[What the Four Hundred is doing to



The Van Allington boys, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Van A. of Westchester County, New York, have courageously consented to attend college this year in order to study the economic problems for reconstruction after the war. Throughout the long days, they remain in steadfast concentration before the old frat fireplace.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Pike's latest photograph (which the government is thinking of engraving on the Fourth series of Liberty Bonds), is distinguished by its *spirituelle* expression—due to her recent brave sacrifice. "I prefer," she says, "not to let my right shoulder know what my left is doing—but sh-h! For the good of the Cause, I'll whisper: *I have reduced the size of my beauty patches one-half!*"





The smartest couple in Washington (names censored by the Illini Board of Publishers) was seen by our press correspondent in that city demonstrating conservation of clothing. The gentleman has adopted Washington's famous device for saving cloth by wearing knee-breeches, and the lady—(censored again! Hang it all!)

THE CONSERVATION CORPS

make the world safe—and all that]



"Down with the marcelle" is printed in a delicate mauve upon the calling cards of Carol Quelquechose. She has a neat plan for adorning evening wraps. The Great War has put maps off the map so to speak, therefore Carol utilizes the gayly colored pictures of continents and pastes them on her theatre cloak. Pretty chic, eh?



You didn't expect to see Harold Broki-Tagain, the famous polo champion, in these pages, didja now? Strange as it may seem, Harold knows there is a war. And Harold is conserving. With magnificent determination he keeps rigorously within the allowance of four packages of violet Smilos a day. "It can be done," he observed laconically, "if a fellow has any will-power at all." Apropos, he has named his $2,000,000 pony, Will. He is also laboring to revive the old styles in soup and fish. "So easy to put on," he told us, "so sanitary! So cool!"

When the harsh newspapers began to grumble about the practice of keeping expensive pets, little Buttercup, a South Orange debutante had an Idea! *Why not preserve dogs until after the war?* She is seen here canning her imported Pomeranian which recently took the red ribbon at the Muscatine dog show. We have been fortunate to secure the recipe, but write quickly for only a limited number are on hand. Address "Dog Canning Department, Illinois Magazine".



A PARADOX

IN the mellow glow of the fire could be seen some twenty men seated on benches and chairs flanking the square room. At the end opposite the fireplace, sat the minister who was to lead our discussion group. He had been talking, introducing himself, outlining the purpose of the informal gathering. Now he paused before plunging into the task of leading these men to thinking. They were the usual types of students to be found in an organization. Over there were two men whose names had often been heard echoing over the Illinois field as a run was scored or a touchdown made. Nearby was one whose name more often echoes within the walls of womens' fraternity houses. Campus politicians, engineering students, unmistakable as though a slide rule protruded from an outside pocket, leading men, uniforms—all were there.

Already two or three were nodding. Blank looks predominated. It was not an encouraging prospect. The Rev. Mr. Black was silent a moment or two.

"Hopeless," he mused, sighing at the thought of the gruelling hour before him, "absolutely hopeless! Those who hatched this scheme—did they ever see these men? I'd better talk about smoking cigarettes. It is certainly fortunate that I prepared an outline. I shall lecture."

The minister began aloud.

"Now, young gentlemen, I expect to do none of the talking. This is your affair. We will discuss whatever you bring up. What problems do you suggest as the outcome of this war? What hope do you have for good results?"

There was silence as he looked about the room. Those two or three were nodding very noticeably now. The enthusiasm in the Rev. Mr. Black silently stole away. It must be a lecture all right. Then there was an interruption. It came from a corner of the room in which shadows sheltered some supposed slumberer.

"I think we can look for a broader Democracy after this war—a Democracy of which we can be truly proud, and which we can conscientiously recommend for world consumption."

These were the exact words. The Rev. Mr. Black was never more startled. Had some professor got in with the boys? Another was speaking.

"We'll have to do more than look if we want to get that kind of a Democracy. My idea is that our wartime tendency towards centralized government will have to be met, it's efficiency recognized and maintained, its autocratic forces matched by Democratic checks. That's what we've got to do."

"The background of all that," volunteered a third with gusto, "is the economic and social status of the country. There, at the foundation, all this change must come."

The Rev. Mr. Black was astounded. His outline would never be needed about this fireplace. As a matter of fact, it looked doubtful as to whether he would have much to say. It would be a considerable task to even guide this discussion. Why, what did it mean? These men—familiar with such questions—ready to express themselves—advancing arguments. An explanation for it? The minister started at the wild suggestion which came to him. No, THAT could not be true. Never! And yet, was it possible—is there a chance—The Rev. Mr. Black took a deep breath—do you suppose that these men really think?

FROM THE POETRY SOCIETY

SPRING NIGHT

Now with sad rain about the nearest eaves
This night seems left alone with all the years,
And life is but the ashes of old fears
Burnt out, which the night's sullen urn receives.
For something never known the faint soul grieves
For love that never lived the heart repines
As years run backward into spectral lines
And seasons run from green to fading leaves.
There is no grief like joy that might have been,
Dull retrospects of days are no delight
Though lawful all and all with order bright
And gone, white-robed, beyond all reach of sin.
There shall be sackcloth nights before the fire
And vigils with the ghost of young Desire.

CLYDE BYRON BECK

THE MESSAGE

Why did a thrill of tender sadness shake me
And bless this last time when we kissed and parted?
Never before did parting kisses make me
So strangely, throbbingly grave-hearted.

Was it perhaps love's subtle premonition
Of things to come unrealized but fated;
That happy plans would never reach fruition
Though, hoping on, our love so long had waited?

I cannot, will not read a hint so tragic;
Rather this message in the painful sweetness;
Love's divination, through its prescient magic,
Our dreams will soon find substance and completeness.

E. SUTCLIFFE

THE TRICKSTER

How could I know that it was Love?
He never came before.
He came in the night, and "*Who is there?*"
I bantered from the door.
How could I know that it was Love
A-laughing in the gloom?
He came with a smile and never a care,
And I bade him enter the room.
And how the fire-glow lit his face,
Though I thought the embers slept,
When he said, "*I have yearned to find this place*"—
And he ceased to smile and wept!
Then did I know that it was Love,
Yet now that he has been,
If he came again with his trickster face,
Knowing his tears and his want of grace,
I should bid the rogue, "Come in!"

L. F. S.

A WAIL IN THE NIGHT

De hoot-owl' mo'nful sighin'
Fum his nes' in de big gum tree
Down in de swamp wha de night mist's flyin'
Comes er driftin' up ter me.

De 'gater's shiftin' lodgin'
Slippin' in de bayou with er splash;
Loup-garou he mak' he soft'-foot dodgin',
Swingin' on de win's whip-lash.

Dead souls in de shadder,
Hidin' out fum de full moon beam,
Obi, caint yo' tell me whuts de matter?
Caint Ah lose dis awful dream?

Obi, mak' a cha'mah,
Dat'll mak' all de ghos' be still,
Keep me away fum de debbil's ha-mah
Twell de sunup cleahs de hill.

Massa ob de Hoodoo
Call yo' hants to come out ob de night.
Mak' me er spell ob de bones an' Voodoo,
Dat'll save me twell de light.

PAUL COLEMAN MOUSER

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY

Local.

The side entrance of a saloon.

Two crazy flights of foetid darkness.

A lodge room, lit by a flaring gas jet.

The stained paper shreds from the wall.

Portraits of Grand Masters of Something in frock coats.

Decrepit chairs. We gather.

Comrade Chairman fumbles with the printed order of business.

Committees are elected.

So many committees, and nothing ever done.

I watch the little Cockney comrade beside me smothering his cough, devoutly attentive.

A few months at most—but even if he could live to be as old and gray and weary as his own London, he would see nothing done by all those committees.

Reports of committes.

Reports—

The air is heavy with the presence of the unwashed. I drowse, until a row begins.

Comrade Raskowitz, Slavic and eloquent: 'What will we do to help the white goods workers' strike?'

We exhaust the Marxian metaphysics in a dozen dialects.

I count the splashes of tobacco juice on the nearest wall.

The Bourgeois.

It appears their women are—

The speech becomes naively obscene.

Comrade Chairman raps for order.

Celtic lightnings.

Not Women—priests!

He curses the Church.

He curses God by the Holy Name.

Idly, I watch Comrade Bertoni. Excommunicated. But he still believes

Heaven or the Party? He chose.

(But could even Heaven be as useless as this?)

Comrade Olson's heavy Scandinavian fist on the table!

The Platform!

Oh, yes! We mustn't discuss religion.

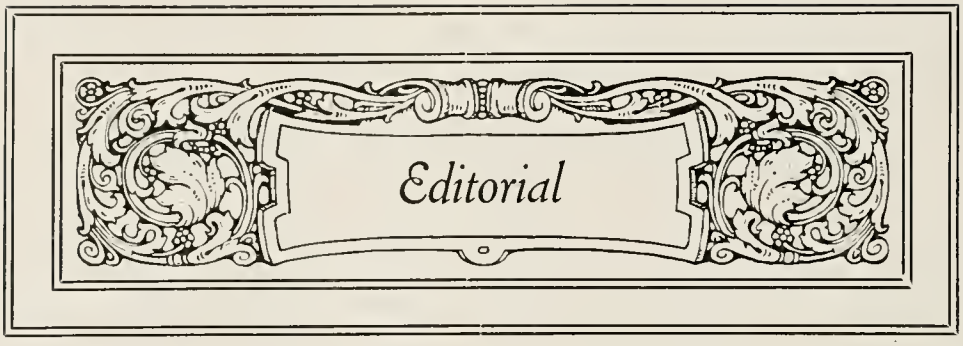
It isn't worth discussing, anyway.

What shall we do for the white goods workers?

We vote a weekly tax on everybody who has a job.

Chuckles. If our bosses knew we were here tonight, not many of us would have jobs.

Oh, Comrades! Comrades!



Throughout Any Discussion—

Dry theorems. Angular diagrams. A debris of wooden, mathematical conclusions. From the dull page, a pair of terms arose, shook themselves, addressed each other—the Constant and the Variable.

"You see," said the latter, "my plan is this: if I find myself in an equation that doesn't square up with the answer I am working for I adopt new values so that everything comes out all night."

"Shocking!" said Mr. Constant. "Answer or no answer I never deviate from my old definition. 'A constant remains the same throughout any discussion'."

Who has not personified the pair? Who has not wondered which would lend him a fiver?

Is There a Dead-line?

Most of us have been taught, "So far thou shalt think and no farther." Behind the dead-line lie the precepts that concern our living to the greatest degree. The majority of men and women believe the line to be real and sacred. The few who are fortunate awaken some day to hear Galileo cry,

"Who is willing to set limits to the power of the human intellect?"

Then do they know that the dead-line is imaginary, after all.

Those who have insisted on the barrier become terrified lest their wisdom be questioned.

"We have lived longer," they deprecate, "And our judgment is based upon race experience. We say there should be limits to human thought. You dare not question the truth of the ages."

Again, if we youth are brave, we reply, "Simply because you *have* lived longer your opinions are not new enough for a changing world. We shall

respect them—but we must subject them to the test of rational thought before we accept them."

Crossing the deadline without acknowledging its existence, men and women who think on all subjects, ask ultimately, "Is there a truth of the ages?"

The Variable says no. The Constant says yes.

Scientifically, the question should become "Whose opinion is the more rational?" Here, however, the Constant refuses to be scientific, denying that conduct should be thoroughly rational. He would trust to rules of life that have been established for him by past generations, hoping blindly that the virtue of obedience will guide him along the unblazed trail of conduct. The variable knows that the sage who called obedience to rules a virtue was he who formulated the rules. The pertinent act is to examine the fallibility of the sage.

The inquisition is inevitable—

Sages have acquired a non-logical prestige which causes society to waive them from the inquisitions which youth seeks to conduct. If one is nevertheless cornered, he repeats the old philosophy, "It is right to remain constant throughout any discussion." By this he means that men and women today should adopt a code which past ages found good. Why? Because the code is Truth.

Is it right? Is it Truth? If we are intellectually unafraid we dare ask these questions. We dare be rational. We dare start the great adventure of life unencumbered by useless safeguards. We are not travelling the same road the sage trod. We must not say, "It is right to take this staff because an old hermit who talked with a man who travelled a road very similar to this one, says it is right." We have only to go on our way freely, joyously, until the road itself shows that a certain staff is necessary to us as thinking journeymen. Our actions should be relative to each new situation.

And to the Philistines,—

If we meet a cumbered individual, well-satisfied with his load of old values because a sage believed it was the proper load, we, like the Variable, will say:

"Our plan is this: finding ourselves in a situation that doesn't square up with our goal—happiness for the greatest number—we adopt new values, thereby achieving the goal."

Assuredly the cumbered individual will reply,

"Happiness or no happiness, I never deviate from my old code. "'A constant remains the same throughout any discussion'."



Between You and Me



Cleopatra of Egypt, Illinois

The Other Girl

I hate her snippy way,
That woman makes me sick!
She surely is a stick.
He walked with her to-day—
I hate her snippy way!
Somehow, her clo'es are *chick*,
Somehow, her laugh gets by;
I overheard Him say,
"Your laughter's very gay—
It clears the clouded sky."
Somehow, her laugh gets by.
I hate her snippy way,
I hate her floosey hat.
I held my head up high,
But still I heard the guy:
He never told me that—
I hate her floosey hat.
How *does* that girl get by?

The Other Man

I guess it is the spring—
The woolly skies and trees,
The sort o' slinky breeze,
The way the robins sing—
I guess it is the spring.
It starts this love-disease,
It makes you never care
About a single thing
The Other Man can bring
Or even what you wear—
It makes you never care.
I guess it is the spring.
I guess when all is said
The Other Man is—air;
And honest! You would swear
That He is near instead.
I wish the rest were dead,
And He was smiling there. . . .

The Logical Solution

"Thinking makes you cold," you said,
"Come along and sin with me;
All too soon our love is dead,
Think no more of piety."
Yes, your logic's worth the giving!
I can understand it well—
Loving keeps us warm while living,
Thinking keeps us cool in hell.

Sporific Religion

He was an elder, a pillar of the church. His contribution envelope was always heavy. He was an inscrutable man, for the light shining upon his spectacles concealed his eyes from our view. This impressiveness, however, served only to make him look more pious and devout.

When he sang or read the psalter, his voice twanged louder than the preacher's; and he never quit praying under twenty minutes. And when the sermon began, he sat down with his chin on his hand and looked at the preacher. We could not see his eyes, but we knew that they were shining with the holy light which comes from holy thinking.

But one day this worthy man began to sing while the preacher was in the midst of a terrible dissertation on the fires of hell. This time he was singing not only through his nose but with it, and we knew that he had been sleeping in his padded pew for all these long years.



"Dad, why do you use a cigarette holder? It looks so effeminate!"

Impression in a Railroad Coach

The heat.
The overburdened racks.
The coat which falls from the rack upon the
Man in front of you.
The accompanying giggle of the
Girl next to you.
The whirr of an electric fan.
The man who sells salted peanuts.
The small children who eat them.
The conversational buzz.
Magazines.
The glaring lights.
—"Light reading".
The three large men who play cards.
The insistent cigar smoker.
The snoring groan of the train wheels.
The groaning snore of the lady, with the five boys, from Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Look not on the wine when it is red lest thou be in no condition to look upon the book when it is blue.

Progress

A hundred years ago when a woman was thwarted in love she became a nun. A man, rejected, entered a monastery.

Fifty years ago, the woman pined away. The man killed himself.

To-day, a woman thwarted in love knits nine pairs of socks per week, joins the association for the Relief of Belgians, sings "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" at the bi-weekly bazaar of the Liberty Loan Encouragement Association. A man, rejected, answers his questionaire honestly.

Clock and Sun

H. J. ORR

HISTORIANS of the future will please record the fact that we of the Twentieth century go too fast for the sun. The sun-dial is but an ornament, a useless memoir. Clocks we still have, regulated by Congress instead of Science, and electrically operated to make them keep our pace. Some such passage as this might be worked out by the next Macaulay.

> "During the first score of years in the Twentieth century these interesting peoples have attained such momentum in their lilliputian endeavors that it was necessary in 1918 to move ahead one hour every clock in the republic. Various explanations are offered for the action. Some claimed that the capitalists had a hand in the thing; others branded it merely one of those outbursts against convention, so common at the time; but a majority opinion seemed to be that thoughts and actions were too far advanced for the clock."

Barney Oldfield, Liberty motors, eighteen hour trains, concrete ships, Luther Burbank, George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, and Billy Sunday have proved too much for that old-fashioned firm, Clock & Son. It appears that these ancient counselors have marked time too long, while we have been pushing ahead. It is now Clock & Sun, Limited.

Of course, there is the war. We blame everything on the war. *We walk our ladies to the theatre;* we order an increased allowance; we never study. It's the war. But the present must suspect, and the future will know that President Wilson's command to move all clocks ahead an hour is the result of our mighty progress.

The Master

"Down Fido!" said the Soul to his Body.
"You are a mangy creature,
And you distract my thoughts
From Heaven.
How can I think of new harp-tunes
With you pawing at me?
All day long you tug at your leash,
Or muddy my vestments
With your great feet."
So the Master lashed Fido.
One day Fido, weary of his mistreatment
Lay down and died.
Strange!
There was no longer any Master—

Fish Philosophy

This gasping fish thinks I am God.
He knows of no time when life was not.
He feels death in my grasp and his fins pray.
See, I open my hand and give life.
I am God.

But who caused this lake to be?
I am a Fish.
Is my God too a fish to some higher God?
I pray with my fins.
Who opens his hand and gives me life?
Am I a fish?

"I exist—how often? As often as I think." —Descartes

ACCORDING TO—

H. F. Harrington—

"There is nothing like publicity for making a man ashamed of himself."

"A man advertises tooth-paste so that his name may be in everybody's mouth."

Prof. R. C. Tolman—

"To explain a failure:
Cherchez la femme.
To explain a success:
Cherchez les femmes."

Tecumseh—

"If all the girls that get married knew everything about their fiances there would be no marriage."

Dr. Shepherd—

" 'Sensible' means—'You believe as I do'."

Dr. Ruchmich—

"Bumps are found in many skulls with practically nothing under them."

M. J. Curl—

"A college student has no right to be stumped—ever!"

Prof. Sherman—

"If the world irritates you, go to bed."

"If you set up no inner authority in the place of outer authority the result is anarchy."

"The farther behind the times you can get the better."

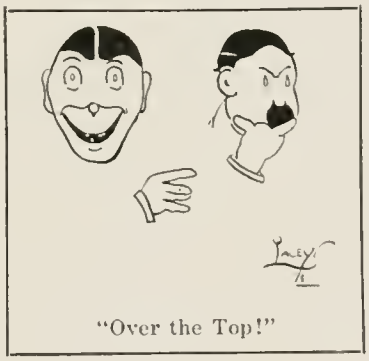
Dr. J. G. Stevens—

"Believing outworn traditions is comfortable but it gives us no entrance into the kingdom of character and intellect,"

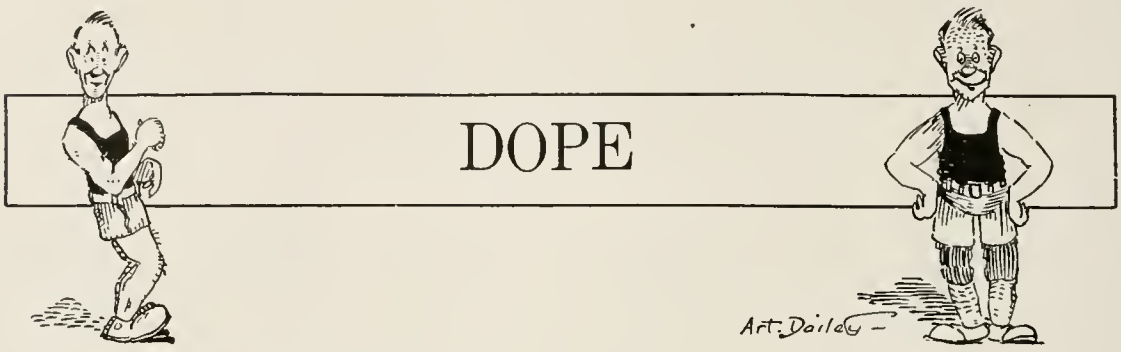
"Theory is formulated principle founded upon tried practice; if it won't work it isn't theory."

Prof. Bode—

"All opinions are relative. If an ant walks upon a cake of butter in January, he cries, 'Come on fellows! It's hard as rock'!"



"Over the Top!"



A PLEA FOR MASS ATHLETICS AT ILLINOIS

GLENN W. FREDE

CRITICISM of our present system of inter-collegiate athletics have been made ever since the system itself has been in vogue. Inter-collegiate athletics have offered certain definite advantages, but in some respects they have failed to provide for the bulk of the students who are unable to make the varsity teams. As a matter of fact, this criticism is the only one that has survived, and we must admit that inter-collegiate athletics have grossly failed in this respect.

Coaches Zuppke and Gill have recently submitted a plan to the Big Ten coaches whereby three hundred students of each school, regardless of class or scholarship, will compete on the same day in the following events: bomb-throwing, broad jump, high jump, and hundred yard dash. It is planned to hold the meet on the several local fields, and to telegraph results to the other competing schools in a series of six telegrams.

The plan is the most democratic ever proposed, and as such should receive the endorsement and co-operation of every student at Illinois. It will greatly increase the number of students engaged in athletics, and at the same time the number allowed to participate is not so large that the event will be slow and tiresome from the spectator's point of view.

Physical fitness and mental fitness are closely related. Compulsory military training and physical training courses have done a great deal toward keeping the students physically fit, but neither of these reach the students after the completion of their sophomore years. The proposed system of mass athletics would take a step in advance. It would be open to students of every class regardless of scholarship. A substantial betterment of the physical condition of three hundred students should result in better work in the classroom. Moreover, the participants will gain a much better view of athletics from the athlete's point of view.

Mass athletics would have a decided advantage over intramural or inter-class athletics, because the question of school spirit is involved. The team of three hundred would represent Illinois as truly as does our football team. If there were no other reasons, loyalty to the alma mater should unite the students of Illinois into firm supporters of the new order of athletics.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

"Words are so dam' silly when you're trying to say what you mean"—

SEVEN CHANCES.

"I must have a wife," decided Jimmy Shannon. And the fight was on. It was waged with all the odds against Jimmy. Who could expect to win when he is fighting against the vagaries of seven women? The battle was worth it—to the tune of twelve clanking millions—and with that gorgeous end in view, Jimmy finally won out, only to find that true love had been betting on him all the time.

Megreu, of course, should have been impaled before he perpetrated the crime of writing another of those grandfather-says-I-must-marry-or-I-can't-have-his-money plots. Since he lived to, however, Megreu seemed to have felt it worth while to sin well. The result, "Seven Chances", is frivoling its way through the world with undeniable success. Its first amateur production was given in the Illinois theatre May 22 and 23 by Mask and Bauble with no little professional finesse.

The cast was what is known as "well balanced"—meaning, to be sure, that everybody was sane and in his or her right mind, that everybody respected everybody else's lines and nobody tried to filch the honors from F. W. Meyers (alias Jimmy Shannon), who starred without rivalry from the other glittering constellations. Without giving Friend Knappenberger food for his department, "Lives of Great Men", it is safe to say that few leading men who appear in the Twin City theatres leave as favorable an impression of their personalities as did Meyer. But I should like to see him in a play with a heavier theme—in a play offering ample opportunity for character portrayal. He was forced by his lines into a tiresome repetition of mood and conversation. *Seven Chances* gave him more than his share, and by the same token, the audience would have applauded the omission of several of those gambles. The sameness of the scenes stretched my credulity to the snapping point. I was sure that no man could get himself rejected by as many women in real life—seven within a year rather than an hour, in which to accomplish it.

"Good leading women are scarce on Broadway," writes Channing Pollock in a recent dramatic criticism—and for Broadway might be substituted the name of any college community. Especially is a university community inclined to levy unreasonable demands upon its leading women. It expects them to be charming in all respects, and at the same time evince some evidence of character; to be interesting, yet not risque; to attain professionalism without originality. I wonder if some campus actress will ever electrify some campus audience by a bang-up performance—unhampered by conventions, uninfluenced by what her particular public wants, but thoroughly imbued by the spirit of artistry, by vivaciousness and the joy of acting?

It would be exercising more unreason-

able a demand than any college audience ever entertained to insist that Miss Hough should have attempted a real character portrayal in *Seven Chances*. Megreu's play would not have permitted it for a minute. It called for types in each role and Mask and Bauble consistently supplied types and types alone.

"Doc" Morton as Jimmy's friend, and Mary Caldwell strayed as far towards the danger line of personality as their parts allowed, and, in the exuberant phrasing of the Orpheum-goer, "got away with it". Harriett McCormick in a role which, in itself approached character portrayal, got away with it but carried it a bit too far.

Fortunately, the actresses were gowned becomingly, the scenes were enchanting, the love-making was carried on with an excellent regard for technique. And those details are, after all, the important layers which combine to make up the iced-cake sort of comedy that the audience with a sweet-tooth demands.

THOUGHTLESS DRAMA

MARCUS SELDEN GOLDMAN

THERE is no question that in drama we are better off than we used to be. If the nineteenth century was blessed with a galaxy of actors, it was cursed in its plays. We still talk a great deal about Jefferson, Booth and Ada Rehan and declare that no comedian nowadays is so droll as Sothern, nor any emotional actress so effective as Clara Morris, but when does the literary conversation turn upon *Rip Van Winkle*, or *The Gilded Age*, or *Alixe*, or *Article 47*, unless it be incidental to the actors whose fame was great in those plays? Against Bronson Howard, Steele Mackaye, Gillette, Herne, and Thomas of the older generation we may balance Fitch, Sheldon, Moody, Percy Mackaye, Middleton, and Knoblauch, and feel a just pride. In literary value and enduring quality our plays have prospered, so that they begin to fill the shelves of our libraries and pass into the hands of our students.

The change is a sign of good cheer to the patriot who longs in his heart for the day when America shall offer to the world plays which, however different they may be in their elements from the drama of Europe, may in their way reach to the heights of the great foreign masterpieces. Yet a survey of this year's output of plays confirms the reasonable fear that the millenium is still far off. It surely is not morose carping to assert that out of all the elements which go to the making of the world's great plays we have learned well only one—skill in story telling. If that were all there is to the dramatic art, as some critics seem disposed to believe. I should not hesitate to say that we have plays as good as the best. But I find there are deeper qualities necessary to greatness, such as thought, insight, and enthusiasm, and in these we are deficient. Even a warm admirer of *The Great Divide*, *The Nigger*, and *The Truth* may safely deny that these excellent plays have the degree of thought, insight, or enthusiasm which reaches greatness. The faults of our drama are many and diverse, and come from many and diverse sources. For me they are

EDITOR'S NOTE—Goldman, who is now in France, was Illinois Magazine Editor in '17.

summed up in the one ominous fact that we have no tragedy.

The apologists for American drama have been active enough. One group maintains in sum that what we have is good as its kind, excellent entertainment, and that he who yearns for more is hyper-esthetical. Another group is fond of exclaiming: "We are a young, growing country. Do not expect of us the mature culture of a mature civilization. Be patient and thank the gods for what they send us." Was it Shaw, or Chesterton, who observed that America has laid claim to being a young country for three hundred years? The hint that we ought to be growing up carries force. In drama, especially, we are far from neophytes. The active history of our stage goes back a hundred years; it was in 1850 that Mrs. Ritchie's *Fashion* was hailed as the dawn of a strong native drama; and we have lived through the Ibsen battle and the whole modernist movement. No, I feel that our drama is like the young hero of *The Magistrate*, whose mother represented him to the world as a boy of fourteen when he was in reality a youth on the edge of manhood, contemplating marriage. Whatever faults may exist in our plays are more likely to be the settled tendencies of maturity than the growing pains of adolescence. Such an opinion necessarily complicates the problem very considerably, for it means that our avoidance of tragedy is something characteristic, and deep-seated. The greater, therefore will be the difficulty of removing it.

One searches almost in vain through the annals for American tragedies—not closet drama written by native authors, but plays dealing tragically with themes belonging to our own civilization. One recalls several plays, like *The Girl with the Green Eyes* and *Bought and Paid For*, which lean deceivingly toward tragedy; one agrees that *The Nigger* does not compromise its tragic theme with a happy ending; one admits a few bitter episodes by recent young writers like *The Clod and Trifles;* and one comes inevitably back to one, *The Easiest Way*, as the closest approach to a really tragic play in our commercial drama. But with the utmost stretching the list remains a scanty one. And as my eye runs down the theatrical page of the *N. Y. Times* I see *Turn to the Right* , *Captain Kidd Jr.*, *The Little Lady in Blue*, *The 13th Chair*, *Old Lady 31*, *The Harp of Life*, and *Nothing but the Truth*. It is no exaggeration to say that our dramatic world guides its orbit between *Peg 'O My Heart*, *On Trial*, and *Fair and Warmer*. The closest we dare venture to tragedy is in the melodrama of *Captain Shoals*, and *Lilac Time*.

For my part, I cannot regard that civilization as artistically high which is incapable of tragedy, and to me the shrinking from tragedy is far more a confession of weakness than an evidence of strength. It means that instead of facing squarely the dark riddles of life and declaring bravely our common mortality, we are comforting ourselves with a perpetual dream of things as they should be. Must we always pretend that there is no failure, no crime, no disease, no error in life? Surely we have as little reason as any nation for ignoring the tragedy which threatens us from every side. I speak not of wars from without, but of our own weaknesses and sins. A devotion to comedy might be pardonable in a nation quiet, secure, prosperous, happy and I might add virtuous; but in view of the terrible convulsions of labor which shake us periodically, in view of the corruption which one can see everywhere in the police court, the business office and the legislative chambers, in view of the slums of our cities and the Spoon Rivers of our country it is a serious commentary on our drama that it goes on lightly, merrily, successfully manufacturing sweetmeats for stomachs that need a dose of bitters far more. It argues a disconnection between

our plays and the vital problems of the country that frustrates genius. Our drama is popular in the largest sense; probably a larger percentage of our people visit some form of playhouse than any other people. Yet our drama rarely ventures upon anything resembling a criticism of life; it is a dream and a digression. And I cannot help feeling that its faults are not self-generative, but are responsive to certain traits in the national characters which are antipathetic to any kind of highly serious drama, of which tragedy is the noblest type. The most essential of these traits I have already suggested; they are lack of insight, of thought, and of enthusiasm.

In regard to the general shallowness of dramatic characterization, enough is said by our reviewers to make an extended argument necessary. Mr. Montrose J. Moses in his excellent book on *American Dramatists* has characterized our plays as journalistic, and thereby suggests a profitable comparison. There is a parallel between our stage and the columns of a great newspaper. No doubt the reader of such a journal is presented with a vivid picture of American life from the top to the bottom, crammed with incident of every kind. It is a brilliant summary, unquestionably true to the outer appearance of life. But how rarely one finds in the trained reporter's write-up of a trial, a runaway, a marriage, or a bank failure the true nature of the scene or the people! The trained eye sees innumerable effective details, which the trained mind rejects in favor of those which shall administer to the three national cravings, for melodrama, for farce and for sentiment. So in our plays. From journalism our writers have learned the art of writing headlines, for our busy and careless public must be startled into attention. From the journalist they have acquired the eye for salient incident and details, with much of the journalist's indifference to the deep-lying significance. Our drama presents to us, just like our newspapers a broad and remarkably vivid picture of the outside of American life. But if the colors are fresh, they are crude, and they reveal only what any keen eye may see anywhere. The work is showy, hasty, superficial and temporary. I remember seeing a few years ago a very entertaining play called *The Strange Woman*, starring Elsie Ferguson. This play depicted just such a provincial community as attracts the satiric pen of Masters, and undertook likewise to satirize the narrowness, curiosity, jealousy, hidden lust, and outward godliness which do exist in God-forgotten towns of the glorious Republic. To a certain degree the picturing was true, as it was beyond question dramatically vivid. But the author fell short of his theme, for he gave us not the souls of men and women but their outward appearances. The various characters were hardly less types of hypocrisies than the frankly allegorical personages of *Experience*, only they had a deal more colloquial coloring.

Constitutionally, it seems, our drama does not think. Review our theatrical literature from A to Z and you will not collect enough original ideas to equip a single play by Shaw. We cannot pretend that our most serious plays like *The Great Divide* and *The Easiest Way* have added to the thought of the world. One may reply, of course, that original thought is not a necessary component in tragedy, which is true enough. But tragedy is inconceivable without a basis of long and earnest thinking upon the deepest riddles of human destiny, and such a basis we lack. Whereas Europe has for the past 50 years poured out her most radical thought in drama, and the names of Ibsen, Strindberg, Welekind, Brieux, Shaw, and Barker, to go no farther, are representative of deep and bold thinking, our drama has been content to paint pictures and tell stories. It is not that we lack subjects for thought in great

plenty, or that those subjects have not appeared again and again upon the stage, but to take a single case, whereas the problem of labor and capital has for years torn our hearts and strained our laws and has called forth volumes of debate and serious pondering, who can recall a single play of the many which have dealt with this fruitful subject which has struggled with the issues any more successfully than it has used the great tragic emotions generated: —the conflict?

Our unspeculative drama is a reflection of our unspeculative life. I will not say that we cannot think, or that we do not think when we are obliged to, or that we have not produced men of deep thought, but rather I mean that we are reluctant to think, especially about disagreeable things, and we do so only under compulsion. We are so used to the modern industrial system of a division of labor that we are tempted into relying upon our ministers, our professors, our judges, and our legislators to do our laborious mental tasks. Serious enough when the facts are forced on us, I doubt if any nation is so easily and serenely oblivious of unpleasant facts when they are removed from our direct line of vision. What dense ignorance the average intelligent American youth hugs to his heart on all sorts of vital matters of race, and state, and religion so long as they do not actually enter into the routine of his life, let anyone say who has taught a year or two in our universities.

The results of our habits of mental laissez-faire upon our drama is that the average audience, unless it be a sophisticated metropolitan one, will swallow almost anything which is presented to it impressively enough. It will, for example, swallow anything which goes forth in the name of religion, for it is in the character of our unspeculative population that it accepts its religion all in one piece, and has a high regard for whatever is called by the magic name of morality. I call to mind two notable instances in the past year of the power of the sermon in our theatrical life. It seems to me that a very little thinking would show an intelligent adult that the moral play *Experience*, is a very cheap collection of pulpit platitudes, untrue to life and actually dubious in its moral implications. Yet, though I believe that it has avoided Broadway, it has travelled the great mid-section of our country with applause and success. The other instance concerns the film play *Civilization*, a monstrous tissue of gory horrors and impudent thefts from the Passion of Christ, weltering in sentimentality. Yet this play, while it is plastering our walls with scenes of battle, has successfully posed as a dramatic sermon, and has won testimonials from mayors and bishops.

It is a natural result of our carefree ways that we are a nation of optimists. One often hears the fact announced, and always with pride, as though to be an optimist is to have engaged a seat in heaven. And there is no question, I suppose, that it is better for us to be a nation of optimists than a nation of pessimists. Yet we had better pause before claiming the crown to see on what basis our claim rests. That man who upon facing the worst in life maintains yet a vigorous confidence in the best has won a proud victory. But I suspect that most of our boasted buoyancy is only a part of our national sense of humor. We think well of life because we are continually on the lookout for the amusing in life, and it is proverbial that one finds what he is in search of. We have established a reputation as a nation of humorists, a nation that loves above most things in this vale of sorrow a good joke. And we deserve our reputation. Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, and George Fitch voiced common hunger of the nation. And sometimes I feel that B. L. T. in the *Chicago Tribune*, searching the life of the

country for precious grains of salt, is of all our institutions closest to the nation's heart.

It is to be feared that we must yield penalties for our humorists. A sense of humor is not always a blessing; it may sterilize as well as enrich. That conversation flows best among us which is built of humorous reminiscences, and the man who can tell a good story need no other recommendation to our hearts. And to return to drama, whatever benefits may arise from our good nature, this result may be seen again and again, that if our supersensitive nerve of humor is touched we respond instantly and whole-heartedly to the exclusion of most things else. It is no difficult task to verify the frequency with which a trivial play is saved to a long career by the success with which this expedient is worked. We do not swallow nowadays such trash as *The Gilded Age* or *Our American Cousin*, but we still generously pardon lapses of thought and insight in a play which shall have the prime virtue of amusing us.

Nor is it of comedy or farce that I am speaking, where the first duty is certainly to amuse, but of a number of serious plays by competent dramatists in which a serious, even a tragic plot is distorted by catering to the national hunger for fun-plays, for example like *Bought and Paid For*. And no doubt that play which I have cited as our nearest approach to tragedy. *The Easiest Way* was saved to a long life on the stage by the needless but comic character of the circus showman. Whenever I venture into a vaudeville theatre I am struck with the immediacy of reaction on the part of the audience. When the act is good, the audience is in a ecstacy of expectation, its thousand mouths relaxed perpetually in a "wide universal grin"; hysterical chucklings break out, before the comedian has begun his quip, as though the spectator had psychically received and appraised it. The effect on actor and audience is enormously exhilerating. But do we not push our taste in jokes beyond the limits of reason? Certainly it seems, to judge by our journals and our most popular comic paper, that real salt and originality are minor constituents in a popular jest. A joke is a joke—God bless it!

The qualities of insight and wisdom may do much for a literature, but I doubt if they alone can produce the crown of literature, tragedy. To them must be added the virtue of enthusiasm, of the ardent belief in one's wisdom and the earnest desire for the highest. It is a virtue which carries with it various other virtues, of which the most important is self-sacrifice. The English critic and manager J. T. Grim tells us that for producing Ibsen's *Ghosts* before the London public he suffered ten years of social ostracism. It is inspiring to know that a man would face persecution for a play which he believed in. It is a species of heroism sadly absent from our theatres. One searches the records of Daly, Belasco, and Frohman for it in vain. When, indeed, one may ask, has an American manager dared to go counter to the public voice, or when has a dramatist raised the storm? One recalls that *The Easiest Way* brought a ripple of clerical protest, and there were letters to the Mayor, but the general public was friendly. It is sad to think that in our theatre we have fought no battles, that we have taken always the safe road, that there have been no adventurous spirits chopping at the props of our smug conventions. And it is still more sad to think that in all our drama, from the beginning to the present, no one has been fired with holy zeal for any cause, so that his sincerity and enthusiasm shook the heart. I have all the respect for the earnestness of a Moody or a Middleton, that burns like a steady flame of a lamp, but I cannot give their earnestness the greater name of enthusiasm. Such enthusiasm as Ibsen had when he flung *The Enemy of the People* in the face of the

world or Brieux had in writing *La Robe Rouge*, or Masefield in writing *The Tragedy of Nan*—this is a quality unknown to us. The stranger visiting our theatres would conceive an opinion that we are a snug, domestic, joyous people unconcerned with God or devil, amusing ourselves with endless telling of stories. No lambent flames play about our plays; they are efficiently and safely lighted by electricity. Until enthusiasm seizes upon the soul of the dramatist, until he burns to tell all the world of his discovery, if need be in defiance of all precedent and morality, until he thinks more of himself and his prophetic calling than of the man at the box office window we cannot expect that tragedy which from Aeschylus to Synge has purified and gladdened the spirits of men.

The Swedish Strindberg in the valuable preface to his most tragic play expresses a philosophy of life which is the reverse of our own. He says: "Everybody is clamoring arrogantly for 'the joy of life,' and all theatrical managers are giving orders for farces, as if the joy of life consisted in being silly and picturing all human beings as so many sufferers from St. Vitus' dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles, and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something." And the same thought is expressed with more poetic enthusiasm by the English Masefield: Tragedy is at its best a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such visions that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal. There is, in these modern expressions of the old and sound doctrine of katharsis, food for our optimism more stalwart than the optimism of comedy because founded on emotions and experiences more profound. It is sorrow which fructifies the seeds of wisdom in man and brings out in him the nobler qualities. And so it is with the literature of a nation, which mirrors its soul. Until it has faced death and sin and risen above them it is a dilettante, a clubman, a gossip in the country store. The spectacle of a mature nation devoted to the consumption of comedy is disturbing, like the spectacle of a grown man devoted to the romances of his boyhood. There is in it something of the abnormal and the unhealthy something not quite manly.

How long are we to wait for our great drama? How long is Moody to remain our best dramatist? Having progressed to the rank of Sheldon, are we not to rise above it? Not, it seems to me, until we begin to put into our drama qualities which are now alien to it, the qualities of thought, insight, and enthusiasm. Then we may expect the great tragedies which are throbbing in the nation to set the strings of our drama aquiver. Then to its present virtues of spirit, pathos, and racy vigor, our drama shall add dignity, aspiration, and confidence in sorrow. Then shall we begin to acquire "the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal". Then we shall have tragedy.

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"Pour le philosophe . . . il ne doit pas y avoir dans la conduite un seul element dont la pensee ne cherche a se rendre compte. . ."—Guyao.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Editor ILLINOIS MAGAZINE:

The annual inspection of the military establishment at the University of Illinois has just been made by Major L. R. James of Fort Leavenworth. Just what he, as federal inspecting officer, shall see fit to include in his report to Washington is subject for conjecture, but there can be no doubt as to some of the items a thoroughly honest summary of the situation here should include. The University of Illinois Cadet Brigade is no more worthy of the designation as a military organization than the Bolshevik regime in Russia deserves the name of government. Just what the faults are, and just where the blame should be laid are matters of essential import.

But, lest any ardent militarist on the campus think this article hasty or ill-considered, it is no more than just to say, in the beginning, that the fault does not rest with Major McCaskey, or altogether with the cadets of the university. The commandant is a thorough soldier, efficient and up-to-date in his information and ideas. The students, officers and men, are, for the most part, loyal and hard-working in spite of great disadvantages. The fundamental fault is elsewhere.

The military department of this university is a monument to an unkept trust. As a land grant school, the university receives the income of certain parcels of land in return for instructing its students in military theory and practice. The university is certainly doing no more than to observe the letter of the agreement, letting the spirit thereof shift for itself. Totally inadequate measures have been taken to insure a thorough grounding of its students in the profession of arms. The single point at which this criticism falls down is that of the Armory. A splendid new armory was erected to house the brigade, but other measures long in force guaranteed that the brigade should be unworthy of such an expenditure. The Armory situation is that of a piece of beer bottle in a Tiffany setting.

The other measures referred to were these. Military was established as a department of the university and five hours weekly of all underclassmen's time were given over to it. Truly generous! But consider, of those five hours weekly, four are designated as drill periods, and drilling in military formation is, as anyone knows, merely a form of physical exercise and training. It is fundamental and necessary, of course, but what other lab course in the university can give the student a full comprehension of its subject matter in so short a time? One hour weekly is left for theoretical training in the classroom. There are advanced classes of one hour a week for the student officers. The military science, embracing such subjects as subsistence, paper work, military law, field service, tactics (major and minor), and many others, is thrown the mere morsel of one hour weekly! The wonder is that the cadets learn anything at all. In point of fact, it is very little that they learn any way, but of that, more is coming.

In addition to making totally inadequate steps toward insuring anything like a bona fide department in the university of military, the department has been hamstrung by making its actions subject to the visé of the civil government of the university. Presumably a commandant is a commandant, holding authority from his orders from proper sources, the boss in his own field, the court of last appeal, except, through proper channels, when the matter is taken over his head to his superior officer. Not so here, however. The commandant is a figurehead who is sent here by Washington to do as the Council of Administration tells him and as the Dean of Men will let him.

The opinions expressed by our correspondents are not necessarily our opinions. At times we may disagree violently—and we may say so. Likewise, if you, Mr. Reader, disagree violently, it is your prerogative to say so. We invite wholesome discussion of all subjects,—not excepting the magazine and its new policy " A student magazine for students by students".

There is an appreciable lack of co-operation between the university and the military office. It might be supposed that Major McCaskey could render expert opinions on matters strictly in his own field, but apparently this is not the case, for in at least two instances the major has been thwarted in the execution of his office by interference from the powers that be hereabouts. And what is the result of all this?

The brigade is a monument of gross inefficiency. Discipline, without which no organization, military or civil, can ever hope to accomplish anything, is a byword. The regulations issued from time to time are without proper sanction because suitable penalties are not provided for their infringement. In the military establishment of the United States courts martial try cases under the Articles of War involving such offenses as disobedience, insubordination, neglect of duty, absence without leave, and inflict sentences of fine and hard labor, or both, in degree with the seriousness of the crime. Here, however, a cadet may tell his superior to go to hell and literally get away with it. The cadet may do almost as he sweetly pleases. He favors his officers with compliance,—some times.

Instruction is a matter of student teaching student. Apart from the educational fallacy involved, let us see what the system does. The commissioned officers teach the non-coms and privates the theoretical part of the work. The percentage of competent cadet officers is so low that one hesitates to estimate it even. Imagine, if you will, a cadet officer instructing his class of freshmen that contour lines on the map mean the depth of water over the area. This, and other remarkable pieces of advice are typical and have been actually heard in the tactics classes here.

Instruction here is fragmentary and superficial. Military science does not consist in knowing how to do squads right, or drilling in close order with skirmish work and theoretical patrolling thrown in for relish.

Insofar as investigation has been made, it shows that Major McCaskey has been the first commandant to insist in teaching practical work, such as street and riot formations at drill, and paper work in class. Yet in the time allotted him he can no more enable his cadet officers to distinguish between a ration return and a muster roll than this article will convince certain people that it is dishonorable to take money unearned. Out of ten cadets asked to distinguish between an outpost and a picket line, but one was found who had the haziest of ideas what a picket line might be, and he was mostly misinformed.

The present system is self-perpetuating. Without a complete new start on some other tack, five years will have elapsed before the brigade can be whipped into any thing like combat shape for example, and then the work will be up-hill because of the absence of capable student officers.

Some one will say: *We do not want militarism here*, or *We do not pretend to be a second West Point*, or *No students would come here if we made any change to make the regime more strict*, or *We are ranked as an honor school by the War Department.*

All of this is beside the point. We are what we are. We do what we do. *The complaint is that we are not what we ought to and might easily be*, and that *we do not do a lot which we ought to and might easily do.* As to our ranking as an *honor* school, one might ask: What is an *honor* school, and if we are one, is not the term a misnomer?

von Hindenburg, '18.

MONOTONE

My joys like common sorrows,
Harder than pain to bear,
Turn dead sea-fruit and ashes
Because you have no share.

MINUTES OF THE A. M. C. F.

THE forty-ninth annual convention of the A. M. C. F. (Association of Modern Characters of Fiction) met in the Boston Public Library at two o'clock a. m.—that is, two astronomically, three, legally. The roll was called to which five hundred and thirty-six men and women responded with a quotation from the story which bore them. The national president of the Association, Mr. Britling, threw the meeting open for discussion of current events.

The first speaker was a modern young chap, Noll Winsor, whom few of the older members had met, but whose remarks were received with approval.

"I tell you," said he, "times aren't what they used to be for fiction characters. Authors have no mercy for a chap these days. Take Rupert Hughes:—flung me into a perfect hell of war and whatnot; running all around Europe takes no little time, believe me! And all to prove the unpardonable sin was committed by a bunch of Germans. I have a perfectly helpless girl on my hands, too; he should have picked somebody older. It's a deuce of a mess. I managed to get over here merely between installments. I'm off again after the convention to pep Dimny up again."

The Virginian and the Gentleman from Indiana started to their feet at the same time, but the gentleman from the Hoosier state deferred to the gentleman from the West.

"I can understand, suh," said the Virginian, "that it's a mess. A dam' mess, if the ladies will pardon me. Yuh know I'm too old to be drafted, but yuh never can tell what an author will do. He may lop off a few of my yeahs or make me volunteer in the radio corps or anything for royalties. I reckon Molly would have a fit if I tuhned fighter again. It's so long since I killed Trampas that I wouldn't know how to handle a gun. You know I went into the lumber business and left off foolin' around with cows."

"Talk about Molly having a fit," said the gentleman from Indiana, "wouldn't Shirley just! By jove, I'm too old to be drafted too, but Booth keeps toting Willie Baxter and Penrod right along and first thing you know they'll be in the war; as you say, my friend, authors will do anything for royalties."

"It is the law of demand," interposed Mr. Britling, gently.

"Demand!" shouted a loud voice. "It's the demand of the man higher up and that's no law. I'll send money when I can afford it to help the Belgians, though my opinion is that they're getting theirs for what they did out in the Congo——"

"That is exactly what Mary Roberts Rinehart made you say in the *Amazing Interlude*, Harvey," interrupted Henry Calverly, a self-conscious figure in his white trousers and blue coat; he toyed with his tiny moustache as he continued,

"I feel that it's about time I was getting into this war and if Sam Merwin doesn't give me a chance pretty soon I'm going to start something. See if I don't!"

"Well, times are rough now, I can see that," said Denry the Audacious. "Good

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Lord, when I was a young chap, I was allowed to dance and know Duchesses and buy pleasure boats and houses and a theatre and anything I chose; now you have to shoulder a gun and go over the top and maybe even get killed as poor old Jules did in John Taintor Foote's "*Tous Les Capitains Sont La*"—and then have the baily author call it the best thing he ever wrote! It's outrageous and I'd like some definite movement taken."

"Is there some sort of motion?" inquired Britling mildly.

A motion was made and carried that Tarzan of the Apes, Robert Chamber's characters, all the tea-broken men from *Harper's*, the polo-players from *Smart Set*, the low-brows from La Parisienne, *Young's Magazine*, the *Black Cat*, and any of their associates be sent over to fight the Kaiser, thereby protecting superior characters of modern fiction—at least those who had paid their dues to the association.

Mr. Britling read an extract from the new British Labor Platform and the meeting was adjourned.

SECRETARY—QUEED

BUBBLES

CATHARINE NEEDHAM

I was wandering down in the garden one day,
When whom should I see, as I paused in the way,
But a dear little girl, blowing bubbles as gay
As the May.

Now each bubble that mirrors a buttercup's gold,
A warm-glowing rose, or a lily-bell cold,—
(For thus 'tis decreed by the fairies of old,
We are told)—

Can keep in its heart, till its journey be done,
As it floats with the wind and melts in the sun,
Of the pictures that over its bright surface run,
Only one.

When your bubbles I watched, to see what should endure
Of their shimmering hues, the same image demure
Was imprisoned in each: 'twas your miniature,
I am sure.



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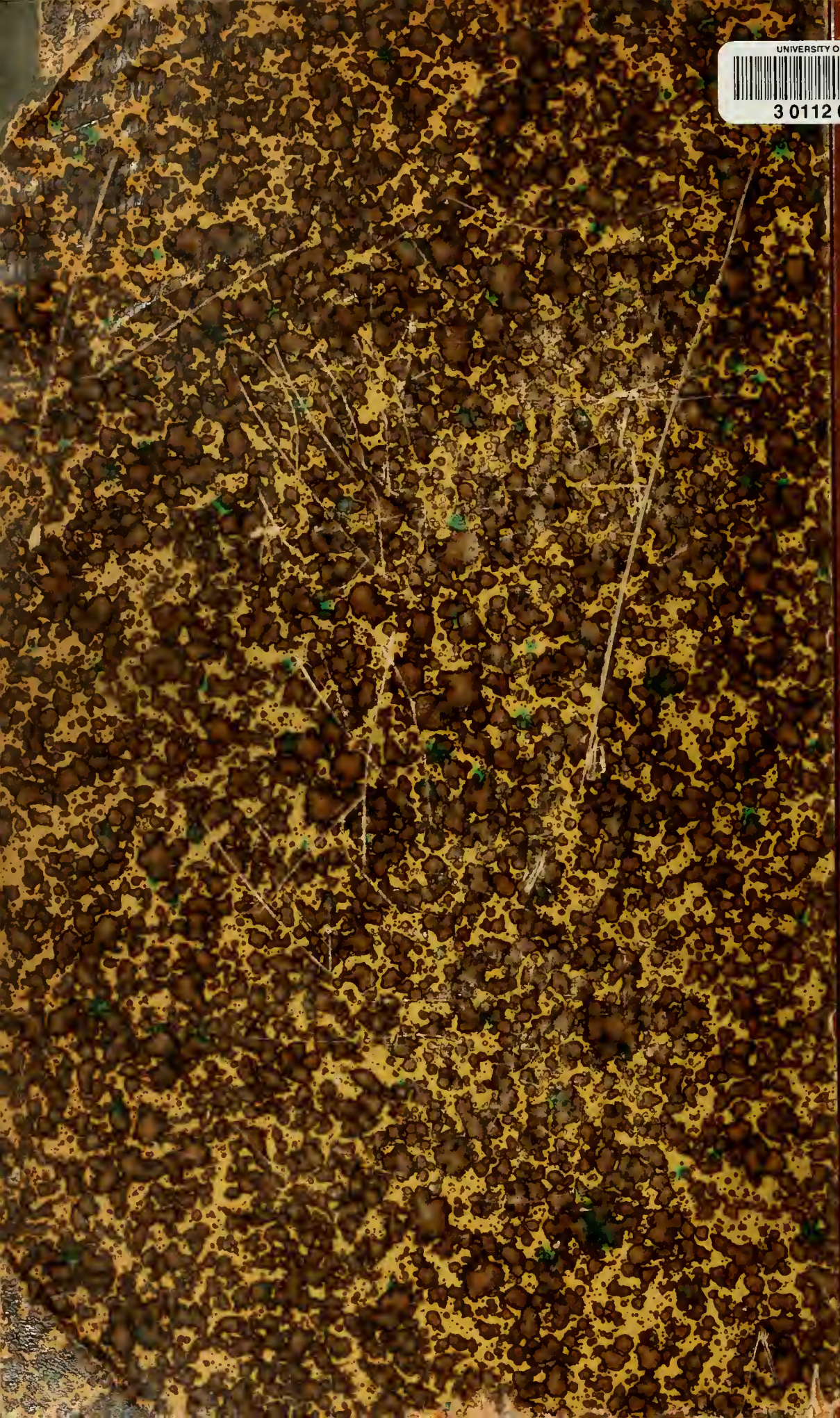
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